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by GEORGE GIBBS

SEPTEMBER
1929

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"Marvin T. Jones, *look* at that towel!"

WE SYMPATHIZE, Mrs. Jones. It does seem as though your husband might have put off using that pet towel until sometime when he hadn't been fixing the car.

Yet, maybe it isn't such bad luck after all! You've probably read about Fels-Naptha Soap and its *extra* help. This rather stubborn washing job is an opportunity to try it out—and what you learn, will make *all* your washing easier.

Get some Fels-Naptha, Mrs. Jones, and meet this *extra* help face to face. Unwrap the bar and smell the naptha. There's plenty of it . . . and naptha is the safe gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use. So Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one—"not just soap," but good, golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together.

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Fels-Naptha works well in washing machine or tub; in hot, cool or lukewarm water or when the clothes are soaked or boiled. It is gentle both to hands and clothes. It is excellent for general household cleaning, too. Just try it for any soap-and-water task, Mrs. Jones, and we're certain you too will agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

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Fels & Co., Philadelphia

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

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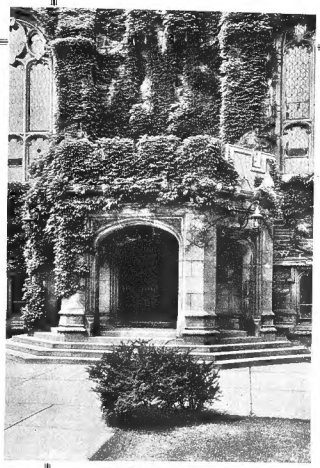

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

WHICH COLLEGE SHALL IT BE?

SIXTY-THREE years ago not a single woman in the whole world possessed a college degree. Then in 1867 four Vassar girls received their diplomas. That was the beginning of a mighty movement for the higher education of women which swept, not alone the United States, but every foreign country.

In the twenty-eight years after Vassar opened its doors Smith and Wellesley followed suit, Radcliffe had its initiation, Bryn Mawr and Barnard were founded, and Mount Holyoke, long a leading seminary, assumed college rank. These are the seven pioneers in women's advancement of learning. They stand shoulder to shoulder in a common purpose, transcending rivalry and differences of policy.

And yet even glorious pioneers are not always capable of remaining leaders. If these seven colleges are to fulfil their mission for this age, they must answer, first of all, the question, Is their degree worth the investment? How are they meeting present-day needs, so drastically changed since those early days when all the students were "young ladies" who dared leave sheltering homes only because of their passion for knowledge? Are standards of scholarship rising? Are the health, happiness, freedom, and individuality of the independent and mature modern girl given their just due in these institutions?

Now for the first time Pictorial Review will answer these questions. In a series of seven articles the distinctive characteristics and the unique contribution of each college will be presented with unbiased fairness by Jeanette Eaton. Now at last thousands of parents will be able to solve the problem, "Should we send our daughter to college? If so, to which one?" Look for the first article in Pictorial Review for October.

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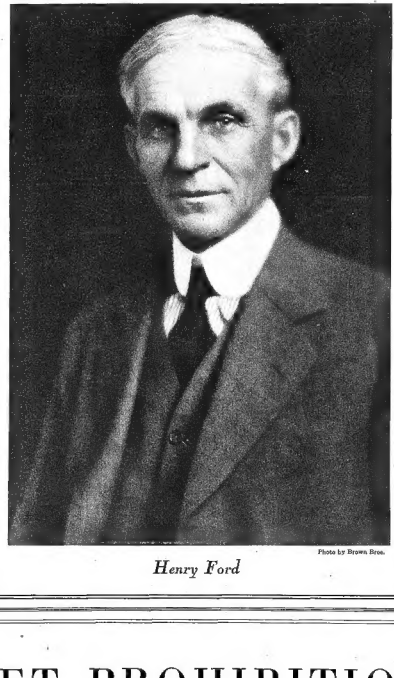

Photo by Brown Bros.

Henry Ford

LET PROHIBITION BEGIN AT HOME

By HENRY FORD

As told to Elizabeth Breuer

PROHIBITION began at home with women who wanted better home conditions. They got it, and the better home conditions with it. The people repeatedly have testified they want to free the country from liquor, and they said so again in the last election.

It would seem, therefore, that prohibition is not an accident. If it becomes a question of observance the women who began it will have to take the situation in hand again and see that the law is observed in the home.

Women originated this reform, they are its chief beneficiaries, they will be the chief sufferers under any return of liquor to the United States; and if they uphold the law in their homes we need bother very little about other places where the law is violated—they will automatically disappear. Just now the blind pig lives by the reflected light of a few prominent drawing-rooms and clubs.

The American home sets the style for American behavior everywhere. What a wife does affects her family, her community, and her nation. Women want the better things even more than the men do. The vast majority of American women have heeded the appeal of President Hoover—did not need the appeal, in fact, for they always favored prohibition—but there is a minority of women who must be appealed to before all the women of the country can be sure that the menace of liquor to their homes is completely destroyed.

If wealthy hostesses knew that they are really menacing the happiness and security of the working man's wife and her children, I am sure they would announce to their circles, "No more cocktails here. We are in this glove with our sister Americans in this matter."

Prohibition is effective with ninety-nine per cent. of our population. The remaining one per cent. seems little, but in a great country like ours it is a great many people. This one per cent. is made up largely of the wealthy class, the criminal class, and the abandoned class.

They have one thing in common—they feel that it is somewhat "liberal" and smart to break the law; they talk of personal liberty while they go on destroying their own personal liberty; and they seem to believe that prohibition is something that has been forced on them. Apparently they have not the intelligence to inform themselves that prohibition is the long-considered action of the American people, by themselves and for themselves.

It takes money to drink at bootleggers' prices. This one per cent. is composed of people with money, and therefore of a certain influence in the community. The wives of this one per cent. are supposed to exercise control over the fashionable life of their communities. It is they who must set the fashion of not drinking, and the fashion of courtesy toward the law.

These women are beginning to realize that it is no longer smart to talk about their favorite bootleggers and about infringement of personal liberty. They are intelligent enough to realize that prohibition is a home problem, that it affects every man and woman and child in the country, their economic and spiritual welfare, their physical health and their happiness and work.

Personal liberty is so much increased by the nation's emancipation from alcoholic addiction that it is childish wilfulness to talk about infringement of rights. Let us say that a man has a personal right to drink himself to death; we, as society, have no right to go into the business of serving him drink; we have no right to say that his drinking is necessary to the support of the United States Government; we have no right to decree that a certain percentage of American wives and American children shall automatically perish with him.

I believe in personal liberty, but in my long observation I have never seen beverage alcohol do anything but destroy personal liberty. Not only does it destroy the personal liberty of the drinker, but it seriously curtails the personal liberty of his relatives, shopmates, and fellow citizens.

Already the change in attitude toward drink is beginning to have an influence, and in wealthy circles the habit of drinking is disappearing fast. Two years ago drinks were served everywhere—all sorts and kinds of drinks. But conditions are now fifty or sixty per cent. better. Foreign embassies in the United States, acutely sensitive to the proprieties of the situation, have, in some cases, accepted prohibition as the rule in the embassies; are, in other cases, considering doing so; have, in all cases, ceased public use of their liquor stocks. This is a very significant indication as to which way the social wind is blowing.

The tabu is increasing. It is no longer considered smart to drink. The vulgarity of it is beginning to show through the smartness. Hostesses who no longer desire their homes to be known as places where the laws are violated have done a great deal to make it unfashionable to serve drinks at society functions. Their example will be followed by those less well-poised women who get their smart ideas from the clever magazines.

Women who have not sense enough of their own to realize that they are co-operating with the criminal class in their effort to be smart, or to realize they are ruining their own health and that of their family, and aging themselves prematurely—such women will stop serving liquor when it is considered a stupid thing socially. And that time is in sight.

There will be no hurrah about it, no publicity, no moral appeal or anything of that sort; the social drink, so called—rather, the drink of a heedless but influential part of society—will simply disappear with the other things that are not done. Many sensible and womanly women in what is called Society with a capital S are growing restive over their positions as substitutes for the abolished saloon. Besides, they understand now that the drinking is not "social," but the coldest commercial proposition in the country to-day. Foreign capital is dependent for its profits on the popularity of liquor in the American drawing-room.

For it should be understood that it is not *the people* of this country who are breaking the law. By and large this country is dry, both in principle and in practise. The enormous wet propaganda in our newspapers and theaters does not express what our people are thinking, but what certain interests desire them to think. Our people, usually unsuspecting, are beginning to wonder at the continual dripping of liquor in public propaganda. They are tired of it.

The bootlegger is only a minor pawn in a gigantic under-cover operation whose intention it is to bring liquor back to this country, whether we want it or not. To force it upon us, to destroy the well-being and wealth and happiness that have come to the majority in this country, since we have gone without liquor—that is the intention. No American woman will be a party to a conspiracy like that once her eyes are opened.

For myself, if booze ever comes back to the United States I am through with manufacturing. I would not be bothered with the problem of handling over two hundred thousand men and trying to pay them wages which the saloons would take away from them. I wouldn't be interested in putting automobiles into the hands of a generation soggy with drink.

With booze in control we can count on only two or three effective days' work a week in the factory—and that would destroy the short day and the five-day week which sober industry has introduced. When men drank two or three days a week, industry had to have a ten- or twelve-hour day and a six- or seven-day week. With sobriety the working man can have an eight-hour day and a five-day week with the same or greater pay.

That is only the factory phase. Look at the traffic phase. Gasoline and booze don't mix; that's all. Booze doesn't go with industry. It benumbs every one who uses it—manager and worker. No one is as good with a brain half fogged. I would not be able to build a car that will run two hundred thousand miles if booze were around, because I wouldn't have accurate workmen, and without accurate

Continued on Page 84

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Model 92 . . . Power Detection and the new 45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit, with positive voltage ballast. Jacobean period cabinet of American walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver.

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Majestic attacked these problems with all its great engineering, scientific and experimental resources. Majestic engineers developed the remarkable new feature—Power Detection—a complete solution of the many problems of the detector tube. They invented Automatic Sensitivity Control which gives uniform power and range on *all* wave lengths. Now the new Majestics are *wholly free* from every hindrance to natural musical reproduction.

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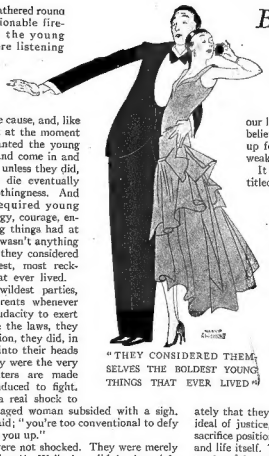
WHAT DOES THE YOUNGER GENERATION BELIEVE?

By I. A. R. Wylie



"THEY CONSIDERED THEMSELVES THE BOLDEST YOUNG THINGS THAT EVER LIVED"

WE WERE gathered round a companionable fire-side, and the young things were listening with unexpected patience to a middle-aged woman. The middle-aged woman was pleading for a cause—a fine cause, and, like most fine causes, not at the moment popular—and she wanted the young things to catch fire and come in and help. She knew that unless they did, her own work must die eventually into gray ash and nothingness. And indeed her work required young things—required energy, courage, enthusiasm. The young things had at least courage. There wasn't anything they didn't dare do; they considered themselves the boldest, most reckless young things that ever lived.

They staged the wildest parties, they defied their parents whenever the latter had the audacity to exert authority, they broke the laws, they experimented in emotion, they did, in fact, whatever came into their heads to do. Obviously they were the very stuff of which fighters are made—if they could be induced to fight. So that it came as a real shock to me when the middle-aged woman subsided with a sigh.

"It's no use," she said; "you're too conventional to defy public opinion. I give you up."

The young things were not shocked. They were merely thoughtful. Conventional? Well—but didn't they defy public opinion all the time? No, the middle-aged woman declared, they did not. They did what everybody else of their generation was doing. In dress, in manners, in ideas or lack of ideas, in morals or lack of morals, they conformed like Prussian soldiers at drill. And not one of them would dare step out of the ranks. Compared to them the Victorians were veritable heroes and heroines of emancipation.

Whereat, from my corner of the fireside, I came to the support of my contemporary with the following two memories of my own youth:

WE WERE standing at the corner of a dark street, hesitating. The girl next to me said, "I can't—I can't do it!" She spoke under her breath, and I knew she hadn't meant me to hear. It was like an involuntary cry of pain. The day before she had had her arm broken and lost her job as a saleswoman, and she had come to our rendezvous in the teeth of protests, "just to show 'em." Now, if her heart failed her for a moment, "they" weren't going to know about it. With us were two others—a nice old lady in a bonnet, and a young thing whose mother was an indignant but helpless duchess. It was the old lady who said at last—with a small sigh for her lost Victorian traditions—"I think, my dears, we really must be going."

So we went. At the bottom of the street, lit by the gate-lamps of the gloomy, fortress-like prison of Holloway, the mob awaited us—an ugly, howling, irresponsible mob, swept together from the neighboring slums for the avowed purpose of breaking us—at the least, terrorizing us into flight. It was a cheap, unusually virtuous amusement. For we ourselves were law-breakers and fair game. Only in the last resort were the police likely to come half-heartedly to our rescue.

With our absurd banners we took up our vigil. Inside the prison our comrades, who were fighting for our political emancipation, must have heard the roar that greeted us and, I think, we envied them. At least they were safe. Whereas we stood a reasonable chance of being torn to pieces. As it happened, the aristocratic flapper, the old lady, the shop-girl, and my own quaking self held our ground for four dangerous hours of threats and insults, and had the satisfaction of seeing a disappointed, baffled crowd disperse homeward. Fresh pickets came to relieve us.

"Had a bad time?"

We mustered a last pale smile. We had had a bad time and admitted it. What we didn't admit—because we didn't know it—was that we had also had the time of our lives, if for no other reason than that we had believed in something strongly enough to stand up for it in the teeth of danger and our own weakness.

It was another flapper—also the daughter of a titled family—who in full presentation grandeur, at the very steps of the throne and in the midst of an incredulous, petrified court, dared to appeal to the King himself in behalf of these same prisoners. She was a delicate, timid child, and when I read the next morning's head-lines I could hardly believe my eyes. Only those who knew her and her background could estimate her courage or the force of the conviction which drove her to such a break with her traditions.

I related these two little incidents from bygone fighting days, not to unearth that old suffrage struggle, but merely to illustrate the temper of the youth of that time. Whether they were right or wrong was not, for my case, of any importance. They believed passionately that they were right. They were concerned with an ideal of justice, and for that ideal they were prepared to sacrifice position, comfort, the good opinion of their kind, and life itself. They had faiths which were more important to them than themselves. They believed that they owed an active duty to humanity and to posterity.

When I explained this temper to the group of young things they were mildly amused.

"You must feel awfully sold," they said. But behind their sophistication was an obvious puzzlement and perhaps a vague, disturbing regret. Evidently I had experienced some emotion that was beyond their ken. To them all that passion for a mere political idea—or any idea outside that of their own individual welfare—was incomprehensibly funny. And didn't the facts justify them? Was the world any better for our efforts and eventual victory? Wasn't it just the same old world anyway—and always would be? As one young thing expressed it—but not, I thought, without bitterness:

"I wouldn't walk a yard for any 'ism' that ever was; it's all the bunk."

I confess that I regarded the speaker with an exasperation that more than equaled her pity for my wasted and rather naive enthusiasms. There

Drawings by Harry Beckhoff

"WHEN IT CAME TO CARRYING ON A NEW FIGHT AGAINST THE OLD EVILS, THEY WERE SIMPLY NOT THERE"

I had it—"all the bunk"—the one slogan of a generation that, as far as the onlooker could tell, hadn't the slightest faith in anything—not even in itself. I came to realize in that moment that what annoyed me in these successors of mine—and we always are annoyed by our successors—was not their wildness, not their boldness, not even their selfishness, but their apathy, intellectual stagnation, and utter lack of conviction and of courage that goes with conviction.

It was only on the surface that they appeared daring. What looked like a spirited kicking over of the traces was, as the middle-aged woman had said, no more than a weak-kneed, unintelligent acceptance of a new convention. It was "the thing" to go on wild parties, to drink, to hold down a job, perhaps, to go a long way in sexual experiments. But when it came to taking a brave hold on life, to carrying on a new fight against the old evils of injustice, corruption, and criminal folly in high places, they were simply not there.

AT NO time in the world's history, I reflected acidly, had youth inherited so much power and exerted so little influence. I voiced some of my disgust. I wanted to know what they were doing with the freedom that had been won for them. And I told them, addressing more especially the flappers, and getting no answer but their good-humored pleasure in my middle-aged wrath, that in my opinion they wouldn't lift a finger if everything that had been fought for were taken away again.

"You haven't enough spunk," I said insultingly. "You wouldn't even fight against crinolines."

They thought that over, too. They appeared quite unabashed and honestly and obligingly anxious to give me all the latest dope about themselves. Of course crinolines would be inconvenient in modern conditions, so it was unlikely that any one would try to introduce them. But otherwise life in a crinoline would be probably much the same old life. Why should they worry?

Then they didn't believe in progress and freedom and all the other noble ideas that had kept my generation seething? No, frankly they did not! They believed in what they called "playing ball." Which seemed to me a system for getting as much as you could out of the game, with as little damage as possible to the other players. Other faiths and standards, they had none. So that was that.

And now what should we do next to amuse ourselves? Because if we weren't doing something we got very bored indeed. Whereupon I delivered what I intended to be the final thrust. "We may have deceived ourselves," I said, "but at any rate we were never bored." And was unexpectedly countered. My chief irritant looked me in the eye.

"Well, we'd rather be bored than be deceived," she said.

And honors were at least even. But the facts remain.

I remember on Armistice day trying to imagine what the future would be like. The future belonged to the young things who had escaped the War, but who were old enough to judge it and measure its consequences. They were the direct inheritors, not only of a tremendous experience, but of many vital discoveries.

And I imagined how they would arise in their vigor and sweep away all the deadwood of the past and set about the building of a new world. I imagined them seizing the helm of government in their own hands

Continued on Page 52

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Is beauty too dear— at 30¢ — 60¢ and $1.20?

NO sensible woman ever regrets the cost of those cosmetics which really benefit her complexion. Be it $1 or $5, the expense is not nearly as important as the beauty they can bring.

Yet good as the best creams and lotions are . . . (and nowadays they are very, very good) . . . there is one great assistant that doubles their abilities and increases their effects . . . the quiet, simple, little jar of Sal Hepatica!

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Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By Corinne Lowe

Is Romantic Love on the Wane?

MR. JOSEPH KRUTCH, author of "The Modern Temper," feels that Victorian love has gone the same way as Victorian tidies. Yes, he admits, we are still absorbed by it, but we no longer regard it as a permanent and solvent emotion. It's now exactly as if a whole lot of adults got excited about catching the gold ring of the merry-go-round—knowing full well that it was brass.

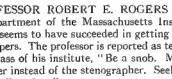
Mr. Krutch has written one of the most significant books of our time. You don't read it—you stand out in it as you would in a majestic, drenching storm. Sense of shelter leaves us as we are pelted by this presentment of a world so machine-ridden, so scientifically classified, that man has lost belief in the importance of himself and his emotions. Nor is this storm the only sign of inclement literary weather. This season there has been a steady drizzle of books dealing gloomily with modern civilization in general and modern love relationships in particular.

One can't be too blue about this. There will always be soul chemistry holding a particular man and woman together long after surface attractions have been outworn. The great trouble with the Victorians was that they often deified the surface attractions, and thought because they were thrilling to brown eyes that they were drawing close to a kindred soul. They reverenced thrills so highly, too, that our grandmothers believed romantic love would settle automatically all life's problems. If we moderns adopt a more challenging attitude toward the thrill and if we acknowledge that no other human being—no matter how close—can solve life for us we are that much nearer to saying, "The kingdom of God is within."

Saucy for the Goose

PROFESSOR ROBERT E. ROGERS of the English department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology seems to have succeeded in getting his name in the newspapers. The professor is reported as telling the graduating class of his institute, "Be a snob. Marry the boss's daughter instead of the stenographer. Seek the leadership of the ruling class."

But if we accept this gentleman's exquisite spiritual basis of life, we should accept it for both sexes. Why indeed should both the boss's daughter and the stenographer be regarded as mere instruments in the social ambition of man?



Suppose the graduates of the finishing-school attended by the former should hear, "Be a snob. Don't divide the family fortune by marrying the poor young man in your father's office. Go in for either a title or more wealth." And suppose that young ladies in business colleges should be adjured, "Be a snob. Don't marry a poor young man, but the boss himself."

Under such conditions of counter-snobbery where will the young man college graduate find himself? Alone with his high hat, of course.

The Cosmetic Urge to Beauty

THE mask production of beauty is a significant part of an age distinguished by mass production of this same commodity. Consider former periods of history. Always there was some outstanding figure of feminine pulchritude —the Récamier, the Pauline Bonaparte, the Mary Anderson, or the Maxine Elliott. To-day every four out of five before forty win the prize in some beauty-contest.

Undoubtedly the fact that a complexion is to-day within easy reach of anybody has done much toward standardizing beauty. For in the days of its inaccessibility much stress was laid upon this detail. For example, Lily Langtry, that great beauty of the last century who gave her name to coiffures and millinery, was always praised for her dazzling skin. We of this generation can afford to smile at that guileless era when complexions were an integral part of us. According to the latest available statistics on the subject, the United States pays attention to its facial decoration to the extent of one hundred and twenty-two million dollars a year.

Threatened Revolution in Primary Grades

ARE the "three r's" of our childhood about to be supplanted by the "three aren't's"? This question is being answered to-day by certain private schools where book-learning is deferred for the sake of what is considered more important learning. Enter one of such schools and you will find pupils of from five to eight engrossed chiefly with the "three aren't's." They aren't reading. They aren't ciphering. They aren't cramped up in one position.

Instead they are playing at organized games, stimulating not only quick muscular responses, but quick adjustments of mind to situation. They are making things with their hands—pottery, drawings, what not. They are being taken out to get their own impressions of the external world—of trains and subways, of derricks and harbors. In other words, they are being taught to think, not merely to absorb other people's thoughts.

Nor does this process interfere with the eventual mastery of those enshrined "three r's." Private schools guided by the new current demonstrate that their pupils are ready for high school just as early as are those from the orthodox schools. What is more, they bring to the higher grades a much richer development.

Impressed by the private schools, the New York public schools are now trying out a successful experiment. Under Miss Elizabeth Irwin, the prominent educator and author, three grades are now enlisted under the "three aren't's," and it is hoped that the full course will soon eventualize.

Feminizing the Encyclopædia Britannica

AS AGAINST the handful of women contributors to a past edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica two hundred or more feminine authorities have been employed in compiling the present edition. There's a treatise on beauty-culture by Miss Dorothy Cocks and one on wall-papers by that scholarly interior decorator, Miss Nancy McClelland. Grains, gems, a phase of the law affecting women and children—these are a few of the subjects that have been entrusted to women.

Why the Girl Scouts Go On

IT WAS not necessary for Abigail Adams to be a Girl Scout. Born in a time when parents spoke of their second half-dozen children, a girl in early American times had the socializing influence of a large family. With this went all the other advantages of hardship. From her earliest years she was allotted her share of work in a household where everything was done by hand. Fresh air was an accepted part of her existence. Order was implicit in her lot.

The all-around development once automatically provided by a pioneer civilization is no more. It has to be supplied by organization. And it is here that the Girl Scout movement is functioning in wide circles of benefit to our national life. Girl Scout Week, celebrated next month, calls to our mind that this organization is restricted neither to camp life nor to household management. It is a wise system of character-building, destined to make of the modern girl a social unit rather than an unsocial cipher.

Soon We'll Buy Our Rooms Outright

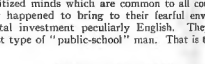
ONE of the most interesting of New York's Summer exhibitions presented "harmonized rooms" as designed by famous artists. These rooms reflected a belief that unity is more important than any single object, and, as a result, the Contempora Society, responsible for the exhibition, promises us that a manufacturer is going to offer to the consumer such "harmonized rooms" in which every detail of furnishing has been planned by some artist.

A Womanless Play for Women

THE fat, henna-minded lady who sat beside me at "Journey's End" said to her escort, "Humph, this play isn't for women—it's all about men!" This remark sobered me almost as much as did the play itself. How could any woman sit through these scenes in an English dugout without realizing that her own great cause—that of a continued civilization—was bound up in this drama where not a single woman is introduced?

"Journey's End" is undoubtedly the greatest war play which has been produced. Even the unflinching photography of "What Price Glory" is discounted by the undertones and overtones of this British drama. Why? Because the conflict between its heroes and an abnormal external world is dramatically sharpened. Whereas "What Price Glory" showed the brutalizing influence of war upon the ordinary man, "Journey's End" reveals it upon the extraordinary man.

The three heroes of the British play possessed those sensitized minds which are common to all countries, but they happened to bring to their fearful environment a mental investment peculiarly English. They were the finest type of "public-school" man. That is to say, they



loved the punctilio of life, all which is recognized as "good form." They had the sense of perspective commonly known as the sense of humor. Above all, they displayed the English hatred of "making a fuss," of the vulgarity of emotional displays.

The restraint implicit in the national character dictates the key of the play. Throughout there is hardly a word of coarseness or profanity. These are not necessary. Follow the tragic histories of the young captain who must soak himself with alcohol in order to endure the horror of the trenches, of the spacious-minded schoolmaster talking of his flowers at home and quoting Lewis Carroll before going to almost certain death, of the gallant, bewildered boy fresh from his football matches, and you get a true picture of what civilized man must give up for war. And that, after all, is more heart-breaking and more convincing than the most explicit pictures of what he becomes through war.

American Women Create New Dance Forms

OUR English critics are beginning to fall us. Since the time when Dickens saw in us nothing but cuspidore and nasal twangs we have been forming a taste for abuse. Now that we are confirmed sniff-takers, however, the overseas critics are no longer sniffing at us in the same wholesale way. Just at present the popular form of English reproach is to concede us two artistic virtues. For example, the late Thomas Hardy said that we had produced nothing of value except our recessional buildings and the poetry of Miss Millay. Now St. John Ervine states that only architecture and dancing redeem us from our arid destiny.

The status of architecture as one of our artistic twins seems to be universally recognized, and to this form of creation the feminists can point with no particular pride. Not so, however, with the dubious twins. For dancing is almost as purely a feminine achievement as is the enchanted verse of Miss Millay. Few have been the men who have assisted in the American renaissance of the dance.

It was the late Isadora Duncan, an American woman, who redeemed the dance from those artificial, rococo movements to which ballet-training had committed it. She brought back some of the glory that was Greece to a decadent art, and her largeness of conception as to what may constitute a "dance" is shadowed in individual forms by a gifted group of her fellow countrywomen.

To-day there are at least four young American dancers who make us feel almost as patriotic as Dixie. These young women consider everything in art and present-day life as valid sources of inspiration. For example, Agna Enters does a beautiful bit, called "Moyenage," in which she brings to life the medieval Madonna, and with great vivacity Agnes DeMille reproduces the canvases of Degas. Such pieces of real creation as this are to be compared with Martha Graham's stylized movements and with Tamaris's lively painting of a prize-ring.

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Why

do salespeople everywhere advise Ivory—

for fine silks, colored woolens, baby clothes, stockings

Read the statements of these experts

Wherever you live—as far east as Boston, or as far west as San Francisco—you will find that the salespeople in the finest stores of your own city advise Ivory for washing the nicest things they sell.

"Use Ivory" is definite enough for the majority of customers. But if you should ask, "Why?" you would receive some very interesting answers.

Here are typical statements made to customers by salespeople in cities scattered all over the country.

"For all kinds of silks Ivory is best. Other soaps are likely to be too strong. All the manufacturers who sell to us advise Ivory." (*Richmond, Virginia*)

"Use Ivory Flakes for glove silk. Ivory is very mild and won't fade the garment. Many other soaps cut and rot silk in time." (*Leading New York store*)

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"We never recommend anything but Ivory Soap for baby woolens. Use Ivory by all means. It won't shrink woolens and it protects the color." (*New Orleans*)

You will see that the reasons given by salespeople mean one thing—Ivory is safer for the things they sell, safer for the things you buy. And doesn't it sound like common-sense? Ivory is pure enough to be safe for a baby's sensitive skin. So it is certain to be *extra*-safe for fine silks, woolens, rayons—for all *your* nicest things.

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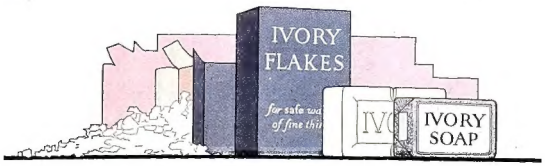
Free—a little book, "*Thistledown treasures—their selection and care*" gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VR-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL ROMANCE, COMPLETE IN TWO INSTALMENTS

"'EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT,' HE SAID. 'I'M SURE THERE'S FOOD THERE AND A FIRE'"

WINGS OF THE WIND

Two people, cut off from the world by a flood, discover a universe of their own

BY GEORGE GIBBS

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

HEPBURN was a little disturbed by the report of the break in the levee at Howe's Landing, for it had been believed that the barriers against the river at this point were impregnable. He was worried about some of the plantations owned by the Crescent Company, in which he was interested, and about other buildings and properties in the lower lands beyond Gibsonville.

He was worried too about his golf-clubs, so he decided to stop at the Red Water Golf Club on his way back to Gibsonville, for the golf-course lay along the banks of Red Water Creek, and with the accumulated water in the lowlands from the crevasse near Hobartville, farther up the river, the golf-house would possibly be in for a wetting. But as he got out of his machine he was greeted by Titus, the steward, who laughed when Hepburn told him why he had come for his clubs.

"I seen de flood-water rise and fall over dis yer land for ten years," he said, "and mo'n once it's covered the ve'y steps where you're standing, suh, but dat's high-water mark at de golf club. It mought come up a leetle, even if de levee at Howe's Landing breaks wider, but you needn't have worried about yo' golf-clubs, Mr. Hepburn; dey'll be drier here," Titus showed his teeth, "well, den, de bottles in dese yer lockers, suh."

Hepburn was in the locker-room less than half an hour, but when he came out he was astonished to see that the water from the eighteenth green had spread to the tires of his machine in the road. The steward did not speak so confidently now, and rolled his eyes a little. Some people who had been playing on the second nine were returning with their black caddies to the club-house, tramping ankle-deep in water.

It had not occurred to any of them until the moment,

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apparently, that they could possibly be in a precarious position if another break occurred and the yellow flood was released directly into these low-lying lands. There were half a dozen cars in the garage, those of the visitors, and several trucks belonging to the golf club, enough passenger-space to remove from the club-houses all those who were employed there.

And tho the waters advanced to the steps while they looked, they knew that the road, even if under water for a few miles, could be safely used as far as the ridge for several hours yet. It was the steward himself who somewhat excitedly called Hepburn's attention to the yellow flood of Red Water Creek which was now flowing riotously over the eighteenth green.

Joe Lavino, the chairman of the greens committee, who golfed, rain, shine, or flood, three hundred days of the year, tapped out his pipe on the heel of his wet boot and sighed.

"Two of the best greens in the State turned into a mud-hole in twenty minutes," he gasped. "Just after I spent five hundred dollars apiece in labor on 'em. I don't like the looks of things, Mr. Hepburn. I wonder——"

He broke off and went into the grill-room, where they heard him agitating the hook of the telephone-instrument.

"'Ello! 'Ello! . . . Hell-o! Gosh—the wires are dead!" He turned to the door where the others were standing.

"When did you use this phone last, Titus?"

"'Bout ten minutes ago, suh. 'Twas all right den."

"It doesn't look good to me, with the water rising the way it is."

As tho in answer to the questions in the minds of the group, at this moment the telephone-bell jangled discordantly. Lavino rushed to it, and they heard him talking.

"'Lo! Yes. Golf club . . . *What?* No! . . . That's terrible . . . Red Water Valley . . . Yes. There's time, I reckon. Hello! . . . 'Lo! 'Lo!"

He shook the hook furiously, shouting into the mouth-piece, but there was no reply. Aware of Lavino's agitation, they crowded around him, asking questions.

"The levee at the Latrobe Plantation, it's gone—two miles of it. The whole of the Mississippi will be down on us pretty soon. We've got to get out of here."

He organized quickly. There were only Titus, his wife, the cook; Lavino, Greggson, Burt, the groundsman, and his helpers, and a few caddies who lived on the ridge a mile down the road. Hepburn took two of the caddies and led the procession. In a moment he came to the highway, which was still dry.

Hepburn grinned down at the black boys beside him, whose eyes were rolling in a sudden realization of their danger, as he stopped the car from time to time, warning people by the roadside. He left the caddies at their homes and drove on, aware for the first time that the road to Gibsonville now took a turn toward Red Water Creek and the lower ground along its banks. But the flood had not yet reached the crossroads. The answer lay to his right, where he could see thousands of acres of lowlands already a foot under water.

HE GLANCED behind him. The trucks and other cars had already reached the higher land where the negro settlement was, and could take the dirt road of the ridge, where they would be dry. Hepburn had the alternatives of joining them and making his way northward or going toward Gibsonville directly along the road he was following. He met no one who could have told him whether the way was impassable or not, and so he drove on, knowing that he could return if conditions grew worse.

He was due in Gibsonville at the refinery at three-thirty for an important engagement. If he followed Lavino and his crowd by the dirt road he might not be able to make the detour by nightfall. So he went on, splashing like a boy through the water and enjoying the sensation of racing the flood to his destination.

But as he approached the bridge over Red Water he found himself regretting his venture. The timbers of the bridge were clear of the flood, almost dry in fact, but in a depression upon the other bank his hub-caps were submerged. He had seen by tracks on the bridge that another car had just preceded him. This was encouraging. If some one else had gone through safely, he could follow.

At another slight elevation of the road he glanced behind him, up-stream in the general direction from which he had come. Across the whole valley to the higher ground upon the right there stretched a turmoil of advancing water edged with a line of dirty white. Only the width of the lowlands prevented it from being a torrent, and it flowed to right and left, licking at the trees and bushes and bearing on its crest a miscellaneous assortment of movable objects—broken branches, boxes, small timbers.

The sight was alarming, but Hepburn realized that there was no time to see how bad it really was. There was no cross-road to the higher land to the right and left of the road, and the few spots of dry land that had been visible ahead of him were under water. The whole country was already a shallow lake, indefinite in extent.

There was nothing for it but to put on speed and try to beat the advance of the flood from the crevasse at Latrobe, and reach the higher ground at Gibsonville. It was becoming more and more difficult to follow the lines of the road itself. The water was at his hub-caps, and flowing more swiftly now.

Except for the bushes and trees he might have thought himself in a motor-boat far from land. The machine suddenly dipped dangerously to one side and the engine stopped running. Short circuit probably. It did not matter a great deal what had happened. He knew that he was mired hopelessly and that only the charity of the Mississippi River would allow the engine to run again. Not a very good prospect.

He took out his pipe and tobacco and smoked for a while. He didn't relish getting out in the wet and trying to find the short circuit. But he did try it before his pipe was finished, and failing, realized at last that if he wanted to get anywhere he would have to walk. He swore gently; then moved his bag and golf clubs to the upper side of the car.

The water was deep enough now for things to float in—a chicken-coop, a small dog-house, and a kitchen chair. But what seemed to arouse him most quickly to a sense of his situation was a drowned pig which vanished in an eddy beyond the fence rail.

It was time to be doing something, of course, but what? He surveyed the dismal scene. The skies had suddenly clouded. Trees partially submerged, offered friendly branches—he needn't drown immediately, of course, but nowhere in sight more than an acre of land. He was more and more surprized to see how quickly the flood was rising. He was wet to his knees. In less than an hour he would be sitting in water.

He got up, opened the door on the upper side, and stepped out on the running-board. Yellow water, twisting and turning on itself. How high would it rise? The river at Latrobe was at least ten feet higher than the surrounding country. That wide crevasse could fill the shallow valley six, eight, nine feet perhaps. It was time to do something. His glance lit on the spare tire fastened to the rear of the car. He managed to find a wrench under the seat and loosened it, standing in water almost to his waist. The exercise warmed him. Working steadily, he deflated the tire and took out the inner tube Finding the hand-pump under the seat, he inflated it, set it in the water and put his weight on it. It floated him easily.

Of course he would eventually get somewhere, if he could manage a paddle, five miles to high ground to the right, six perhaps to the left, at least ten to Gibsonville. He stood watching the water against the car. Still rising. He got up on the running-board of the machine and peered about. Nothing in sight but clumps of trees and the line of submerged telegraph-poles.

It was a moment for decisions. He gave one rueful glance at his mired machine and then plunged off, up to his armpits now, his arm around the inflated tube, drifting more or less with the current which was setting in the direction of the Gibsonville road. The swirling water was moving at a rate almost as fast as a man could swim. He saw, at once, that the force of it was going to make it difficult to reach the nearest high land.

Damnation! He came to the surface after stepping into a hole over his head. Then he put his weight on the tube and floated until he bumped into a tree. He caught a branch and hauled himself out of the water, taking the tube with him. It was a tall tree, and he decided to climb to the top and get the lay of the land. So he wedged his tube between two branches, fastening it with his belt. Then he took off his coat, and climbed up as far as he could. There were groves of trees to the right, a mile or so away, and hills in the distance. He followed a line of telegraph-poles and thought he could make out the spire of the Gibsonville church, but with his tube for a boat and his hands for paddles it seemed a hundred miles away. There was a dark spot near the telegraph-poles—the machine that had preceded him over the Red Water bridge, caught, like himself, on its way to Gibsonville.

But where was its driver? Hepburn climbed down quickly and pushed off across the current on his tire. The car was of course abandoned. He was wondering where its driver could have taken refuge, when he heard a shout, coming from a live oak tree toward which he was drifting. Glancing up he saw a feminine figure, clinging precariously to a branch.

"Here I am!" cried a voice.

Hepburn crawled up into a crotch of the tree, still clinging to his tube.

"'DOES THIS MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BUILD THE RAFT?' NO, BUT MY FIRST

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"Is that your machine in the road?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Rather wet to drive," he said with a grin. "How long have you been here?"

"I don't know. Two hours, I should say. Where did all this water come from?"

"A few miles of the levee gave way at Latrobe Plantation, all the water must have come down this valley."

"They should have sent out warnings," she said.

Hepburn by this time had had a fairly good glimpse of his companion. She was comely certainly, with a well-turned chin, a good nose, and an expressive mouth. Her head was bare, and her dark hair was plastered over her brow. Her accent was of the Southland. He thought she had hazel eyes.

"Funny nobody told me about the Latrobe levee," she said. "I only left Hobartville at eleven o'clock."

"Must have come very suddenly. Somebody phoned the golf club, but didn't you know this Red Water valley was already in flood?"

"Yes, they told me so at Howe's Landing, but I didn't think the whole Mississippi River was going to drain this way."

"It seems more like the Atlantic Ocean!" And he laughed, hoping that she would laugh too. He wanted to see what her lips would do when she smiled. But she looked at him very soberly.

"You may think it's funny to be stuck up here with the water slowly creeping up this tree. And I've seen a lot of dead things drift by—a couple of chickens, two pigs, and something that looked like a man. It's not any too cheerful, I tell you."

"Can you sw'm?" Hepburn asked.

"A little. If I hadn't been able to swim I'd have been drifting down the valley with those pigs."

He liked her attitude. She didn't seem frightened—just mildly speculative and slightly resentful.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked her.

"How do I know? What are you going to do?"

He paused for a moment.

"Well, the water is rising, and this valley is going to fill up to the brim. We might as well move along and see what we find. There are other trees as good as this one. This tube will hold us both, and we'll drift along until we get somewhere."

"Somewhere!" she said. "That seems pretty indefinite to me."

"But you can't stay here all night. You might be washed off any time. Besides you're soaked through and sure to get a chill. If you lie on the tube and thrash about you'll be able to keep your blood going until we get ashore."

"Well, I suppose you're right," she said at last, moving carefully off the branch that held her. She had a strong figure, slender and well proportioned. Hepburn gave her a hand and helped her down to his perch.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to swim for a while to get warm. When I'm tired I'll take hold of the tube or we can find another tree. Maybe the new one will have a hammock in it."

She smiled a little and slipped down into the water, obeying his instructions, resting her arms upon the tube while Hepburn swam slowly beside her. He had kicked off his shoes, and they managed to make some headway out into the middle of the current. From time to time he turned over on his back, floating, or resting, one hand on the tube.

The exercise brought a little color into the cheeks of his companion, but there was a puzzled wrinkle between her brows, and her eyes, which he now decided were slate-gray, peered ahead of her, seeking a spot of dry land.

A while ago he had spoken lightly of their situation, impelled by the wish to keep the girl from being frightened. But he was sure that, whatever her doubts as to her eventual destiny in the adventure, she was not really alarmed. Indeed he was quite certain that his own inquietude was greater than hers. He had not realized how few plantation-houses there were in Red Water parish. As time went on she became more silent, not replying to his remarks, saving her strength until they found refuge.

They drifted by a cabin of one story, but the flood had already reached the eaves and the slanting roof offered no foothold. There was danger now in the protruding tree-stumps which scraped their knees. One jagged edge below the surface he evaded just in time to save her from injury.

The sun came out at intervals, but the water was cold, very cold. He saw that her splashings were less vigorous. So he stopped at the first spreading oak and helped her up it. There was a tall pine within twenty feet, which he climbed for another view of the situation. He came down hopefully, but when he swam back to the tree he found the girl clinging to the trunk, her lips blue, her teeth chattering.

"I think we're really getting somewhere," he said cheerfully. "There's an island ahead just where we're drifting."

"You're s-sure it isn't just another c-clump of t-trees?"

"It looks like a knoll with a house on it."

"How far away?"

"Half a mile perhaps."

"I—I w-w-wonder if I'll l-l-l-last that l-l-l-long."

He looked at her anxiously. She could no longer control the chattering of her teeth and the nervous jerking of her shoulders.

"I reckon I'm no g-g-good. You'd b-b-better go on without me."

He laughed. From his survey of the country he had made out the roof of a house with a chimney, standing in a group of trees.

"Everything will be all right," he went on. "I'm sure there's food there and a fire——"

"Yes. Hot s-s-s-soup—champagne—t-t-t-terrapin." She smiled at him faintly.

He liked her attitude. She was game.

"Come. We must get on, or you'll freeze here."

He chafed her hands and arms and managed to get her safely down upon the tube, but he was forced to hold her there, with one arm around her waist to prevent her from slipping into the water. The waist of her dress had been torn from her shoulder by a brier-bush, and her skirt had been ripped from top to bottom. She seemed to grow weaker gradually and even Hepburn was now feeling the chill of the water. But he stroked vigorously, carefully cutting across the current toward the refuge in the trees.

In a short while he could see the house more plainly. It was made of clapboard and stood well above the flood line.

He told her what he saw.

"Courage," he said. "We're almost there."

By a little management he succeeded in reaching the hillock, and in a moment he had hauled the girl and the tube above the line of water. She sank to the ground. After a while she made an effort to walk, but would have fallen had he not supported her.

They finally reached the house, and entered a warm kitchen, where there was a range with a fire, a water-kettle steaming, and evidences of breakfast upon the table.

"No champagne or terrapin—but fire and food," he said.

She smiled at him and sank into a chair by the fire, pulling the tatters of her frock around her. He mended the fire, and gave her a drink of hot water. It revived her at once, and she glanced curiously around the room.

"Somebody must have warned these people just in time," he said cheerfully. "There's a lot of shoes and clothing scattered about the next room."

He filled the coffee-pot and set it on to boil. Then he ran up-stairs to investigate, returning in a few moments with a blanket, which he wrapped around her shoulders.

"Nice house and clean," he said cheerfully. "I don't mind taking their leavings if you don't."

She made no reply, and he did not know whether to attribute her silence to exhaustion or to self-consciousness. But as he was preparing the coffee he surprized her calmly examining him.

"I—I don't know how to thank you," she said suddenly.

"Thank that automobile-tube," he said. "But we've got to find a change of clothing first thing so that you can take off those wet clothes."

Indeed she was a pitiable object. She had lost one of her shoes, and her flimsy frock had been almost torn from her. Hepburn went up-stairs and came down, his arms full of clothing.

"I don't know much about the ethics of this situation, but necessity knows no law. There's a lot of clothing in a closet up-stairs. You'd better go up and pick out what you need. I'll go outside and estimate our assets."

He went out and closed the door behind him.

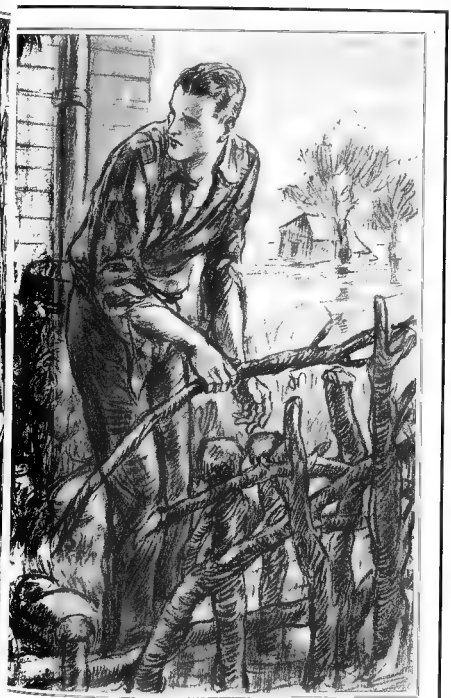
THE island of their refuge, he discovered, was a natural knoll, rising to a height of eight feet or more above the floor of the valley. The land that lay above water was about two acres in extent. Hepburn was greeted, as he turned the corner of the house, by a bewildered rooster and some hens which began a loud cackling that brought all of the other chickens from the chicken-house.

Noting that there was little danger of immediate starvation, Hepburn went on to the empty garage, stripped to the skin, and rubbed himself down briskly. Then he put on the clothing he had found up-stairs—a khaki-colored woolen shirt, trousers, and a pair of sneakers. He hung his wet clothing on a packing-box and completed his tour of his domain.

There was a well near the kitchen porch, a tool-house in which he found some bags of corn and other chicken-feed, and down on the slope, its distant end under water, a long shed for the cattle. But there were no cows, and the pig-pens were empty. Perhaps they had been driven off by their owner.

A survey of the horizon showed a glimpse of hills, the tops of many pine-trees, another knoll half a mile away without sign of occupancy, and miles upon miles of yellow water, with the steeple of the church at Gibsonville showing in the distance. Had he been marooned far at sea, his prospects could not have been less encouraging.

Meanwhile, inside the house, the girl had acted upon the suggestions of her companion. Up-stairs she found a woman's wardrobe consisting of almost everything from a calico wrapper to a black-silk "Sunday-go-to-meeting." But the gradients were all of large proportions. She would



JOB IS TO KEEP THIS HOUSE FROM BEING CARRIED INTO THE GULF'"

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look ridiculous if she wore them; and she had no intention of turning herself into a scarecrow. Perhaps she could find clothing that would make her look more like a human being.

In the small adjoining room, which apparently had been occupied by a boy, she found underwear, a shirt, and a pair of blue-denim overalls. These she put on and clattered down the stairs in a pair of the boy's shoes two sizes too large for her. Her wet clothing she hung on a chair before the fire, and then made an examination of the kitchen cupboard.

At the open window her nerves had a shock. Near the chicken-house a strange man was driving a wooden stake into the ground at the flood-water line. It was not until he straightened and looked off across the water toward the distant hills that she recognized the profile of her companion. She stood in the shadows and studied him.

He was tall, strong—she had full evidence of that—and his brow under his tumbled thatch of light-brown hair was troubled as he looked about the horizon. Her cheeks flushed as she thought of her torn clothing and of her helplessness in his arms. She resented her dependence on him and the necessity for continuing at a disadvantage. He was a Northerner, of course, and she had no love for the breed. A hustler, undoubtedly, an invader of the business of the new South, a natural heir of the old carpetbaggers. But at least he was not offensive, and he had given generously of his strength. Still his chivalry might have been merely due to emergency. Almost any man would have aided any woman in such distress. As to the man himself she knew nothing. She must be more guarded she thought and she wondered how long they were to be prisoners here. At least a day or two surely.

She suddenly remembered that he had a sense of humor. Perhaps they could laugh at their predicament. She opened the window, and at the sound he turned.

"Hello!" he said. "Did you find some dry clothes?"

"A boy's overalls and shirt. The woman that lives here must be the original fat lady. There's enough material in her clothes for a circus-tent."

He laughed. "Don't you feel like coming out and looking over your domain? There's a sunken garden down this way, stabling for six horses and two motor-boats, and a fine garage and swimming-pool to your right."

She appeared on the door-step in a moment and followed him around the shore-line. The water had risen two inches on the stake that he had driven.

"I don't think it can go much farther," he said. "The lower end of the valley is narrow, but there's a limit. I hope the worst is over."

"And you think the water will subside?"

"Well, that depends on the river. This valley can't empty before the river does."

"You think that we'll have to stay here until somebody takes us off?" she asked anxiously.

He nodded. "Or until I can build a raft or something." And then with a grin, "Of course there's always the tube."

That thought had no appeal, and she said so.

"Oh, I suppose they'll get some boats in here from Hobartville after a while," he went on. "And the aeroplanes will be spotting us before long."

"I hope so," she said soberly. "The current seems to be moving as strongly as ever."

He glanced around at the bewildered rooster and the attendant hungry hens.

"At least we needn't give out until the chickens do," he said.

He found the corn in the tool-shed and began feeding the fowls. To-morrow the chickens would begin feeding them. Thus the energy of the corn would be conserved. She told him that there was a package of flour and three cans of tomatoes in the kitchen cupboard.

"Can you cook?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "I'm willing to try."

THEY walked around the island to the point where they had landed. He picked up the spare inner tube and carried it into the house for safe-keeping; but as he was returning she called out to him, pointing to something floating on the water—a packing-case—and on the packing-case were a whining puppy and a bedraggled cat.

"Poor things!" she cried, "it seems such a pity——"

He leaped into the water as she spoke and, wading and swimming, managed at last to land the menagerie. The cat, after one terrified look around, dashed toward the house and vanished. The girl took the puppy in to the fire and wrapped it in a blanket. Then she started to prepare a meal while he went out to gather lumber for a raft. In the tool-house he found a piece of rope and a keg of nails, but as there was little loose lumber suited to his purpose, he relinquished the task for the moment, and went into the house to search the rooms above for more dry clothing.

A delectable odor of coffee and frying bacon came up the stairs, reminding him that he had eaten nothing since early morning.

When she called him he appeared in a black suit, a long coat of the Victorian era, known as a Prince-Albert, and a red-and-white-checked shirt. His feet wore carpet slippers. The coat was much too short in the sleeves. His ridiculous appearance amused her.

"I don't like to seem critical," she said as she set the bacon upon the table, "but you do look a little like an undertaker." He laughed and examined his bony wrists.

"If the owner of this suit should suddenly appear I would probably wear it at my own funeral."

He was so hungry that he wasted no time in conversation. She had cooked the four eggs that he had found in the hen-house, bacon, stewed tomatoes, coffee, and toast. The odor of the food aroused the weary puppy, and the cat appeared, having made a perfect toilet under the steps, and now presented herself all furry, curving around the table-legs.

"The animals came in two by two,'" she quoted. "I wonder what will arrive next."

"A woolly lamb and some mint sauce wouldn't be bad. To-morrow we'll have chicken for lunch. For dinner *sauté* of puppy——"

"How could you?" She picked up the dog and hugged it.

HE FELT a sense of well-being, the comfort of warmth after chill and satiety after hunger. Neither of them, it appeared, was to suffer any ill effects from their exposure. If Hepburn's tobacco-pouch had not been soaked and his pipe water-logged he would have been content. But the girl produced a pack of cigarets from her denim overalls

"The committee of ways and means will now go into executive session," he said briskly. "We may be taken from here to-morrow or the next day. The chances of getting away to-night are nil. I've browsed around trying to find timbers big enough to make a raft strong enough to carry us. But, unless I tear the chicken-house or one of the sheds to pieces, the thing is impossible. I don't like to destroy the property of a man who has already been so kind to us. It's getting dark now. I'll begin to-morrow if you say so. But I'm afraid you'll have to make the best of a bad job. We've got enough chickens, even if we don't eat the puppy and the cat, to exist here for a week."

"A week!" she gasped. "Oh, we'll have to manage to get away to-morrow. My people will think I'm drowned."

"Oh, I'm presenting the worst side of things, of course." He inhaled cigaret-smoke luxuriously.

"ON A CHAIR WAS HER OWN CLOTHING, DRY AND READY TO PUT ON"

"I had a very important engagement in Gibsonville, but as far as I'm concerned, I don't find it bad here at all. Besides I always liked fried chicken."

His point of view seemed to demand something of her.

"Well, at the risk of being impolite I can't agree with you," she said dryly. "I have to stay here to-night, I suppose, but to-morrow morning you must build a raft. I'll help you. I'm willing to pay for whatever damage you do."

He grinned, accepting the rebuke. "All right—I'll do my best. I'll go out now and see if the tide has stopped rising."

She was glad to be alone again to think of her position, for she was not sure that he was telling her the truth. Perhaps he had only given her a favorable view to keep her from being frightened. That was kind of him, of course, but if the flood was going to overwhelm the house she wanted to know it.

She lighted the lamp, clearing off the table and putting the dishes in the sink. She knew that she ought to be grateful to this man for what he had done for her, but it was one thing to be grateful to him, and another to show pleasure at spending an indefinite period cast away with him in the flood. He had apparently taken the situation as a matter of course, accepting her as a piece of flotsam of the disaster. In some ways he irritated her—he was so self-sufficient! Perhaps she was a little afraid of him.

She turned on the tap—for there was a water-tank somewhere up-stairs—and began washing the dishes. There was a commotion outside; and as she went to open the door she met the man, carrying a squawking chicken in each hand.

"Is the water still rising?" she asked.

"It hasn't gone down any," he replied, "and if the chicken-house gets carried away we're out of luck."

She ran down toward the place where he had driven the stake into the ground, but her feet were in water before she reached the spot. And the flood was still moving heavily past. A few drops of rain spattered down upon her head. The warm glow of the kitchen lamp seemed indeed a beacon of comfort and assurance. She found him standing in the middle of the chicken floor.

"There's a kind of storeroom up-stairs at the end of the hall," he said. "If you'll carry the lamp I'll put the chickens there."

"Do you really think there's any danger of the water rising to the chicken-house? If it does, it will come to the front porch. You needn't be afraid of scaring me. I'd rather hear the worst."

"It's better to be on the safe side," he growled, and went out to the chicken-house again. When she went back to her dishes she saw through the open window to the south a flash of lightning. What was the man doing? She wanted to help him, so she started out to the sheds. Gusts of wind were coming from the south, and heavy drops of rain began to fall. She found him near the garage, up to his knees in water, carrying a stable lantern and moving things to higher ground.

"I wish you'd let me help," she said.

"I've got to get these tools out of here—the chicken-feed and enough lumber for a raft. But you'd better keep up on dry land. You'll get your feet wet."

HER reply was to wade in after him, take the bags of meal from his arms, and carry them into the house, while he brought the lumber to the front porch, also a keg of nails, a rope, a hammer and a saw.

"It's better to move all these things now than to be forced to dive for them to-morrow."

"Then the water is likely to reach the lower floor?"

"I don't know. By the way, do you know what's in the cellar?"

"No, I don't."

"That comes next then. We might find more food——"

"Food!" she exclaimed. "We're not going to stay here long enough to need more food."

"You never can tell," he said dryly.

The water in the cellar was already a foot deep, but they found a smoked ham hanging to the beams, a lot of potatoes on the shelves, and a few strings of onions. All of these he took up-stairs to one of the bedrooms.

"If we had to," he said with an air of satisfaction, "we could live here for a month."

His calmness was exasperating.

"I couldn't!" she cried. "I'm not going to stay here a month—a week—another day after to-morrow." He stared at her hard for a moment, then gave her an amiable grin, and went out again.

His suggestion was appalling. A month! She must leave this place to-morrow. It was inconceivable that rescue-boats of some sort should not have been launched by this time from points along the river. She had not realized that there could be no boats at Gibsonville, as the town was on high land and near none of the bayous.

He did not return from the sheds for some time. Meanwhile she sat in a chair near the window, listening to the sounds of the wind in the trees, the rush of the flood past the open door, and the whipping of the rain-drops against the window-panes. The puppy slept peacefully by the fire. The cat rubbed against her ankles. She had never been so lonely. She was tired too. She had not known how tired she was. Excitement and the effort of competition with his strength had kept her going, but now she experienced suddenly the sinking feeling of exhaustion. She relaxed in her chair, her wet feet and legs stretched out to the fire. She heard him going up and downstairs, housing the chickens. How tireless he was.

At last he entered the room and drew up a chair to the fire, taking the cat into his lap.

"Well, I think we're all shipshape now," he said cheerfully. "Bring on your flood. If this hillock holds together we'll pull through all right."

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"'IF I HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO SWIM I'D HAVE BEEN DRIFTING DOWN WITH THOSE PIGS'"

"Is the water still rising?" she asked faintly.

"Yes. We've only got about an acre now. But I've lashed things with wire and rope and I think we'll hang on to what we have."

"You've worked awfully hard; you must be tired."

"Yes, I am," he said, "and I think you'd better be going to bed. I found some more blankets and put 'em on the bed in the room at the head of the stairs."

She got up quietly and went to the door.

"Good night," she said.

He rose and followed her. "Don't worry," he said. "Everything will be all right. Your overalls and shoes and socks are wet. You'd better throw 'em over the balusters. They can dry all night by the fire."

"Thanks."

"Good night."

Exhausted as she was, for a long while she could not sleep. She had closed the windows, and wrapped a blanket around her head, but her ears were alert for every sound. There were no keys or bolts to any of the doors of the room. The rain pattered upon the roof, but the wind had fallen again. Now and then she heard the scraping sound of some object floating against the bushes and trees behind the house.

She listened, too, for the sounds of the man down-stairs. She heard his tread, from time to time, moving to and fro, and then the creaking of the stairs. She sat upright in her blankets listening. But he was going down the cellar steps. The rattle of coal upon the floor of the kitchen in a moment told her that he had thought of bringing up the coal, already under water, so that it might be dry by morning. At last she grew calmer, and fell asleep.

THE sound of coal clattering on the floor of the kitchen awakened her in the morning. Daylight was in the room, so she got up quickly and looked out of the window. The yellow waters were still churning past the house. They had risen, too, during the night, for the water came up to the sill of the window of the chicken-house. She scanned the horizon eagerly. No sign of any human being.

She had an illusion that she was upon a ship on a river, its prow moving against a strong tide. It was really difficult to believe that she was in a house on a hillock and that this moving tide covered peaceful farming-land a hundred miles from the Gulf. She knew that she had slept late.

Wrapped in her blankets, she peered through the crack of the door. On a chair outside was her own clothing, dry and ready to put on. She dressed quickly, using a comb that she had discovered in a bureau drawer. Safety-pins pulled her frock together.

Down-stairs the landing was heaped with coal. Treading lightly in her stockinged feet, she surprized the man lathering his face and neck with soap-suds from a basin in the kitchen sink.

"Why didn't you wake me?" she asked. "I ought to have cooked breakfast long ago."

"Oh, I was busy. How did you sleep?"

"Splendidly. I'm afraid you've been up most of the night."

"No. But the water is seeping through into the cellar. I managed to bring up about a dozen scuttles of coal. We've got to keep the fire going."

The room was agreeably warm and the lids of the range were pink. The coffee-pot was simmering.

"You must be awfully hungry."

"I had a cup of coffee."

"I'll have something for you in a moment."

Potatoes, ham, coffee, and what was left of the fragments in the bread-box.

"Your overalls were still wet," he explained. "I thought you'd rather have your own clothes anyway."

"Thanks. It doesn't matter much."

He smiled. "I'm glad you're in a philosophic mood."

"That doesn't mean that I expect to stay here forever. What are the prospects?"

He frowned.

"I'll work on the raft to-day," he said. "But we're much safer here than adrift in this current."

"We came here on a rubber tube——"

"A raft is cumbrous," he said. "If it caught on a stump it might capsize."

"I'm willing to take a chance."

"As long as this hill holds together you'll be safer here than on a raft."

She set down her coffee-cup.

"Is there any danger of the hill not holding together?" she asked

"No immediate danger," he said, "but then there's been a good deal of washing around the point where we landed. We've got to try to hold that if we can."

SHE rose and followed him outside. The turf where they had landed yesterday was already far under water, which had reached a point less than thirty feet from the front porch of the house. The top of the bank where they stood was held together by sod, but from time to time small portions of the soil underneath washed out and sections of the bank fell in and disappeared. There was obvious cause for concern.

"All the more reason why we should try to get away," she said. "The building of a raft——"

"And suppose this house is washed away before the raft can be built —?"

"Are you trying to frighten me?"

"No. The flood will subside in time. Where would we drift? On to a mud-bank somewhere with a lot of other half-starved refugees? You can't direct a raft like a boat. We might drift miles from Gibsonville. How could they help us without boats?"

"I'll take a chance," she said sullenly.

He regarded her gravely. "Our hope lies in the other direction—Hobartville, Howe's Landing, and Latrobe. I wish you'd take my word for that."

"Does this mean that you're not going to build the raft?"

He stared at her.

"No. But it means that my first job is to keep this house from being carried into the Gulf of Mexico."

"Oh, I see——"

SHE turned away toward the house. It was amazing how many conflicting thoughts of him were whirling through her head. She had thought of him yesterday as brisk, as cynical, cruel. She had been afraid of his strength, and of the masterful way he had gone about his plans, ignoring her. Yesterday she had grudgingly admitted his chivalry, but what yesterday passed for chivalry seemed to-day only a casual act of humanity, like the rescue of the puppy and the cat.

She returned to the kitchen and stood staring at the breakfast-dishes—some of them his breakfast-dishes that she must wash. Tears sprang into her eyes, tears of anger, but she brushed them quickly away. That would never do. She would wash them of course and set things to rights so that the place would look shipshape. She owed that much to her self-respect.

She could see that he had completely disregarded her request to build a raft. Through the window by the sink she could see him as he worked up to his waist in water, driving stakes and weaving a brake of branches behind which he piled stones and broken cement and rubble that he had found beside the path to the garage.

How dependent upon him she was! At breakfast she had suggested chicken for dinner. She had never killed a chicken and was appalled by the thought. But she hardened her heart and went clattering up the stairs in her heavy shoes. As she entered the door of the storeroom the poor

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TOWN GIRL

By
Katharine Brush

Illustrations by Frances Rogers

A story of college boys who love and leave and town girls who love and learn

"IT WAS RISKY, BECAUSE THEIR PARENTS HAD FORBIDDEN THEM TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE RICH YOUNG MEN"

IT WAS a very pleasant thing to be a pretty girl and live in a college town. Dorothy McHenry often thought about it. She often thought of girls who lived in towns that were just towns, and wondered how on earth they ever stood it. It would be, she thought, like the Summer vacation all the year round. Nothing to do for excitement. Nothing to see worth seeing. Nowhere to go—or, rather, no one to go there with but little boys from high school who bored you to death.

But a college town!

You began to appreciate it the year you began to buy lipsticks and rouge, to buffer your nails and not bite them, to giggle, to notice the moon, to send quarters for autographed photographs of John Gilbert. *That* year. You had lived all your thirteen or fourteen previous years in this same town; you had seen the young men from the college wherever you went. Now, suddenly, you began to go where you would see them.

There was a subtle difference here. The difference between having a soda at the nearest drug-store and having one at the Varsity Candy Shoppe. The difference between walking home from high school via State Street and strolling via Campus Avenue.

Without any admissions, confessions, or explanations, Dorothy McHenry and her best friend, Hilda Jaynes, had agreed during their sophomore year that the sodas were better at the Varsity Candy Shoppe than anywhere else in town.

"Creamier," Hilda said gravely.

By the same token Campus Avenue, tho a little roundabout, was shadier and pleasanter to walk on.

They would meet in the coat-room after the three o'clock bell.

"Going home?"

"Um-h'm."

"Wait for me."

Their small pert hats of colored felt were usually the last hats off the hooks. They would don them only when their hands were washed, their faces powdered and pinkened, their mouths drawn moistly red, their shingles combed with little combs and deftly made to fluff against their cheek-bones. All this took time.

While it went on, a hundred girls, more careless—or less lovely—rushed into the coat-room, seized hats and coats, glanced at the mirrors, glanced rather hostilely at Dorothy and Hilda, whirled, and rushed out again.

When they themselves emerged at last, the halls would be empty and hollow; their high heels would chatter along the floors.

They would run down the long stairs, one ahead of the other, bare hands grazing the railing for support. In the main hall they would pull their slim coats tight about their hips, and look backward over their shoulders to see if the seams of their stockings were straight, and anxiously ask each other to look and see.

Sometimes there were boys awaiting them on the front steps of the building. Faithfuls. Johnny Murray, who lived next door to Dorothy and sometimes did her algebra problems for her. Jim DeWeiss of the Blue Front Grocery Store. Patrick Lane, whose father was the steward at one of the fraternity-houses. Patrick was nearly interesting. Glamour nearly touched him. But as he himself had never been admitted to the scene of his father's labors he was not quite interesting or glamourous after all, and could be told, along with the others, that "we've got a date——"

They were always a little uneasy lest Johnny, or Pat, or whoever it was, decide to follow them and spy upon them; they always glanced back as they reached the corner to reassure themselves. Then, on the corner, their footsteps slackened, and one would say indecisively, "Which way'll we go?" Knowing perfectly well.

Along Campus Avenue then, slowly, but not too slowly. They were headed somewhere; let there be no mistake about that. As they sauntered they chatted together very vivaciously, prettily; they seemed absorbed in their dialog, and the eyes they lifted to the eyes of the youths they passed were preoccupied, blank. But they lifted them.

Past the drug-store, the book-store, the stationery store, the two town houses (unimportant). Past the long dormitory with the many-colored curtains and the cushioned window-seats that often held golf-knickered legs, one dangling from the propped knee of its mate. Past the Sigma Kappa tennis-court and the Sigma Kappa house, and the Sigma Kappa brethren, who lived on their porch. On by another dormitory, and a Senior Society tomb, and the college library, and a house where freshmen roomed and where phonographs always bleated, three or four at a time: ". . . *baby loves* . . . *'way down South* . . . *man o' mine* . . . *blue-hoo-oos* . . . Red Nichols. Al Jolson. Ethel Watters.

In the course of a few blocks Hilda and Dorothy saw and were seen by five hundred collegians. That was all there was to it at first; they saw and were seen. Why the excursions were so exhilarating they could not have told you. But they were.

EVERY pair of eyes was a compliment. Every smallest incident was an adventure. The low, soft whistle, as of surprize and admiration, from a window. The collision with the large Adonis in the tattooed slicker, who dashed around a corner unexpectedly and knocked Dorothy's arm, so that Cæsar's Gallic Wars went tumbling to the pavement and had to be picked up and restored. The tennis-player who turned his back on the court and faced the sidewalk, and, when his opponent protested, said, "Just a minute. Scenery is passing." Things like that would send them on in a little flutter.

They were very young, please bear in mind.

Later they grew bolder, and when young gods said "Hello!" they said "Hello!" and when shining chariots slowed at the curb invitingly, they got in. *Slam!* of the front-seat door behind Hilda. *Bang!* of the tonneau door after Dorothy. Exchange of smiles.

"But, listen, we've got to be back in an hour."

"Fair enough. You will be." And they were off.

It was risky, because their parents had forbidden them to have anything to do with the rich young men, threatening dire punishments. These were middle-class parents, tradespeople, who existed on the careless lordly bounty of the campus and were sullenly resentful of their benefactors always. "They don't mean you any good," they told their daughters darkly. "Remember that."

Dorothy and Hilda had each promised many times to remember that and to behave accordingly. Between themselves, however, they agreed that it was nonsense; and their manner of behaving accordingly was to disobey with caution, getting out of town as fast as possible, and returning at a canny hour—*i. e.*, the hour when the movie-houses were letting out.

"Clara Bow was at the Strand," Dorothy would report glibly. "Awfully cute picture."

What she was thinking was, "That one they called Ken—he was good-*looking*!——"

(When she got up-stairs she would stand at the mirror and smile a little, and perhaps touch with a finger-tip the small red mouth that, carelessly, between a song and a funny saying, he had kissed.)

THE attitude of their parents on the subject of the students was a comfort and a solace in one way. It meant that Dorothy and Hilda could not have gone to college parties, fraternity dances, even if they had been invited. They were not invited; and they had managed to convince themselves, each with the other's aid, that it was because the young men knew so well they couldn't accept.

This idea, carefully cherished, constantly bolstered and propped and defended so that its weaknesses might not be too apparent, made bearable the evenings when syncopated music floated from a dozen houses along Campus Avenue and figures moved in rhythm, animated silhouettes, across the gilded first-floor windows.

They would sit in Hilda's hammock, squeaking to and fro.

"The Betas have got a band from New York."

"Have they?"

"Um. Some band that makes records. And it's costing them a thousand dollars for five hours! Just imagine!"

It was heartening to know things, to have inside information.

"Did you hear that the Sigma Kappas signed a pledge not to drink to-night? On account of that fuss last time?"

"No; who said so?"

"Toad told me."

Of the girls whose gowns were pale and restless blurs on the Greek-letter porches, Dorothy and Hilda seldom spoke. When a reference to them was unavoidable they were careful to sound a little superior, a shade supercilious. These

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stars, after all, played only one-night stands. *They* had not been here yesterday. They would be gone to-morrow.

Dorothy was eighteen. Slender and blond, and almost beautiful. She missed it, delightfully, by the tilt of her nose and by the twelve tiny freckles across its bridge.

She belonged to the world in which going to work follows graduating from high school as inevitably as evening follows the day. The diploma they gave her that hot June morning of palm-leaf fans and white slippers said, "This is to certify that Dorothy May McHenry has completed the general academic course—" Dorothy's father, McHenry the Florist, said, "Monday you start at the store."

So Monday she started.

That was the Summer when Johnny Murray became so ridiculously ardent. "As if I'd look at *him!*" said Dorothy to Hilda with infinite scorn; adding scathingly, "His finger-nails are always in mourning."

They were. Not always, but usually. This was because the car he had bought third-hand for three hundred dollars and was driving as a taxi was subject to a chronic, strange internal malady, requiring much oily surgery. You saw him at it in his back yard in the very early morning—rather you saw his feet, large feet in soiled white sneakers, under the taxi's running-board, toes up.

Seen wholly, he was a big young man with a wide, sunny, little-boy's grin. He had light hair, and when it wasn't ruffled he was on his way to church or to Dorothy's house; at all other times it looked as if he had just plowed his fingers through it—as, indeed, he had. He moved rather jerkily, like one who has not yet accustomed himself to being six feet tall, and he was always whistling a last-year's ragtime tune. When his lips were pursed for this his eyes became very round and ingenuous and trustful.

He had worshiped Dorothy all through high school, and with graduation and the purchase of the taxi it had occurred to him that maybe pretty soon he could get married. Accordingly this Summer he had begun a courtship so blundering, so inexpert, that Dorothy and Hilda (to whom she confided all and more) were privately convulsed. You can hardly blame them. Fresh in their minds were memories of suave young Casanovas. Johnny's idea of a compliment was a red-faced exclamation, "Geel Say, that's a nice hat!" And it took him at least ten miles of slow driving to get his arm down from the back of the seat, and then it lay like a live, scared log across your shoulders.

But tho there was much merriment over Johnny, he had his little hour. A girl can't sit home in the evenings, of course. And there was his car. While she waited for September, Dorothy often condescended to be driven to the beach, and fed, and led about a dance-hall floor by Johnny. She even suffered herself to be kissed, in Johnny's own diffident fashion, on the way home. This was a thing, according to her creed, that you had to do if you went out; like the ticket you had to put in the box if you danced.

In September, of course, she forgot him utterly.

The shop of McHenry the Florist, was on Chapel Street, two doors from the corner of State: a location as advantageous as it sounds. It was a small shop, cool and damp and fragrant when you entered, with blossoms in vases on shelves behind glass at the sides and a bare wood floor that was always littered with snippings of tulle and feathers of fern, with a crumpled card envelop and a broken stem and a few lost petals. A pretty place. Dorothy matched it. Her hair was the yellowest chrysanthemum in stock, and her mouth was a sample from a poppy.

She wore smocks in the shop, starchy pink ones or blue ones, and small high-heeled shoes of black patent. When you entered she stood before you with the pumps placed demurely together and her hands in the pockets of the smock, and eyed you with attentive gentian eyes. "Something you wanted?"

Just so she stood and eyed Bruce Peter Christopher 3rd on a certain late September afternoon.

"Something you wanted?"

SHE said it absently. A lady eying Bruce Christopher for the first time (or the hundred and first) has things on her mind. Things like white teeth flashing from a sunburn. Things like brown curls cloven by a part. Things like a classic nose and brown laughing eyes. Things like, "Oh, *who's he?*"

He couldn't be a freshman, yet he was certainly new to the university; Dorothy had never seen him before—and she would have. She would have. She had a sense, contemplating him now, that she had been looking for him; that all her countless wanderings through Campus Avenue had been vague quests of some one just like this.

She found herself smiling because he was smiling; and she found herself flushing a little because he was so frankly and calmly considering her, his knuckles on his hips, his head on one side, as if she were a trinket he might buy.

"Dimples, too," he said in a thoughtful voice. "Well, well!"

The dimples deepened, despite her.

"Bigger and better," approved the young man.

His eyes had not left hers. He was still smiling. "Listen," he said. "Tell me this: are you going to be here," the jerk of his head indicated the town at large, "all year?"

"Do you mean me or the shop?"

"I mean you, of course."

"Why, yes," Dorothy said, "I'm going to be here—forever, I guess. I live here."

The young man pondered, his gaze still upon her.

"Education," he said dreamily at last, "is looking up."

He wanted some roses telegraphed to his mother in New York. Mrs. Bruce P. Christopher, Jr., 990 Fifth Avenue. Four dozen tea-roses. No, red. Red would be better.

"For her birthday," he explained.

"When is her birthday?" asked Dorothy, writing in an order-book."

"The nineteenth."

"Of next month?"

"No, of this month."

"But that was *days* ago!"

The young man looked a little hurt. "I think I'm swell to remember it at all," he said.

They talked for some time, sitting side by side on the counter.

"Is that your car?" Dorothy inquired in an awed voice.

Between the floral display and the curlicued letters of her father's name, the window was full of it. A monstrous yellow car, almost all front, like a locomotive.

"It is," said Bruce Christopher. "Want to see it work?"

"Why——"

"I mean," he said, "from the inside?"

Dorothy did.

The Stadium was a high, white curve with arched holes at the base of it and two empty flagstaffs, like giant hatpins, stuck into its rim. In the twilight it was very white and still; majestically lonely. There were no houses near it, and the cars that went by on the road seemed to pass quietly, as if in awe. Its immensity dwarfed them. Even Bruce Christopher's mammoth machine became a yellow beetle, small and timid.

He had shut off his motor. He slouched sideways in the seat, his arm on the wheel, his feet high, resting atop the door. He was bareheaded, and the suns of a Summer spent on a yacht had scorched him, so that his skin was amber, with red in it. He smoked cigarets from a paper packet. The wrist that lay on the steering-wheel wore a watch, and now, as he had several times, he glanced at it. Six-thirty-five.

She had said, "At the end of the car-line at six-thirty." He turned his head to look back down the shining tracks that ended here, beside the great, gaunt Stadium. Far behind him he could see a trolley-car approaching. A Toonerville sort of trolley rocking along.

He settled down to wait a little longer. He felt pleased, contented, suddenly. He smiled. "Cute child," he said to himself. "She really is."

He liked women, did Bruce Peter Christopher 3rd. All kinds of women. He liked to watch them, to watch the effect upon them of his splendid self—to experiment, optically, verbally, to see what they'd do. Their reactions entertained him, their little gestures and affectations and refuges were an unfailing source of amusement.

He liked to think, when he looked at a girl, of the supergirl he might make of her if he had the inclination and the time. He noticed clothes; he noticed manicures and ankles and feet. Wrong notes, like finger-nails lacquered too red, or a faded shoulder-strap showing, made him a little melancholy always. Women who couldn't be pretty didn't exist for him at all, but

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"'EDUCATION,' HE SAID DREAMILY AT LAST, 'IS LOOKING UP'"

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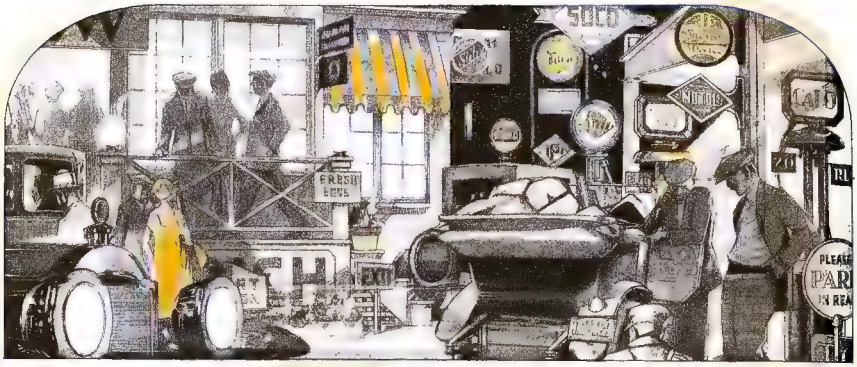

"A SUDDEN TEEMING OF LIFE IN SOLITUDE. LIKE MANY-COLORED MOTHS DRAWN IN FROM THE NIGHT TO HUDDLE ABOUT THE BRIGHT PUMPS"

SURPRIZE

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by Robert Lawson

ALONG there the Iron Age Highway runs nearly straight for thirty miles, with few towns to cut the speed down. At Gravelbank Crossing there used to be a momentary doubt, foot on the brake-pedal, where the macadam branched in two alternatives A wavy wraith of macadam still runs off to the left there to follow the river, but you'll hardly see it, for the concrete of the great trunk-road sweeps on unhesitating against the face of Broken Loaf Ridge. No need even of a finger-post any longer; where it used to be there now stands the tenth and last of Poppy Harper's southbound signs:

YOU ARE APPROACHING POPPY HARPER'S VALE-VIEW
On every road you've heard of them
POPPY HARPER'S FAMOUS VALE-VIEW WHEATS AND BUCK-WHEATS
"No Hand Touches Them"
A SURPRIZE FOR ALL

If it's at night, the flood-light on the hoarding will make the dark of the following moments seem only the darker. A smooth upwhirl in blackness, one white eye swooping over the faces of clay-cuts and tunneling through pine-woods. No matter after that how you may know and count on it, the glow bursting about you at the hilltop will never seem anything less than an explosion, a bright welcome by ambuscade.

A sudden teeming of life in solitude. Cars, cars, and cars. Town cars, country cars, speed-cars, camp-cars, side-cars, and moving-vans. Like many-colored moths drawn in from the night to huddle about the bright-red, the bright-green, and the bright-yellow pumps.

What do you want? Service? There's free service: crank-case, radiator, battery, air. All kinds of tires, tubes, and accessories. A tent for the night or a cottage for the Summer; pure upland air. Dancing Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. A snack or a banquet. If you haven't time for a banquet, try a plate of Poppy's cakes hot off the griddle. "'No hand touches them.' A surprize for all."

It is a huge place, a web of strung lights, a tangle of activities, confusion of voices, animate and inanimate. A ponderous, delicate, infinitely complex machine. But as a matter of fact it is all as simple as a wheel, a single wheel revolving smoothly around its single hub, Poppy Harper.

She sits about the level of what heads there may be in the incandescent, nickeled, tinseled, glazed, and varnished dining-room, on a stool on a zinc-floored rostrum reared in the horseshoe of the counter. She has taken on a little flesh in late years. Her skin is white with the bleaching of the vapors from the hot-plates ranged around and below her, especially the skin of her feet and ankles and bare, sinewy calves, milk-white, by contrast with the black-satin knickerbockers she wears as another woman at her cooking would wear an apron. The white of her face is rather the white of ivory. It is smooth, unlined, immobile, almost exanimate.

Tho her eyes are everywhere, taking in everything, they give out nothing. She has the look of being deaf. This is not the case. Whereas she no longer hears the common run of cars in passage, she can hear one with its radiator boiling or a tire-flat coming a hundred yards away. She no longer hears your whispering, amused, disgusted, contemptuous, compassionate; she would only mark it if it stopped. So don't bother to tone it down.

"Ain't that more'n you can believe almost? Rod McKees should see this; he's always bragging the freaks he seen; we'll send him a picture-card. I heard of this lots of times, but I wouldn't believe it till now.' Looks simple, she does it so easy. Sickening! If you think you're going to get *me* to eat any— Aw, that's all in your mind: *I'm* going to try 'em, if only so's to say I have——"

Why does Poppy Harper go on? It's not as if it were needed any longer. She can't show Andrew any more than she has shown him. She can't show her father: he's been dead for years. She can't show Calla and Merkle Abbot any more: they've gone out West to try farming, and their store is left a hulk for circus-paper a half mile off the highway down the wrong, the pinched-out, valley road. The valley itself, which she hated, is as good as dead.

WHY should she go on? Isn't seventeen years long enough to moderate the violence of her embittered will? On the other hand, why shouldn't she? What would she do if she didn't? Certainly she can't "sit and twiddle her thumbs."

Seventeen years ago.

More and more automobiles were coming over Broken Loaf. They used to go by the low road, by Gravelbank, and around the long loop of the river, but now that engines were improving, and a two-mile grade no longer meant necessarily a boiling radiator, there were plenty to risk it over the ridge in good weather and save five miles. And if an occasional radiator did come up dry, there was water to be had for the taking at the Doak farm at the top, and gasoline, too, for the buying, now that Merkle Abbot, who kept the store down below where one of Doak's daughters worked, had taken to leaving a drum of it up there for the half-invalid farmer to peddle at any figure above the market he could get.

Then, on days when the other daughter, Poppy, was baking, she might set out a plate of cup-cakes under a piece of netting, or boiled eggs, or strawberries. It gave her an interest outside the house, where it was dull living, now that Calla boarded at the Crossing. Sometimes she made quite a harvest of nickels and dimes, especially after she had taken to serving, under an improvised arbor, hot wheat-cakes of her own invention, rolled up with jelly or a butter-and-maple paste.

DOAK, who had lived there all his life, could never get used to this thickening of traffic in what had been a solitude. The weight and speed of it filled him with apprehension. He could learn to keep his chickens in; but to watch without concern a half ton of cushioned steel starting down the pitch he knew so well at twenty miles an hour was a thing he could never learn. He gathered with avidity from his little clientele tales of death and disaster on the highroad.

Two in his collection, of motors hitting people, and then, in place of stopping to see the damage, flying on the night and getting away scot-free, touched his imagination with an especial power; he saw the world going back into the dark ages, individualistic and violent. He was never easy when Poppy was out of the yard. Evenings when she walked down to see her sister were a torment to the half-ailing widower; as long as she remained in hearing he would stand in the dark of the yard calling admonitions after her, to keep on the right side, to harken for horns, and be sure and look both ways.

Poppy's patience with him came to an end at last one evening.

"What do you think I am?" she called back. "A cripple half-wit, blind?"

She wondered what he would have said if she had yelled instead, "I wouldn't care much if one did hit me, the way I feel," which would have been the truth as she felt it.

He didn't know. He thought that it was to see Calla

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(sometimes she hated Calla), when in truth it was only on the chance of Andrew's being there calling on Calla that she was going down all that way; the chance of being able, if only for a little while, if only the "gooseberry," to follow him about with her eyes. Yet why? Why should she want to torment herself when it could never be anything now but that—torment?

Poppy could see no rightness in the world any more. Andrew Harper had known her, and even started to go with her a little, before he ever saw Calla. If it had been Poppy that had got the job at Abbot's and Calla that had stayed at home (for it's the one that's away, on her own, that gets the attention), like as not Andrew would still have been thinking her, Poppy, the charmer of the two.

For what are charms and good looks after all? A breath this way or that, the turn of a coin. There was Andrew. There were a dozen fellows around Gravelbank actually, photographically, handsomer than Andrew. But none of them was—Andrew. None had his nature, his smile, his quickness to get a thing, his unassuming ambitiousness.

Poppy came to a halt part way down the hill. She made her hands into hard fists. "I wish he *would* go off to some city, like he thinks of. *And never come back here again.*"

The malevolence of it scared her. But she wouldn't repent. She saw the cheat. She knew she had more to give a man like Andrew than Calla had, more sense, more sympathy, more loyalty—yes (as she stared at the stars among the pine-tops blurred with Spring), more passion.

A car was coming up the grade, a big one, by the sound of it. It climbed so slowly that Poppy wondered what could be wrong with it. It seemed forever before its head-lights came swinging around the tree-banked curve below her, and then the glare of them was so dazzling that she backed another step from the road involuntarily.

IT WAS bigger even than she had suspected. It was the first of the high-nosed, broad-beamed freighters that had ever come over Broken Loaf, and the first Poppy had ever seen. As she stood there watching it go by, to her eyes, still starry with the departed headlights, its side towered as high as the black side of a house, and the grinding roar of its passage deafened her ears.

When she saw that that side was no longer black, but blinding white, it was too late. She jumped and slipped, and in slipping threw out her arms in the instinctive gesture of thrusting danger away. But the car that was coming down-hill and swinging wide, itself dazzled by the truck's glare just passed, opened her scalp with a slicing fender and caught her hands in its spinning spokes.

It was curious, while there was no pain, there was no unconsciousness. The rocky ground she lay on might have been a feather bed for all she felt it. Bodiless so, vividly awake, she followed the efforts of the descending car to stop itself, the wink-long sluing of the lights, the screech of startled brake-bands. "There," she thought in a detached way, "whoever it is, he'll have it stopped soon, get out, come walking back."

But it was no more than wink-long. Another wink and the brakes were let go; as the red star and the white halo whirled away around the wooded curve below there was the sharp firing of gas let with a kick of panic into the cylinders.

"God help him," Poppy thought. "What's he doing? He'll kill himself."

For a few minutes after the racket of flight had died in the piny windings below, there were still to be heard, above, the patient gears of the freighter; then, winning the top, they too were gone.

Feeling no pain, Poppy felt no terror. Her thoughts were like birds finding their cage open, fluttering in and out excitedly, but without much sense. One thing was the size of the cones in the pine-top above her; big for this time of year, enormous, they seemed, as they blackened against the lightening sky.

MOONRISE! Time was actually passing. With the realization of that the numbness began to peel away layer by layer, leaving her nakeder and nakeder to pain. She discovered that she was bleeding. She made an effort and screamed. It came out of her lips no louder than a sigh. But what good would it have done, anyway? There wasn't a chance in ten that any one would be coming up or down the hill at this hour of the night.

She grew light-headed. The trees were black figures of death coming to get her. Poppy argued with them, pleaded, threatened, to keep them away.

A white ghost slid across the crown of a further tree and brought her back to her senses. A car, after all. A car down there on the curve by the spring, and coming. Now for the first time panic grabbed her. There were a hundred things, a thousand things, that could happen to that car before ever it could reach her. And then, would it see her?

Poppy put all she had left into one resolve. She got to her knees, whether she could or not, and, toppling sidewise, rolled over and over and over into the road.

Whiteness. She was being held in some one's arms in the shaft of headlights. She thought she had died and gone to heaven, for it was Andrew. Andrew Harper, his eyes enormous, his mouth working ineptly, half paralyzed by the shock and the scare.

"Poppy Doak! What's happened to you? What—who—what—what's happened?"

The blessed numbness had returned, but with it dumbness: she couldn't speak.

"And here I was coming up ." Andrew's face went all little wrinkles, as if struck by the horrid and pitiful irony of the thing. "I didn't think you were coming down to the store to-night, and so—Poppy—oh, Poppy—I was coming up to see you."

Poppy managed to utter just one word. "Calla?"

"Calla?" He uttered it with a vehemence of wonder, protest, and disdain. "*Calla?*"

With that it seemed to Poppy the muscles at the corners of her eyes gave way, letting them fall open so wide on Andrew's that no secret in them could ever be hidden again. Now it didn't matter. It mattered to Andrew, tho. Darkness swept his face.

"Who done this? Do you know who it was?" He shook her. "Say!"

She tried to shake her head, but even that didn't matter, and she slid away.

She had interludes of consciousness later on. She was on her bed, and Andrew and her father were doing something to her arms with towels and sticks. Perhaps it was her own confusion, but they sounded utterly confused themselves, panic-stricken and bungling. Once Andrew let go of everything and put his hands to his head, like a blow.

"Why, of course! What a dumb one! He run me off the road, down near the foot, coming all out, and here I'm so dumb I never remembered. A big green roadster with a Pennsy plate—nine-nine. Oh, le'me think! He got my goat, and I tried to catch it. Nine-nine—that was the thousands. Oh, le'me think!"

He stood there rocked by excitement. His eyes swung to the black window.

"A big green roadster, like a Packard. The dirty yellow skunk! *Say!*"

IT WAS like a craze that had him. He ran from the room, heavily through the hall, and out across the porch. They heard him cranking furiously at the Ford. But with that the farmer, at the window, let out such a screech of fright at being left alone that he came running back as heavily as he had gone. It was just as well, for Poppy would have died if he hadn't.

As it was, she lost all track of things. She never knew how, at last, the doctor was got. Dr. Melody was an elderly man, a country practitioner. He should have been there much earlier. The head-wounds were fairly simple to attend to, and he did the best he knew for the arms that Poppy had thrown out, as if to push the danger away.

On the second day Andrew's father, a Gravelbank garage-man, attempted to get him away from the hill, and failed. Calla, who had come up to look after things, tried her hand at it, first by assuring him there was nothing he could do, and then that he was in the way. She couldn't make him out, he was so changed, one day almost a youngster, the next a hard-faced man. Poor girl, she couldn't be expected to fathom it, for she couldn't realize, just from the telling, the shock of the thing that had happened on that hill.

"You'd think you were in love with Poppy, the way you carry on."

Calla had to stare then at the crimson sweeping from Andrew's wrinkled collar to the roots of his unbrushed hair. Wheeling swiftly, she studied the girl in the bed.

She may be forgiven for the way her tone cut.

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"THERE WERE DAYS WHEN THE WATCHER HAD NOTHING TO WATCH BUT THE VALLEY OF THE LOST WORLD AND NOTHING TO DO BUT 'THINK.' LUCKILY, THE DAYS WERE SHORT"

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"THE YOUTH'S ANGER FLARED 'IF YOU'RE TRYING TO FRAME ME FOR A MURDER IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROVE THAT I WAS HERE'"

THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

Coffee and toast for four spell finis for one

PART TWO

BY ROBERT J. CASEY

Illustrations by Joseph A. Maturo

ESTHER BRADLEY finished her story and waited nervously for the detective's comments. But Sands was calmly searching his pockets for a cigaret. She felt a bit puzzled at his attitude, and a little resentful that her account of the toast and coffee incident had produced no more effect.

"I had guessed at something of the sort," Sands explained. "It was obvious from the first that the breakfast for four had some significance. I felt then and I feel now that I'd heard of it before. What did your father think of it?"

"That is what always puzzled me. When I saw the table I thought that the burglars must have felt pretty sure of themselves. The police figured that they thought we were away from home or else that they were drunk. But my father was thoroughly upset. I never could explain it. He wanted to know where Fred Carbine was. And we finally found him in jail. He'd been picked up in a raid on a Brooklyn flat two days previously. My father talked with him, and Fred seemed frightened, too. But he couldn't explain the affair.

"It was my own opinion that somehow my father must have made four enemies. I asked him, but he denied it. He told me that some practical jokers might have taken an idea from one of his plays. But he refused to go into details, and he made me promise not to refer to the matter again. Only a short time after that he retired and came out here."

"Why didn't you tell this to Crewe when he questioned you this morning?"

"I really don't know. It would have been the sensible thing to do. But I was in police custody. I had the idea that somehow they were trying to connect me with my father's enemies. And back in my mind was the memory that I had promised to keep still. I was just a child when the incident occurred. I can't explain it, but I was tongue-tied when it came time to speak."

"How does it happen that you can now tell these things to me?"

"You're different. Besides Mr. Crewe suspected me of something. I feel that you do not."

"No," Sands admitted. "You are headstrong and spoiled, but you don't fit my estimate of this case."

"Your frankness is overwhelming," she said. "Should I thank you for discovering that I am not a criminal?"

Sands did not reply, and the taxicab drew up at the entrance of the Park Arms Hotel. The detective assisted the girl to alight, and they walked as far as the revolving doors in silence.

"If you want me for anything," he said, "I can be reached through Crewe or at the Shore Apartments around the corner. And should anything new arise I shall let you know at once."

"I sha'n't be in to-morrow or any other day to you, Mr. Sands. And I hope I shall never have to lay eyes on you again."

A moment later the glass turnstile enveloped her. Sands grinned amiably, walked back to the taxicab, and returned to headquarters.

Crewe was hardly in a jovial mood when Sands sat down to report the result of his conversation with Miss Bradley.

"That girl should have been held," he declared. "You can sock any man into a jail if he has a tough-looking mug; but in comes a jane with a pretty face and all you can do is turn her out with a vote of thanks."

"Forget it. She's no loss to your case."

"Hooked you, too, did she? Well, I'm not surprized. If I had to look at her for ten more minutes I'd have believed anything she told me."

"I'm not hooked—not yet anyway—but I'm progressing. She says that if she never sees me again it will be too soon."

"Did you get any information out of her besides that?"

Sands recounted all that the girl had told him, and Crewe listened patiently.

"Do you believe all that stuff?" he demanded.

"Well, now, there you have me," admitted Sands. "But I think in the main the story is true."

"Then why did she hold out on me? Crewe asked.

"You don't get the confidence of women by scaring them to death," said Sands.

Crewe snorted.

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"Don't argue with me," Sands advised. "I haven't time to listen. But I take it that she isn't proud of her marriage to this man Carbine. So she'd naturally not volunteer any information about him. And as for this toast-and-coffee incident, her reticence is natural enough. When the thing happened it scared her—not the incident itself, but the old man's panic and the effect on Fred. When he got her promise to keep still about it he built up a powerful inhibition in her, which was broken down only when she was shocked into thinking the thing out and realizing that it might have a connection with her father's death."

Crewe considered this for a moment and sighed.

"I CERTAINLY envy you your talent," he said. "You just give that girl one glance and she's telling you things she wouldn't tell her mother."

Sands grinned.

"You don't comprehend the technique," he said. "I gave the lady to understand that I didn't care whether she talked or not, and so she talked."

"She seems to have been the soul of candor."

"Well, yes and no. She probably is married to a man named Carbine. It is also credible that somebody broke into her father's home and set the table for breakfast. This breakfast habit must have originated somewhere. But I'm afraid that she is keeping her personal affairs to herself, much as we might like to know about them.

"After I left her I called up Urban Harris, the dramatic critic of the *Post*, and asked about her show. It closed in Philadelphia four days ago. The telegram she showed us was received in Philadelphia, and the natural inference is that it was delivered to her there. Of course it might have been mailed to her in New York or somewhere, but I have a hunch it wasn't. If I were going to do a bit of guessing I'd say that she got the message when the show closed, came here by the first train and that she's been here ever since."

"That's a chance, of course. The cop who picked her up didn't see her get off the train, and even if he did it would have been easy for her to board it at Southport and ride into town. We'll look into that. And now what else is on your mind?"

"I'm very much interested in this nicotin business. I rode to town after the inquest with Dr. Perry, and unless he was spoofing me the coroner's office is playing a queer game."

"I've been thinking that over, too. I never said anything last night when everybody was talking nicotin-poisoning, but when I heard the medical experts this morning I saw that somebody had been shooting off his mouth. Why did they guess nicotin instead of prussic acid or arsenic? What kind of poison is nicotin, anyway?"

"Fortunately I took the trouble to look it up at the library before coming back this afternoon. According to the book it's a liquid volatile alkaloid. The source, of course, is tobacco. I have the chemical formula for it here somewhere if you feel any yearning to know it.

"In its pure state it is an oily, colorless liquid with an unpleasant tobacco smell. The characteristic odor may be the cause of last night's theorizing, but it doesn't seem likely that the smell of bad tobacco in a house where a lot of men are smoking should be distinct enough to warrant any snap diagnosis. Nicotin is a highly virulent poison. Its action is said to be as rapid as that of prussic acid if the dose is large. It is not well suited to murder because it is difficult to administer."

"You certainly don't hear of many cases in which nicotin was used."

"No, I dare say you won't find record of more than a dozen of them since the drug was discovered. There was one interesting case in France about 1863, when the Count Bocarmé and his wife poisoned M. Fougnies. Bocarmé was stupid, as the thing turned out, but he was thorough. He knew something of the poisonous effects of tobacco-leaves, and so he studied chemistry and learned how to extract the pure alkaloid. Next he lured Fougnies into his château at Bitremont and invited him to a meal. The book doesn't say whether the meal was breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, but the dining-room setting is with us anyhow.

"The unsuspecting Fougnies sat down, and suddenly found himself lassoed and tied to his chair. Then the count caught him by the nose and poured the nicotin solution down his throat. Death resulted in five minutes. One of the most surprizing things about this case is that it was speedily detected. The chemist Stas found a large quantity of the poison in the stomach of the victim, and Bocarmé and his wife were convicted. I guess they were executed. There's no information on that."

Crewe had been listening thoughtfully.

"This seems to fit in with your theory that one crime is just a repetition of another," he said. "Do you suppose that the Bocarmé affair might have suggested the method in the Bradley case?"

"That's hard to say, but I doubt it. I don't believe that anybody who had made a study of poisons would deliberately pick nicotin to do work that some other alkaloid would do better. And nobody would be likely to read the books I was reading this afternoon unless he was studying poisons. Let's say that the resemblances between the Bocarmé affair and the Hardy Street affair are merely coincidental."

"But what on earth is the sense of this buttered-toast business?"

"Just offhand I'd say there isn't any."

"Of course if we are to believe what the girl told you, we could say that the four breakfasts were some kind of a warning-sign. Certainly old man Bradley took them for that. But the whole thing is just plumb crazy. It's only in the books that murderers send these trick-warnings. Generally they're so busy committing the murder that they haven't time for anything else. After the murder they are interested only in saving their hides.

"That's what makes the usual murder one of the simplest crimes in the world for police work. When you find out something about the victim and the circumstances under which he was killed you generally can walk out and pick up the murderer. In all my years in the department I never had to do with a lot of mysterious signs and all that hokum."

Sands laughed.

"You're right," he admitted. "And if the breakfast in this case had been an ordinary breakfast you could take it for granted that Miss Bradley's theatrical sense was magnifying some incident of no importance whatever. But don't forget that the Hardy Street breakfast was a deliberate bit of camouflage. Somebody put it there for some purpose, and Miss Bradley's fright when you told her about it was certainly genuine."

Crewe threw up his hands.

"It's a swell case for a policeman," he protested. "When you find the killer you'll find that he's some guy who spends half his time looking at the goofy movies and the other half reading the goofy magazines and practising murder as a side-line. What we need right now is some psychic soul with ouiga-boards."

"It would take more than a ouiga-board to find out what's going on in the coroner's office," Sands observed. "The more I think of the testimony this morning the more puzzling it gets. Tell me how everybody guessed right as to the cause of death and I'll tell you that you're pretty well started toward the bottom of the mess."

"Guessed right? But we don't know that they guessed right. The returns from the laboratory aren't in yet."

Sands drew out a cigaret and lighted it.

"More nicotin," he said as he watched the curling smoke. "And I suppose that if I ever get tangled up with a murder case again I shall suspect nicotin-poisoning from the start. That's the potency of suggestion. I am wondering if a little suggestion might not be charged with much of the preliminary guesswork on the part of the medicos."

LEADING EVIDENCE IN THE CASE

A quiet neighborhood and a queer crime, and the following stage-props for a strange story. A dead man tied to his chair before a breakfast-table set for four, with the coffee and toast untasted. The smell of nicotin in the air, and rumors of nicotin-poisoning being noised about. Sleuths swarming over the premises and obliterating all clues.

Who could have killed old Cyrus Bradley, the recluse who loved his roses and his books? He had a daughter on the stage and a son engineering in the West, but no friends, no visitors, and unobserving neighbors. Enter Jim Sands, detective, who discovers a dab of face-powder on the breakfast-table. His first concern is with the lady who must have lingered long enough to powder her nose. He begins to spread his net and to lay his traps for her.

"Even so, what of it? No matter why they did their guessing, we still don't know how Cyrus Bradley died."

"I'm afraid we do, Joe. You see I'm falling for the suggestion myself. When the coroner's chemist completes his tests I think he'll report the amazing fact that he has found a deadly dose of nicotin."

Sands arrived at his rooms in the Shore Apartment Hotel to find Thorpe buried in a wing-chair with a pile of detective novels and an iced drink on the little table by his side. Thorpe greeted him with a hostile grimace.

"Sorry to have ditched you," apologized Sands. "I shall spare your feelings by neglecting to mention that I found better company. He was a dear old doctor with a derby hat and a fund of humorous anecdote concerning poisons less deadly than the one I see by your side."

"Humph!" replied Mr. Thorpe. "I was wondering about the good old doctor with the derby hat. You are sure about the derby hat, are you? A woman called up here three or four times after I got here."

"Did she give her name?"

Thorpe became inexpressibly sad.

"She did not," he admitted, "and I was particular about asking for it. She had such a sweet voice for a doctor in a derby hat."

"Are you sure she wanted to talk with me? What did she say?"

"It wasn't what she said, it was the way she said it. 'I must speak to Mr. Sands at once. It is imperative.' That's what she said, 'imperative.'"

Without waiting to remove his hat and overcoat Sands picked up the telephone and called the Park Arms Hotel.

"Yes, Miss Bradley was registered there. Her room number was 627." Then after considerable delay came the information, "Number 627 does not answer."

"Too bad," sympathized Thorpe. "But maybe it was some other young lady. Why stop at one number?"

"JUST a minute," urged Sands. "Try to remember exactly how many times this young woman called and what she said on each occasion."

"I thought I told you," apologized Thorpe solemnly. "She called three times. The first time was about four o'clock. She said, 'Is this Mr. Sands's apartment?' And I said, 'Yes, Madam, this is Mr. Sands's apartment.' And she said, 'I should like to speak to Mr. Sands.' And I replied, 'He isn't here.' And she asked, 'When do you expect him to return?' And I said, 'I don't know. He went to an inquest this morning.' And she said, 'Yes, but he came home from that a long time ago.' I asked her if I might be of service, and she said no. Then I asked her if she would care to leave her telephone number, and apparently she wouldn't. She hung up.

"The second call was half an hour later, and the conversation was the same as I have reported for the first call except that we left out the comments on the inquest.

"The third call was somewhere around five o'clock, just a few minutes before you came in. And that was the time she mentioned how imperative it was that she should talk with you. And now, you big stiff, what's it all about?"

"I'm wondering that myself," replied Sands and he sketched rapidly the events of the afternoon.

"I figured that I'd be getting a call from her," he went on. "If I know the type, she'll be wanting to tell all she knows before the police find it out from biased sources. But something must have happened to cause her to telephone at four o'clock. She could hardly have recovered from her tantrum that early."

"Sure it was Miss Bradley?"

"Doesn't sound reasonable to guess that it might be anybody else, does it?"

"No, now that you mention it, it doesn't. But what I started to say is that if your caller was Miss Bradley she wasn't calling from the Park Arms Hotel."

"How do you know she wasn't?"

"They don't have street-cars in the Park Arms, and I distinctly heard three street-cars and a fire-engine."

"She'll have to go back to the hotel if she expects me to reach her there," said Sands. But repeated calls throughout the evening brought no response from room 627, and an unofficial visit by a house detective the next morning showed that Miss Bradley's bed had not been slept in and that there was nothing to indicate that the room had been occupied.

Crewe took the report of this new mystery philosophically.

"She can't get very far," he said. "Since she's not under arrest she's sure to show up for her father's funeral, and in the meantime she isn't of much consequence."

"Thorpe says she seemed to be in trouble," Sands reminded him.

"How does Thorpe know whether she was in trouble or not?" demanded Crewe. "He'd been reading detective stories all afternoon. However, if it's any consolation to you, I've got a zone squad out looking for her."

Sands refused to leave the matter as it stood.

He went back to the hotel and questioned the clerk and house detective without results. Then he rode out to Hardy Street and to the Seventeenth District Police Station and to the morgue, where lay Cyrus Bradley's body. By noon it was evident that Esther Bradley had really disappeared. Sands was beginning a telephone check-up on all sources of theatrical information when he received a summons from Crewe.

"Come on down," said the chief. "We may have lost one of the Bradleys, but we have another just as good. Evans, the long-lost son and brother, has just been brought in."

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Sands proceeded to the Detective Bureau without waiting for luncheon and found the ancient building permeated with a holiday spirit. Sergeant Mooney met him on the steps as he came in and confided a bit triumphantly that the Hardy Street mystery was right on the verge of solution.

"This bird looks like the right one," he said. "Bill Jamieson went over into Ohio yesterday morning looking for him and nailed him last night getting off a train."

"That sounds reasonable enough," admitted Sands. "The Bradley family seem to be great people for getting off trains. And what does the lad say?"

"He denies it," mentioned Mr. Mooney chidingly. "He says he ain't been in town for two months. But he ain't gettin' far with that. He's been goin' through his money pretty fast, an' he'll profit by the old man's death. Believe me, he'll do some talkin' before he gets out of here."

"Looks the part, does he?"

"He sure does. He's a cake-eater with a shifty eye."

Sands passed on up the stairs to Crewe's office, and was admitted at once to the inner room, where a thin, pale, weary-looking youth sat facing his inquisitors.

"Where were you night before last?" demanded Sergeant Bill Jamieson.

"Find out," suggested Bradley.

"We'll find out, all right," declared Jamieson ominously. "But we won't have to find out. You'll tell us or you'll get it knocked out of you."

BRADLEY'S eyes did not have the courage to meet the sergeant's, and his voice was thin when he answered.

"Go as far as you like," he advised, "but you'd better make good when you start. Unless you hang me I'll get you."

Crewe cut into the inquisition in a quieter tone.

"That's the wrong attitude entirely," he said. "Your father is dead. It looks as if he'd been murdered, and if you make us waste a lot of time looking up your alibis the murderer is going to get that much longer start on us."

"Suppose you go looking for him first and don't mind me," snapped Bradley. "You don't think for a moment that I killed the old boy, do you?"

"Well, you haven't given us any cause to think otherwise," replied Crewe calmly. "The man who went after you was looking for information. It never occurred to him that he was going to bring in a suspect."

"I came with him, didn't I?"

"You did. So far that's about the only point in your favor."

"Well, I didn't kill my father." Bradley's voice seemed almost out of control. "We didn't see eye to eye on a lot of things, but we never quarreled. He was kind to me."

"Then tell us where you were on the night he died."

The youth's anger flared.

"I told you that I was minding my own business. And if you're trying to frame me for a murder it's up to you to prove that I was here."

Crewe gave no sign that he recognized the truth of this obvious proposition.

"Why was it necessary to send a detective after you when your father was lying here dead?" he demanded.

"I've been installing a railroad-signal system in the middle of the State, and we've been snowed in. I had no way of finding out what was going on a mile down the track, let alone here."

"Who are your father's heirs?"

"How should I know? If he made a will Burmeister will have it. If he didn't, I suppose the estate goes to my sister and myself."

Crewe motioned to Sands to follow him, and stepped out of the room, while Jamieson resumed his questioning.

"Where were you night before last? You'd better come through, kid, or it's your old neck."

In the anteroom Crewe lighted a cigaret, sank into a chair, and drummed in irritation on his desk.

"What do you think of this guy?" he demanded.

"Odd mixture," said Sands. "He's a weakling who has dissipated a lot too much for his own good. Not a bad-looking lad, tho, and nobody's sap."

"He's got me going," admitted Crewe. "When he first came in here I was all ready to take his name and address and push him out; but before the boys had been working on him five minutes the whole bureau was convinced that we'd caught a murderer."

"Do you honestly believe that?"

"I don't know what to believe. The whole thing hangs on where he was the night of the murder. If he's on the square he ought to be able to show an alibi."

"It may be that he's just peevish."

"I'll be cock-eyed if I can say. Most of the murderers I've had the pleasure of meeting have been goofs just like he is. But it will be an expensive tantrum for him if he plays dumb long enough to get shoved into a trial for murder."

Sands was about to reply, when the door opened and an operator came in with a telegram. Crewe opened it and swore.

"This whole Bradley family is just cuckoo," he declared. "First the girl and now this poor eel. Here, read this."

He passed over the yellow blank, and Sands saw, as Crewe had seen, the collapse of a promising case. The message was signed "Egan," and Sands knew it had come from the detective sergeant usually teamed with Jamieson.

"Bradley in Martinton, Ohio, near Toledo, on Monday night of murder," it read. "Was put to bed by Jay Hutchinson, owner of local speakeasy, at seven o'clock P. M.; was still unconscious at midnight, and not completely revived until following noon. Tim Collins, Hutchinson's bartender, will support alibi."

"That seems to be conclusive," remarked Sands. "What are you going to do now?"

"Turn the sap loose, of course," replied Crewe. "What else is there to do? I'd like to kick him down-stairs, but a policeman is supposed to exercise restraint."

He strode to the door of the inner room and threw it open. Jamieson was still carrying on his bellowing attack.

"Forget it," advised Crewe. "Bradley, you can get out of here. I can't tell how deeply I regret that you're not a murderer. It would have been a real pleasure to hang you. Jamieson, get the gentleman his overcoat and hat."

And a moment later, shocked to the verge of tears, Evans Bradley went down into the street.

Sands, grinning at Crewe's discomfiture, had drawn up a chair to the chief's desk and was preparing to ask him for news concerning the progress of the search for Esther Bradley when the telephone rang. Crewe answered. The person at the other end was the chief of detectives of Cleveland.

"Hear one of your men found Evans Bradley," said the chief.

"Correct," replied Crewe.

"Well, you can turn him loose," said the Cleveland detective. "Ursula Devon of the Gaieties Company, playing here this week, says he was with her all Monday night."

"Well, I'm a cross-eyed so-and-so," remarked Crewe with feeling.

A squad started out at once in the forlorn hope of picking up the lost Mr. Bradley. Sands departed for home, while Crewe was still alternating between anathema and the dictation of corrosive telegrams to his men in Ohio.

So far as Sands could see it had been a wasted afternoon, and the case had come to a finish until more evidence could be produced. Through the muddle of false clues and official dodging he thought he could see the dim outline of a murderer. He was almost close enough to attempt an identification, but not quite.

He was still thinking of these things when he stepped out of his car and walked across the lobby to get his key from the clerk. There was a memorandum in his box with a telephone number on it. He sensed instantly that Esther Bradley had come back.

HE TURNED toward the telephone, changed his mind, and walked over to the Park Arms Hotel. Five minutes later he was in the sitting-room of Apartment No. 627, facing a nervous and frightened girl.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Plenty," she told him. "I hadn't intended to bother you again, but I can't face this thing alone."

"Face what alone?"

"A man who knew I was here five minutes after I had registered. He asked some questions at the information-desk and then came up here."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I had checked my baggage through to this hotel and it was in my bedroom when I came up. I was unpacking a wardrobe trunk when I heard somebody fumbling with the door to this room. I called out, but there was no answer. I stepped back into the bedroom and watched, and saw that the door-knob was turning slowly. It was just the merest luck that I had locked the door. I called the office and had the house detective sent up. He found nothing in the corridor, but he told me about the man who had been asking about me."

"Sure it wasn't one of Crewe's men?"

"Mr. Crewe told me that I shouldn't be watched, and he wouldn't have let me out of his sight only to send a man around asking at hotel desks if I had registered."

"Logical," conceded Sands. "And after he left you began to call me?"

"Yes, I kept it up until five o'clock. By that time I felt that there was nobody in the whole city who might help me."

"Why didn't you call Crewe?"

Once more she smiled.

"You'll forgive me when I say that I didn't look for much help from the detective bureau. I didn't wish to answer any more questions."

"Then I take it that you went out somewhere for the night?"

"Yes. I was panic-stricken until I remembered that Mildred Shane is playing here in the 'Gold Coast Revue.' I got the house detective to put me into a taxi, and went down to the theater to see her. She put me up for the night. I came back at noon to-day because I couldn't go on living with her indefinitely. That's why I called you. I must know what to do."

"You ought to go away, somewhere away and rest; but I can't recommend that until after the inquest. In the meantime I'll arrange for a police guard for you, day and night. Don't worry about the detectives. You won't have to see them unless you want to. Probably this man who was asking about you once saw you on the stage. Perhaps the door-knob's behavior could be explained away by some inquisitive maid. But you'll feel better if you know that help is always within calling distance. I'll attend to that right away."

He arose to go. Miss Bradley thrust forward her hand.

"Thank you," she said. "I don't think you like me very much, but I want to be your friend. May I?"

Sands smiled.

"I should imagine any one would be glad to be your friend, and I hope you'll call on me at any time."

After he left her, he went to his hotel, sat down in his own rooms to classify his impressions and to marvel at his cynicism.

This mysterious man who had trailed the girl to her hotel—who was he? Did he have any existence at all? This business of a police guard—did it betoken genuine fright or only a desire for a permanent alibi?

Oh, well, whatever the status of the mysterious stranger, a police guard could do no harm. And the girl was undoubtedly beautiful. He stepped to the telephone and called Crewe.

That night Sands drove out through a thin snow-storm to Hardy Street. He was not certain what he hoped to learn through the visit. But the recollection of the muddled research work of Monday night was not satisfying. It was possible that, unhampered by milling detectives and the contingent from the microscope department, he might discover something of interest. To that end he had obtained a key from Crewe and a note to the policeman on guard.

HARDY STREET seemed to have picked up the thread of its ancient ways. The street glistened with the red glow from window-lights, and more than one frosty pane scintillated with the flickerings of an open fire.

Sands drew up in front of Number 37, alighted, and was on the point of letting himself into the house when a taxi-cab drew up at the curb behind him. A man and woman got out and walked through the iron gate of Number 35. The taxi-driver followed with an assortment of baggage.

It occurred to Sands that nobody had yet interviewed the occupants of this house, so he followed them through the gate, waited until they had dismissed the chauffeur, and then introduced himself. The woman seemed a little startled.

"Our name is Ketten," the man said. "I don't know that we can be of any use to you, but if you'll come in we can talk it over. The house is warm. The janitor has been tending to it."

The Ketten story in many respects duplicated Balkin's. They confirmed the report that Cyrus Bradley had lived a lonely life. He worked among his roses in the Summertime and read his books in the broad front window when it was too cold to be out of doors. They brought their chronology up to Monday, the day of the murder.

"We left here about eight o'clock Monday night to visit my parents down-State," Mr. Ketten said. "Tuesday was their wedding anniversary, and it was nip and tuck to get the train on account of the condition of the streets and the lack of taxicabs, so we didn't see much that was happening outside the house. But when the cab came and we were locking the front door I did notice something that may prove important. A man was standing in the snow across the street. He was leaning against the Parker fence—number 38. And I said to Mrs. Ketten that he'd picked a fine night for loitering."

Mrs. Ketten now interrupted her husband's recital.

"I'd forgotten that, but come to think of it now I'd seen that man before. He was in front of this house on our side of the street several times on Sunday. I thought he must be a real-estate man looking over somebody's lot; but what attracted my attention to him was his overcoat. It was good material and well tailored. Some sort of Scotch tweed—that new gun-metal shade with a thin red stripe in it—the kind of coat people are buying for trips South, and certainly no protection in cold weather like this."

"Did you see anything of his face?"

"No, I didn't. And I probably shouldn't have noticed it if I did. But I believe I could identify him if I could see him walk again. He was not tall, but he had the walk of a man with long legs. He was a blond, I think, and wore a light-weight felt hat the same color as his overcoat."

Sands looked at the woman admiringly.

"I must compliment you, Mrs. Ketten," he said. "This is the first clean-cut evidence I have heard in this case, and before we're through it may be the means of bringing somebody to a hanging."

Little Mrs. Ketten's eyes shone.

"I am glad that I can help," she answered shakily. "I am sure of what I told you. In a little street like this one always notices strangers."

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"Did you ever see a woman at Number 37—going in or coming out?"

She hesitated.

"No," she replied, "I can't say that I did. But one Sunday afternoon I caught a glimpse of a woman in front of Number 37. I thought she had just come through the gate, but possibly she had been standing still for a moment and had just started to move on."

"What did she look like?"

"She was dressed in fur—seal trimmed with red fox—and she had on a close-fitting felt hat, black or dark blue, with a little silver ornament on the right side. I think she was wearing some kind of galoshes. They were gray, at any rate, and so were her stockings."

"Had you ever seen this woman before?"

"Not that I remember, and I don't think I'd have forgotten her."

"She was striking in appearance, then?"

"I got only one glimpse of her," she said, "but I thought she was very beautiful."

Sands bade goodby to the Kettens and walked across the lawn to the darkened front of Number 37, convinced that he had made progress. For one thing, he now felt certain that Esther Bradley had been in town hours before the police picked her up on the station platform. He suspected that the dust of the face-powder on the table was evidence that she had been in her father's house. And he wondered if he could prove it.

The policeman who should have been on guard at the door was nowhere in sight, and it was instinct rather than precaution that caused Sands to let himself into the bungalow noiselessly. An instant later he was flattened against a wall, every sense alert. Then he swung the door to with infinite care and held back the snap-lock as he closed it. Then for several minutes he stood listening and sniffing. He could smell Turkish tobacco, fresh and pervasive.

Some one was in the bungalow. He was sure of that. But who? The guardian policeman? That seemed hardly likely. The odor of the cigaret did not suggest police tastes. Nor would an official watcher sit about the place in the dark.

Sands dropped to his hands and knees and crawled inch by inch along the corridor toward the kitchen. He was not sure yet where the presence was concealed. But that there was such a presence he knew.

He also knew that this presence must be aware of him. Otherwise there would have been some movement in the darkness at the end of the hall. Some one else was waiting, listening—perhaps even now making his way across the floor to dodge the gunfire that a chance encounter must precipitate.

And then suddenly came noise and action. The detective's overcoat caught on some unseen object, and a second later he was stunned by the crashing of chinaware beside him. Instantly there followed a scurrying of feet in the kitchen and the slamming of a door.

Sands was on his feet immediately and racing to the back door. His memory of the furniture stacked against the walls stood him in good stead as he made for the kitchen by dead reckoning, and aside from a crash against a table reached the back porch without delay. The little garden, now covered with drifting white, stretched away unmarred toward the back fence. The intruder had not gone that way.

"'LOOK OUT,' SANDS ADVISED. 'THIS LAD MAY BE WAITING ACROSS THE STREET TO POT US'"

Sands turned a flash-light under the back stairs and down the steps leading to the cellar door. Here also the drifts lay unbroken by footprints. For the moment it seemed that the presence had floated away on the north wind, and two more minutes elapsed in a search for the solution.

Sands discovered at length that the rail of the back porch of Number 39 was not completely covered by the snow. Some one had recently crossed over it. A walk scarcely three feet wide separated the porches of Numbers 37 and 39. Other tracks led down the steps of Number 39 and into the areaway that ran to Hardy Street. Sands followed the footprints to the front walk and through the drifts to Wilmot Road, where trampling feet had pounded down the trail.

He returned to Number 37, entered through the front doorway, found a switch, and turned on the lights just as a uniformed policeman strode into the kitchen from the back door.

"Where the devil have you been?" demanded Sands.

"An' what's it to you?" inquired the angry voice of the policeman. "Oh, it's you, is it? What do you want?"

Sands produced a letter from Crewe, which the guard read apathetically.

"Me name is Costello," he announced as he handed the letter back. "Seventeenth Precin't. An' what are you goin' to do about it?"

"About what?"

"About me bein' off watch when you come here."

Sands was quick to sense that this was no mere case of dereliction.

"Listen," he advised, "it's just exactly nothing to me where you were or how long you stayed. Come out with it. What's the matter with you?"

Mr. Costello seemed a bit mollified.

"There's been some sculduggery goin' on here to-night," he declared.

"I'll subscribe to that. Somebody was rummaging around in here when I came in. He got away over the back porches."

"So that's the why of it. I was tryin' an' tryin' to dope it out. I'll tell you the whole business:

"I was sittin' in the hallway by the radiator there. It's the warmest spot in the house. Until to-night we been marchin' up an' down outside, but to-night the loot says it's too cold for that sort of stuff, so he gets the back-door key copied an' lets us in here. Well, there I am sittin' readin' a magazine when all of a suddint somebody lets go a clip out of a .45 out there in the back yard."

"Not in the back yard," corrected Sands, who remembered the unruffled surface of the snow.

"No, it ain't in the back yard, but that's the way it sounds to me. Just as I'm startin' for the back door I hears another shot in front an' down the street. I beats it up there an' goes out to look. There's footprints leadin' away from Wilmot Road an' through a passageway into an alley down behind Number 15. That was maybe half an hour ago, an' I been ever since tryin' to pick up the tracks in the alley. I shouldn't wonder if maybe it was a trick to get me away from here."

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"EXOTIC DELICACIES THAT CAUSED PERFECTLY HONORABLE LADIES TO CREEP INTO THE KITCHEN AND INDULGE IN THE WORSE THAN DEATH OF FEMININE ETHICS COOK CORRUPTION"

POT ROAST ROSIE

BY
ELISE JERARD

Illustrations by Clark Agnew

HOUSEWORKER—Competent cook; careful cleaner; couple with baby. Good home; good salary. Apply Monday.

MINE was the thirty seventh down the line—the last ad in more senses than one—my last ad. I was defeated. I was discouraged. Yet mine is no heart to quail at light flicks from the whip of fortune; I come from an old pioneer family. But pioneering is only a question of breaking stubborn soil, taming the wild. Mine had been the job of breaking in the world's fourteen most miserable maids in as many months. Trying to tame fourteen shrews.

Sixteen months before, I had swept to the altar, a confident tho, perhaps, not entirely competent bride. Now, at this moment, the little heir, Junior, lay whimpering in his bassinet under his regal but slightly ripped canopy of delicate organdy. The morning sun peered dubiously in through windows unmistakably tear-streaked. Beside me, in sleep, bolstered up by bicarbonate, lay my lord.

An ironic devil hissed in my ear, "This is the happy American home for you! These are the joys of family life!"

Julia, Margaret, Mabel and Gwen, Pearl, Eudora, Sadie and Jasmine, Violet, Rosebud, Vivian and Elaine, Belladonna and Jemima! They now tramped before my eyes, the fourteen dark horses who had come marching into my kitchen, tossing our dispositions and digestions from a Lucrezia Borgia frying-pan to a Neroesque fire; then, after a series of catastrophes, marching out again, leaving the pots to call the kettles black.

Julia was the one who loved green lingerie. Gwen skated around the room with the *hors-d'œuvres* and dramatically collapsed. Vivian was the most original. She made up the twin beds as a single one, tearfully and wonderfully overlapping the covers. Elaine threw the knuckle-bones for the soup into the waste and made the mahogany apple dumplings.

Belladonna was the good old mammy who began by calling us so lovingly "the bridie and the groom," and ended by cleaning us out of house and home. Under the régime of Jemima—yes, yes, she had left her footprints in the sands of the bedroom floor. But why think of it? Why recall my own painful attempts to keep the home fires burning and the steak from doing the same?

Wearily now I lay wondering how long a marriage founded on dust and dyspepsia can contrive to endure. How I dreaded the interviews ahead of me—the stream of sullen or hypocritically smiling dark faces, the mendacious promises, the rancid, lying references, self-written or penned at the point of a shotgun or in the careless rapture of good riddance—when suddenly the back door-bell buzzed! Resignedly I crept out, opened.

And there, my dears, she was!

Rosie. It was the kind of moment that lives forever in the memory, that shines like a beacon through the night. Once, perhaps, in a lifetime it is granted to a woman to come face to face with the perfect servant.

How shall I describe her to make her seem as delectable as she really was? Wagnerian-tall, a buxom *Brunhild*, with cheeks like apples and hair the color of good country straw. She was positively redolent of Ellis Island green—and how she was dressed! A large hat, like a platter bearing fruit salad, sat on the top of her head. Her broad, rough skirt hung to her clodhoppers. On her ample hip-ledges she rested hands of pugilistic potency. She now lifted them to gesticulate, a worried look stealing into her sky-blue eyes.

"No sprek much English."

I concealed my emotion admirably. Graciously I led her into the living-room. Surreptitiously I saw her taking it all in out of the corner of her eye—the little eddies of ill-mannered dust that insisted upon rising from our precious modern Austrian rug and from the mohair of the low couch, on which she dropped with a plop, legs sprawling. How that mohair needed a mother! I could see her capable fingers itch.

Seated in a stately wing-chair opposite her, I began the catechism.

"You clean good?" Nodding encouragement, I made rubbing motions in the general direction of the parquet.

"*Ja, ja*," she assured me, "*gut!*"

"Cook? You good cook?" I repeated it loudly, knowing that the two ways to make a foreigner understand are to shout and to speak incorrectly.

She grew positively ecstatic. Her good round moon of a face became a sun. She was on her own ground and spoke with an artist's pride.

"*Ach, ja, ja, alles*—ever't'ing!"

A little involuntary fountain leaped up under my tongue.

"Can bake? Cake?"

"Sure, sure, *gut backen. Alles* cook, vat you vill."

It seemed incredible. She tried to be specific.

"Pot-roast—you like?" she began painfully. "*Ich* cook," she halted and blushed, "pot-roast"; she struggled, "*und*—pot-roast"; she shrugged helplessly, "I dunno—all——"

I WAS satisfied. The way she said "pot-roast" was a symbol. In it she expressed a luscious and life-renewing world of dainties.

"Wash?" I said swiftly.

"*Ja. Gut.*"

She pointed to the windows. "Make clean—nize."

She wanted to wash the windows! I grew faint.

"Baby—help take care of baby?"

"*Ach*," she beamed. "You got baby? You'm *so young*! Me like baby!"

"Nights out?"

"So vat is?"

"Out *gehen*—ven?"

"*Ach*, only ven you let me—by night-school. Lois *gut* American."

Bountifully I granted this.

"Wages," I said tensely. "How much you get? Money—how much money?"

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She shrugged. "*Ach*, you'm lady. You know dis. How much you say?"

"Sixty a month?"

She nodded. "Sure, sure, fine! *Gut* home."

She arose. I arose hastily. She bobbed a sort of curtsy. She was radiant. "So ven you vant?"

"Now," I said firmly. "Right away. You stay here."

She made a tentative movement toward the door. "*Ja*, but get clothes by Mrs. Csardasca."

I restrained her gently but convincingly. "No, no, you stay here. Sven, the chauffeur, he get your clothes. Come, I show you your room."

Overwhelmed, she beheld the cheerful little eight by ten cell that she was to call hers. Incredulously she eyed the beautiful bathroom.

"*Ach*," she clasped her hands, "iss diss vun-derful!"

Gently I closed the door of the safe-deposit vault. I rushed to where the spouse was nicking his face.

"Darling," I gasped, "it's come! God's rainbow to His suffering children!" I told all. He listened calmly.

"H'm," he grunted, "she's probably Gertrude, the girl bandit, come to get the low-down for her gang. She'll kidnap the infant for a fabulous ransom or else purloin the family plate."

I kissed him compassionately. After all he'd been through so much.

And he was wrong, of course. Wrong from soup to nuts. So was the poet who claimed that "heaven is not reached in a single bound."

Mornings at seven-thirty, with a promptness that shamed Big Ben, Rosie's lusty tap. The spouse's happy barytone booming forth from a bathroom that winked with a blinding glory of nickel and spotless tile. Fortified by Rosie's crusty rolls and virile coffee, we felt able to conquer the world. In the evening, after a gurgling infant had been tucked to immaculate rest, those dinner-parties!

Soups that were a way to a man's heart; meats miraculously flavored and done to a turn; exotic delicacies graced our board like steaming *risi bisi* and flaky *schnecken*. Ah! those *torten* that caused dignified gentlemen to murmur ecstasy like schoolboys, and perfectly honorable ladies, all my best friends, to make the lamest excuses and creep into that kitchen and indulge in the worse than death of feminine ethics—cook corruption. But they failed, one and all, and came slinking back with bowed bobs and drooping earrings.

Rosie! Faithful Rosie! How she would plod around the table, eyes discreetly lowered, and when she came to me or the spouse she would mumble something like "Don't take dot wing—noting on it! Here—fine vite meat!"

Thoughtful Rosie! Every Winter night our slippers toasting, carefully placed by the radiator, each of the two pairs at an angle precisely like the hands of a clock at ten past ten.

Gloriously green Rosie! Even in the basement laundry of the big fifteen-story barracks she was safe, insulated by linguistic ingorance, bending over her tub religiously while "my-lady, your-lady" talk was tossed with bright belligerence over her head.

Ambitious Rosie! Night after night doing her home work for the enlightening school where she was learning what was "*gut* American."

Came Christmas. What vociferous gratitude over the two bright ten-dollar gold pieces, the neat white-crêpe blouse, and the felt flower for her coat! In turn she dropped in our laps the fruit of her loving toil—bright-red knitted skating-scarfs for all, with caps to match, as well as horse-reins for the offspring.

By January she had made such excellent progress with her English that she was actually on intelligible speaking terms with the iceman, the milkman, and all the other back-door brigadiers.

Oh, yes! Especially the iceman. He was a tall, black-eyed, dashing Lothario—in a word, the typical iceman of song and story. True, these, I have discovered, are more often celebrated than seen; but not so with Cesare Vingetti di Franco, who swung his twenty pounds of ice daily into our orderly ice-box and was never without his cheery chatter to beguile our Rosie. As they shouted happily back and forth, we would look at each other with a little wink and make appropriate sallies. And she "learned about English from him."

ONE morning, just as usual, we came breezing into our breakfast-niche. With customary cordiality Rosie hailed us. The sun streamed in with a silver-golden gaiety. Then we noticed the halo—it formed a halo around her head. Then we missed those big, fair, sturdy braids that had wound like a protective covering about our Rosie's dome. She was bobbed! Our Rosie was bobbed! Utterly bobbed! A fumbling bob! A fifty-cent bob! Her neck was horridly shaved. Those shining tresses, symbols of all that was innocent and warm and uncorrupted, gone like the snows of yesteryear.

"Oh, yeh," smiled Rosie broadly as she set down the pancakes, "I'm learn vat iss *gut* American." We observed a moment of silence. The canary's rusty note broke the stillness. He molted, hunched with anxious, beady eyes, in a chilly puff.

A week later we saw the first scarlet stain of an unmistakable and ungodly lipstick. Then she showed us the snappy manicure-set. The spouse began to wrinkle his nose at the heady odor of *chypre* pervading our home. With the coming of Spring Rosie's legs burst into silk. With the passage of April her skirts rode jauntily upward. A cold finger of dismay touched our hearts when we first heard her say "Oh, boy!" It was that iceman! We knew it. He would call on her now on the evenings when she was not at school. We would hear his boorish laughter shaking the kitchen. Over her cake-beating she would croon "Lohengrin"; basting a roast, she sang a Slavic wedding-march.

"She'd be throwing herself away," I'd say to the spouse.

"She's far above his type," he'd agree.

It was true that in every way he was a bad influence for her. Whence this sudden enthusiasm for slang and style and the sporting page, for chewing-gum and the Charleston? Between him and the school she was indeed learning what she wanted to learn—in the worst way; she who used to hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil.

One warmish day in May she bounced vehemently up from the laundry Topheth. I heard her set down her basket forcefully. Then, hands on hips, face flushed, she entered in a new abrupt, inspired way as I sat reading.

"Misses," she burst forth, "I gotta tell you som't'ing. I like you *gut*. You know dot. But I be fool for you. *Ja*. No oder goil she voik, voik, voik de hands off de arms for sixty dollars. I gotta haf t'ings just like oder American goil. I gotta haf more money. Too much voik!" She shrugged her shoulders indignantly.

I looked at her with pained astonishment. I spoke in a soothing voice.

"Why, Rosie," I purled, "you don't have to speak to me like that. You know how much we like you. We were going to raise you next month. You know, you were just new in the country when you came to us."

"*Ja*, but no more."

"No, and I realize that. I'll certainly give you seventy, starting right away this month."

Immediately her features relaxed. The sun came out from behind the clouds. She resumed her own jovial way.

"*Gut*," she said, grinning broadly. "I said you vas nice lady!"

She nodded and plodded off, whistling contentedly. I leaned back with a sigh, but presently I heard her burst into a tender love-lyric over the stew.

Not long after that I gave her my last year's Lanvin green dinner-gown and a two-year-old Agnes turban that harmonized with it. She hugged me.

"*Ach*, you'm a darling! You know I luf you!"

I had the pleasure of seeing her walk out in them with her wretched beau every Sunday.

Then the famous New York heat and humidity settled over us like a wet blanket. Obviously that was the cause of outburst number two. She was an angry goddess, indeed, when she dived up dripping from those nether regions. She held out her hands.

"Look my hands! All red! All on de bum! I gif my whole life. I can't kill myself! Mine back! I'm tired like a dog from over vash-tubs bending. Hot basement, hot stove, mit cleaning, mit cooking, mit baby. I'm sick from it! I can't do it! I can get plenty places." I put my arm around her.

"Oh, Rosie, you're just all tired out. You go and rest." I calmed her prima-donna passion. "You know we're your friends. I don't want to overwork you. After to-day we'll have a laundress. And you can have seventy-five dollars."

Slowly she dried her tears, blew her nose. "All right den," she sniffed; "dat's better."

The next day we had one of those girl-to-girl talks. She had just shampooed her hair with a henna preparation, and it gleamed like brass. As I passed her cubby-hole she called me in to show me an ominous-looking bottle of tonic to rule the plump and lusty waves of her peasant form. I perched on her bed.

"Rosie," I said casually after some random conversation, "you're happy with us and everything's all right, isn't it?"

"*Ja*," she nodded, "iss *gut*." She gulped and made a face.

"Yes," I said, "I want you to have everything. Good home, good clothes, good wages, good times. You have them all and that's the way it should be. You know when I look at you and Mrs. Earhart's Marie—I saw her yesterday—when I compare you two—just like you she had a good home and everything, and gave it all up to marry a poor man who just made a drudge of her. Poor thing, what

"'I'M SORRY,' SAID ROSIE, 'I COULDN'T GIF YOU NO BREAKFAST. BUT TO-DAY HOUSEHOLD EMPLOYEES IS HOLDING BIG STRIKE'"

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has she now? Two tiny rooms and a baby—just worrying all the time to get along. How foolish she was!"

"*Ja*," said Rosie thoughtfully. "Still, marry is nice, too."

"Yes," I said quickly, "of course. Only a girl has to be awfully careful that it's the right man."

I arose. I fluffed her bob affectionately as she stood thoughtfully gazing at herself in the mirror.

"You're a nice-looking girl. You'll find the right man. You have plenty of time. You don't have to take the first man that comes along."

With which reassuring counsel I made my exit.

And that week, somehow, the menacing iceman came only one night. And the week after he came not at all. And Summer waxed and waned, and no raucous male voice rattled the window-panes. And peace and pastry remained our household Penates and cleanliness and courtesy our Lares.

September and the new night-school session. Eagerly Rosie resumed her routine of housework by day and headwork by night. It was just about the time when purple asters dotted the country and vegetables got higher in the city that I happened to glimpse those little paper-bound pamphlets on Rosie's dresser between her bottles of skin-bleach and astringent—propped up they were against the looking-glass. "Working Men, Awake!" barked one blackly. "Democracy and Equality," shouted another. My soul pricked up its ears, hearing a new footstep in Rosie's life.

"Mr. Mandaloff, de new night-school teacher," remarked Rosie one day, "he's very *gut* to me. Sometime I go out vit him after de school *Ach!* he know so much. Such a smart man and he's all for de poor. He say de soivant-goil is downtrodden *und* she should got her rights just like everybody else!"

WHAT! Had I been sending my Rosie out night after night, like an innocent Red Riding Hood, only to expose her to the wolves of radicalism? Also, I reflected moodily, it seemed as impossible to keep gentlemen out of my Rosie's life as to keep bees from a cordial clover. Sven, the chauffeur, had also been persuaded by her to join the class. And Sven, by this time, had become almost intolerable!

When he had come to us he had been six feet two of sheer conscientiousness. Now his mind was always afar tinkering with some radio invention of his that had to do with long-distance broadcasting. If you asked him to drive you through Central Park he was likely to roll you with a flourish to the Park Central. And if you took him rightfully to task about carbon in the motor there was vitriol on the tip of his tongue. "Something in life besides this job," he was heard to mutter half under his breath.

It was about this time that Rosie wanted the extra night out to join some club the nature of which she didn't volunteer. "I can't stay every night vit de baby. I'm human too."

What mysterious snake was creeping into our Eden? I could sense it, but I couldn't stop it. What a changed Christmas this year! Her gold piece had increased and multiplied into a fifty, with a sparkling rhinestone choker thrown in for good measure. She accepted these with the calm and subdued thanks of one who has received her just deserts. It was gratifying to know that she had not forgotten us. No, for us there were a half-dozen handkerchiefs which she had bought ready-initialed at one of the better shops. And for Junior there was a nice rubber ball.

The big glittering fir-tree was still shedding its pungent needles over our living-room when it became obvious that Rosie had made a New-year's resolution for me to turn over a new leaf about a number of things. There was no hysteria about it. Her manner was kind but firm, and her ultimatum was unequivocal—a take-it-or-leave-it proposition.

"Foist of all it's about Chunior. You know I like de baby. But he's too much trouble now. Ven he vas little it's all right. But now he's getting so big. He's all de time running here *und* dere *und* falling *und* gets into mischief *und* he vants to throw himself out de vindow—*und* I can't—I can't look all de time. I'm too busy. He gotta got a nurse now. De second place, de vindows. Who vash vindows any more for a lady? You shall got a vindow-cleaner from a company. How much it cost? Twenty cents a vindow vonce a month.

"*Und* de thoid place, I gotta got more money. It's six months since I got my last raise. *Und* dinner-parties all de time. Too much company for so little money. I gotta got ninety dollar. I can get it; you know dot. I can get plenty places. I know already from two, three, five places vere dey be glad to get me. *Und* only as cook, not even as vaitress, *und* get more money. You gif me de same, I stay by you; *sonst* I go. I got nothing against you; odervise I vouldn't voik for you. But everybody look out for demself. If you don't look out for your right, nobody do, huh? You t'ink it over, yes? *Und* let me know—say in two veeks."

I sat thinking it over. The watery sunlight poured in over my clasped hands. From a neighboring radio came an infinitely melancholy song, "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen." I sat listening. Then I leaned back and my bemused brain began to figure. "A cool hundred," it whispered, "a cool hundred—that's what it would cost!" I shook my head. The truce from heaven was ended. Ruin faced us on either side—ruin of our purse against ruin of our persons.

It was with heavy hearts that night that we ate the last fluff of Rosie's light *soufflé*. Then we scraped back our chairs and retired to our conference-room forlornly, like two lost things huddling close for warmth.

"Well," I said desperately for the dozenth time, "what'll we do?"

"Well," he sighed hopelessly, "what can we do? We'll have to let her hold us up."

"But, dear," I whispered, appalled, "how can we do it? Have a nurse—*and* the laundress—*and* the woman who helps on all occasions and on cleaning-days—*and* the window-cleaner? How are you going to do this keeping up with the Astors? Can we afford to do it?"

"Can we afford not to do it?" he asked bitterly.

WE STARED at each other. For an instant it arose before our eyes—the image of that hell we had once called home. Before our eyes they tramped in a dreadful, dark procession—Julia, Margaret, Mabel and Gwen, Pearl, Eudora, Sadie and Jasmine— No, no! We averted our faces. We avoided each other's eyes. We were beaten.

Of course things were evened up a bit when we dispensed with the services of Sven—such as they had become. When he had made us miss the entire "Tannhäuser Overture," the only part that the spouse really likes, because he, Sven, was deeply absorbed in a problem concerning a grid in his old invention; and when to our remonstrances he replied that he, too, was only human—it was once too often. We were getting pretty fed up on the brotherhood of man.

"Suppose we kept insisting that a man's home is his castle," said the spouse with a dry laugh. I laughed too.

For there was a curious storm-like, seething pressure in the air of our home. Have you ever walked through your doorway and found everything in order—Rodier portières correct, with sunlight streaming between them; mirrors sparkling; low, easy chairs stretching out their arms quite invitingly—and yet a darkness brooded over it all, somehow, and a peculiar hush as if a stiff and mortuary guest sat on the sofa waiting to subpena you to some court where you would be tried and deprived of all?

All peace, all plenty? Perhaps it was only that our home was now so still. Rosie almost never sang any more. She went about her duties swiftly, efficiently, and mechanically. She spoke little except when it was necessary. "Yes"—"a'right"—"I know, I know." Chiefly "I know, I know." The announcement of extra guests for dinner filled me with an apprehensive feeling as I entered her kitchen. "A' right," she'd say with a rather dark look and a sigh, "dat's a'ready tvice dis week."

Now and then a faint—oh, very faint—whiff of dust would rise from some not too conspicuous place—from the books on our little bedside table, from some pillow buried in the pile on the divan. Naturally I would not have been petty enough to speak of such trifles to Rosie, but by chance she caught me hovering with mild wonder over some such sight. "Vat's a matter?" she asked quite sharply. "A speck dust? Can happen to anybody. I can't get myself crazy for such t'ings."

The nurse took care of Junior's room in a sort of way, and I followed on her heels, distant, discreet. Between the two, I felt my style, to put it mildly, somewhat cramped. I had that indefinable feeling that when my back was turned I was being discussed from my looks to my larder down to the way I tied my shoe-laces. Was I getting neurotic? "Well, what's the diff?" said the spouse jauntily —spouses are not home very much—"as long as they give you efficient service." Most undeniably true and up to date. What *was* the difference?

WELL, I have now reached the point in my chronicle where my little brook of domestic economy joins the river of public history. I'm referring, as you may suspect, to that amazing incident of June, 1928, that filled cameras, front pages, and evenings of excited conversation from New York to the Golden Gate. That memorable morning when a few thousand housewives were awakened from their dreams of ancient supremacy and made to face the brutal facts of who's who in the home.

That morning Rosie's tap on the door came just as usual. But when we appeared for breakfast there was no tangy smell of coffee and the breakfast-niche was bare. Instead, a hatted and trimly tailored Rosie confronted us, and a likewise hatted and ununiformed English nurse.

"I'm sorry," said Rosie quietly, "I couldn't gif you no breakfast. But to-day Household Employees, Amalgamated is holding big strike. I'm von of de vice-presidents from dis association, so of course I couldn't break de rules. Gonna be big parade *und* demonstration for Household Employees' rights. *Ja*. Ve're sorry to leave you so, but ve gotta go."

With these words, dignified but firm, she picked up her shiny suitcase, and the nurse followed her example. For a moment we were petrified. Then I found my voice.

"But, Rosie," I cried, "you can't go like that!"

"*Ja*, I must. Iss de rules. Iss a strike, you know."

"But you're not going to leave me like this!" I exclaimed wildly. "With nobody—without time to get anybody. This isn't going to be the end of everything—like this!"

"I'm sorry. Vot can I do? Say good-by to Chunior for me, yes?"

She made a movement, definitively, toward the door. The nurse trailed after. The spouse sprang forward and caught Rosie by the arm impetuously.

"Rosie, we understand," he said hastily, "but this strike won't last forever. Then you'll come back to us, won't you? Promise us that before you go."

"*Ja*," she said a little dubiously, "I can't promise. Depends how it all makes out. I haf not'ing against you. Ve see. Who knows vat iss to-morrow?"

And Rosie was gone.

We stood there looking at each other.

"Well, what do we do now?" asked the spouse.

"Pray," I said, "and make some terrible coffee."

No help from the agencies. I celebrated the morning grimly with the aid of a dust-cloth and a mop; dumped my offspring in his play-yard, deaf to his tethered clamor; worried over his vitamins and tried to make his proteins palatable, and lunched on the last luscious scraps in the ice-box, wondering whether I hadn't better be saving them for dinner. Meanwhile all plans of mine went to pot, and the dishes accumulated merrily. Thus you will understand that I was no eye-witness to the great parade.

Naturally it hurt me a little that I was not there to witness with pride my protégée bearing her banner stanchly up Fifth Avenue from the historic glittering statue of General Sherman to the northern limits of Central Park, where they paused to sing the "Star-spangled Banner" in a potpourri of dialects, applaud the inspiring speech of their leader, and disband.

But I will say that they had their public. So numerous and so demonstrative that the reserves were needed to keep them in check—heads popped out of windows, and curious knots of people manned the roofs—as they marched by, ten thousand strong, of infinite types and of several hues behind a band that flashed fiery in the sun and blared forth the "Battle Cry of Freedom." Stout hands held eloquent banners, painted in forceful red letters on a ground of white oilcloth:

Eight-Hour Day and a Minimum Wage!
Over Day, Over Pay!
The Hand That Holds the Ladle Makes the Home!
Don't Fight the Hand that Feeds You!
You Do the Hiring and the Firing; We Do the Perspiring!
We Want Contracts!
The Day of the Servant-Girl Is Passed; Household Employees Shall Take Their Places!

From all sides boos—jeers—cheers—and clicking cameras! New York will not soon forget that astonishing, almost farcical march of an army, motley as Coxey's, tho far less shabby, and every bit as determined.

I PASS briefly with an eloquent sigh over the next two days that followed Rosie's departure. From time to time I emerged from my chores, stretched my sorry arms that promised to drop from their sockets, and peeped at a headliner or two that rapped out the progress and finally the collapse, inevitably, of the strike. The leaders proclaimed themselves satisfied, of course; a good time, apparently, had been had by all; and the Household Employees turned back to the households.

"Well, what do you suppose will happen now" we speculated. "Will she be true? Will she desert us?"

All next morning I listened for the bell.

Once I rushed to open—it was the mail. Again I rushed to open—it was hallucination. Shortly after noon it shrilled firmly. It was Rosie.

My heart danced a little jig! I had an uncontrollable impulse to leap on her neck. But then a little something about her—what? It controlled me. She was our Rosie and then again she was not our Rosie at all. She stood there smiling at me, radiant, serene, and utterly expensive-looking. That was it! Yes, of course, it was the clothes—the silver fox, the black-georgette gown (I unmistakably recognized the points of Vionnet), that smart little turban (Alphonsine, I was sure), and I sniffed it (the dainty floral fragrance of Chanel 264)!

I gaped. I feared the worst.

"Rosie!"

"*Ja*," she laughed amusedly. "You don't reco'nize me, huh?" Her eyes sparkled. Then slowly she lifted her left hand for my inspection. It, too, sparkled. As she turned her hand the dazzling facets of her square-cut headlight cast dancing diamonds on my sunlit wall.

"Heavens!" I gasped. "Engaged!" Then I saw the winking platinum above it. "Married!" I groaned. It was too much!

She nodded, chuckling. "*Ja*. Yust dis morning. Y'um

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VAMPIRES ALL

By Dorothy Speare

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

"'WE'LL BE BACK,' JANIE SAID LAZILY"

If you're a Vamp we'll take you in,
Lead you to deeds of darkest sin;
First to allure 'em, then to secure 'em,
You shall win.
Slippery, slimy Vampires all;
As we come gliding just see 'em fall.
Men us resist not, for we desist not—
Vampires all!

THE Alley, that off-campus street of shabby houses that fostered what its inhabitants called the Latin quarter of Jones College, resounded to the staccato strains of soprano, alto, a squeaky falsetto that passed for tenor, and the regular tom-tom of a small drum.

A parade of twenty girls was all but flattening down the ruts in the muddy street. They were startlingly healthy-looking girls, each one wearing stout shoes, thick sport skirts, and different varieties of Scotch sweaters. Unless one listened carefully to the battle-cry of these young Amazons, one might have supposed that the hockey team was on its way to a game instead of that the Vampire Club was taking in new members to augment its exclusive band of determined fascinators.

From her third-story window Tot Evans stared dismally down at the careening Vampires. Altho nearly all of them were her frequent companions, she was not of their number; moreover, she knew with a sickening certainty that they would not come to get her this morning. With a sigh she left the window and went to her dressing-table, where she sat down and stared sulkily into the mirror. The face that sulked back at her was much better-looking than that of the caterwauling Vamps. Tot was pretty, with a certain uninspired perfection.

Yet somewhere there was some fatal defect. Tot knew it; she was vainly trying to define it as she took stock of her reflection. With sudden decision she went to the window again and leaned out for a moment of survey. The Vamps had gone up the Alley toward the campus, but she did not look after them. It was a particular casement-window in the white house opposite that met her regard. Just within the casement she could see a girl reclining on an unmade cot by the window, her marigold-colored hair spraying over a gorgeous Japanese kimono.

There was something not quite collegiate in the ease and grace of this young lady's pose, in the perfect blankness of her perfectly lovely face. There she lay, without outer manifestation of inner occupation. A freshman passing by might have envied this sign of upper-class leisureliness, but any one else in college knew that Janie Jones, the famous Miss Jones of Jones College, was holding office hours.

At the same moment that Tot was surveying the marigold-haired Janie the Vampire procession had swung up the campus near the gate which was the main entrance to the college from the town. A luxurious-looking automobile laden with young men, who harmonized perfectly with it, stopped outside the gate to allow the procession to pass.

Slippery, slimy Vampires all;
As we come gliding just see 'em fall——

The battle-cry of the Vamps faltered as those in front took stock of the situation, and died out entirely as the rear-guard also sniffed fresh meat. Hastily they passed the gate with no outward acknowledgment of these alien spectators beyond the abrupt cessation of their song and an intensification of their athletic stride.

The young men watched them go with a certain lordly, impersonal amusement. They were near enough to decide that there was nothing worth getting personal about in that collegiate-looking assortment. They were far enough away so that they did not hear the sudden moan, quickly suppressed, of one stalwart Vamp. They could not see around the corner of the art gallery, where that same stalwart Vamp broke away from her sisters with an incoherent "Can't go to chapel—will explain later!"

Away she sped to the far end of the campus, whither she had come. At the head of the muddy Alley a large white house held out arms to receive her. She dashed in through the side door, pelted up-stairs, and hurled herself into the businesslike bleakness of Janie Jones's room.

Little Geneva, Janie's earnest roommate, was bent over her desk in her usual attitude of inelastic concentration. In the middle of the rugless floor there was a white object about as big as a hand. It was the skin of a rat that Geneva had cured in zoology, and which served as a "rich white fur rug." Beyond this fantasy the room had no decoration. "Hospital simplicity" was the phrase by which Janie Jones explained such apparent niggardliness. "Ready to operate at any time."

It was for an operation that the panting Vamp had run the length of the campus. "Janie!" she gasped.

The girl in the gorgeous kimono spoke without turning from the window: "What's the matter, Betty Berries? Why aren't you in chapel with the rest of the heart-destroyers?"

Betty Berries ignored the slight tinge of malice underlying Janie's question. The emergency confronting her was so great that she could not afford to do anything but ignore the fact that Janie Jones and the "heart-destroyers" had been sworn enemies ever since Janie had refused to become one of them, and since she, Betty Berries, had turned up her nose rather openly at Janie's extra-Vampire Club activities. Any girl who would capitalize her popularity with men, as did Janie, would naturally be out of sympathy with the unmercenary, co-operative spirit of the Vampire Club.

Betty had sworn that she would never, never come to Janie Jones, and here she was. The calamity that brought her was so great that she was willing to undergo the minor calamity of consulting Janie.

"The most awful thing has happened!" she exploded. "Ned Halloway was coming up from Princeton to see me this week-end, and just now as we were going along by college hall we ran into a carful of men from Princeton, the whole Maple Club crowd, and there was Ned—a day early—and he didn't even recognize me!"

"My dear, how very fortunate!" murmured Janie, rolling over to survey Betty's rough sport attire, which gave her figure the contours of a log, and her hair, pulled straight back from her unadorned face in a rather greasy knot. "How very fortunate—for you! I suppose you want me to turn you into a beauty?"

There was a short silence in the bare hospital room, broken by little Geneva, who rose, gathered her books together, and departed.

"Well," said Janie reflectively, as if pursuing an impersonal train of thought, "perhaps I can. I know you think I can work miracles. I heard you say once that you thought that I myself was the greatest of 'em."

"This is no time for me to attack you, as I did in my idle moments," said Betty hollowly. "I'm in a fix. I was going to get a shampoo and wave this afternoon and wear Chesty Gardner's new sport dress, but she's in chapel with it on now!"

"Betty Berries," said Janie solemnly, "once you reproached me for being commercial, but now you must bless me for it. Because if I help you out it certainly won't be for the sake of the friendship that does not exist between us."

A deep red flush overwhelmed Betty's rotund face. She spoke with conciliatory difficulty.

"But, Janie—if you do help me out -we *will* be friends, won't we?"

"Not when you get my bill," said Janie with delicate finality.

It was fully half an hour after she had satisfied herself that Janie was receiving when Tot Evans screwed up her courage to the point of crossing the street and entering the large white house at the head of the Alley. Janie's door was open, and the sound of voices in animated discussion made Tot feel more casual about her own entrance.

"I'M sorry, but I can't let you take that dress unless you buy it. It isn't mine—it's just a model out on approval from the exhibit at the inn."

"Of course it would be. Of course the only thing you have that fits me would be a special model. It just happens that I saw Sue Davies wearing this special model last week-end!"

"All this detail is not very interesting to me. If you want to buy the model, say so. If not, take it off and wear your own—ah -creation and let me go back to my studying."

A snarl from the cornered one.

"Janie Jones, you're a devil; that's what you are—an absolute devil!"

The hospital room was littered with the débris of a recent operation. A marcel-iron lay on little Geneva's desk, having burned a hole through several papers covered with Geneva's painstaking handwriting. The cot which no one slept on, since Geneva healthily slept out-of-doors, was covered with dresses of all sizes and descriptions, in defiance of the warning pasted above it, "No Dumping Here."

Janie reclined gracefully upon her cot, not a shadow of expression disturbing the sweet placidity of her brow, the heavenly serenity of her lapis-lazuli eyes. A beauteous young maiden stood gazing at herself in the full-length mirror that swung out at her from the inner side of Janie's closet door. Her figure was elegantly long-limbed in the moot model gown. Her hair, no longer dingy, but clean and shining, had been slightly waved to form a burnished cap

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that assumed her head to be of good shape and then proved that assumption. Her face had been brushed up on a few negligent points, with others smoothed down while well enough was let alone. Unwilling pleasure struggled with rage among the transformed features of Betty Berries.

Gradually the two became aware that a girl was standing meekly on the threshold.

"Oh, hello," said Janie idly. "Were you looking for me?"

Tot sadly recognized the familiarly vague tone. It was thus that Janie Jones and other big girls around college greeted her—without prejudice and without recognition.

"Hello, Tot," said Betty shortly. "What are you doing up here in this expensive life-saving station?"

What ironical luck to find the president of the Vampire Club here! Desperately Tot assailed Janie's bland front with fiction. "Your roommate said I could copy her Renaissance notes."

"They're over there on her desk," Janie carried on readily. "Have we concluded our deal, Betty Berries?"

"I hope so," said Betty moodily. "But some day when there's more time I want you to show me how you did my hair."

"With pleasure," said Janie. "Only you couldn't possibly absorb it in one lesson. You'd have to buy a complete course."

A rush of blood to the head all but ruined the expert patina of Betty's face. "Pay for a course in hair-dressing!" she gulped. "After everything else I'll have to pay for!"

"Do not create such a haggling atmosphere," said Janie wearily, turning to the window. "It means nothing to me if you want to go back to that old way of doing your hair that makes your head look like a fish-fork. And you'd better be going along, because Ned's coming down the street now, and if he doesn't find you pretty soon he'll find some one else. This college aims to oblige."

Betty Berries rushed from the room in a whirlwind of rage. Janie continued to look out of the window at the glorious young man who was sauntering down the Alley. Tot stood in the middle of the room by the rat rug and wondered how she could fit herself into the situation.

"Funny thing," Janie meditated; "Ned Halloway's awfully attractive. It often happens so, but it hasn't often happened so to Betty Berries. If she should lose him she wouldn't have much left beyond the usual odds and ends of a girl's repertoire——"

"Why," gasped Tot, forgetting herself in the amazement of Janie's tone of calm authority, "how do you know that?"

"Oh, it's all a part of my card-catalog system," Janie explained carelessly, indicating a heavy filing-case that stood on top of her desk. "Betty's card has a list of the names of all the men she's had, the men she's lost, and the men she's succeeded in keeping up to the present. There are a lot more outside the fold than in."

"Card-catalog!" Tot exclaimed. "Did she give you the statistics?"

"She would not be very pleased to know that I have them," said Janie simply. "I need reference-cards. Any business does. But now let us speak of you. At least I assume that we are to speak of you—since Geneva does not take Renaissance."

The silence became questioning.

Tot cleared her throat. "I—it's hard to explain exactly what's the matter."

"What is it that you want?" Janie suggested. "Perhaps that will explain what is the matter."

"I want—" bluntly it came—"I want to belong to the Vampire Club."

"Oh!" Janie's face and voice retained their *status quo*. "Are they such good friends of yours?"

"At times," said Tot. "When we go over to Amherst or up to Williams or down to Yale. We make the trip together. I lend them anything I have that they want. Sometimes we room together when we go to the same houses. But when we get as far as a dance-floor we part company; they leave me to fight for myself."

Janie nodded. "The good old prom spirit. And when you get back to college, what then? They borrow from you if you have anything good, they have a date with you if no other companionship offers itself, and when you aren't convenient to them they let you alone. A lot of girls are used like that —the fillers-in."

"That's just what I am—a filler-in!" Tot cried, her last reserve giving way before Janie's comprehension. "And I don't see why I should be. I don't think I'm at all the type! I guess you think it's funny for me to come here and tell you all this. But I've watched you for some time, and you seem to get everything you want and help others to get it too, and I thought perhaps you'd understand!"

"I do understand," Janie told her. "The girl who is forced to be a filler-in, whether with other girls or with men, has always been a particular specialty of mine."

"I don't know what's the matter with me!" Tot blazed. "I go to proms, I go to all the big games, I have a speaking acquaintance with every man's college in the East—but I always get the wrong man! There's something the matter with every man who's ever asked me to go anywhere. If I don't get the most unpopular man in college I get the big, strong, silent one who can't dance and never fits in when there are girls around. If I don't get the noble, religious type who wouldn't belong to any fraternity, I get the worst fraternity in the whole lot.

"I'VE always gone just the same, because you know the proverb, 'Be kind to the wet drips and some solids will float along.' But here in the East when you go to a college party with the wrong man you never can redeem yourself; you don't get even a reformed criminal's chance at leading a better life! Now you see why I want to join the Vamps—and why they don't take me in!"

Janie nodded. The Vampire Club was built upon a system of exchange. It was necessary that each member possess to her credit enough attractive men so that she could pass one on to a sister Vamp whenever she herself felt in need of a fresh supply. The fresh supply would come from another Vamp, who in turn profited in like manner from the vicious circle.

Naturally, the men concerned had no idea that they were being rotated. To flutter from flower to flower was ever a masculine prerogative. When they discovered new, determinedly fascinating girls the automatic move was to try them out; and if the old flame who had thrown them together seemed to flicker away in the meantime, that was her loss.

Janie Jones had caused some hard feeling by refusing to become one of the charter members. She had given as her reason the fact that she was "not clubable," and indeed she belonged to no college association where the payment of dues was required. And membership in this particular club would have been more expensive to Janie than any outlay of cash. Janie's college expenses and a great deal more were paid by trafficking in the very sort of thing that these Vamps aspired to attempt.

"I don't think," she had told them in dulcet tones, "that you ought to try to regulate men's attentions. Such calculating takes all the sweetness away from young girls."

Now she looked very sweetly upon Tot's unhappy face. "The thing you need, then, is to get a really attractive man. But before we start operating we'll have to do a little work on you. You say that you are a filler-in and that you don't see why you should be, because you aren't 'the type.' You may not be the common or garden type, but the fact that you are a filler-in shows that there is something in your type that keeps the machinery from working perfectly. It follows logically that you've got to pull out the old set of works and install a new one. In other words, you must change your type. My deductions are still mathematical!"

"But!" cried Tot, her voice a rising crescendo of alarm.

"If you but me," Janie warned her, "we are through. I have just time to change you now, before I go to analytical geometry."

"But why begin now? I——"

"Because," was the calm response, "we are going into immediate action. Right at this moment there is an available man on the campus; a man who is—wait a moment—! Slowly, sinuously, Janie untwined herself from the cot and went to the filing-case on her desk. "Let's see! here's his card. 'President of the Maple Club at Princeton; president of his class; and the greatest Triple Threat Princeton ever had on the football-field.' I couldn't give you better than that, could I?"

"You don't mean—Ned Halloway!" Tot fluttered, speaking the famous name in reverently hushed tones. "Ned Halloway! Why, Janie, what do you mean—do you think you could possibly get him away from Betty Berries?"

"That," said Janie majestically, "is what you will be paying me for." A reflective gleam lit her eye. "And quite apart from the business side, I shall take great pleasure in the transaction."

"Ned Halloway!" Tot repeated. "Why, if I could get him I would have everything!"

"Exactly. You would be established once and for all. Let me see." And once more Janie consulted the card she held in her hand. "The list of girls he's been crazy about helps in deciding what type you've got to take up. I'm afraid you've got to be exquisitely boyish; no one else has been. Do you ride horseback?"

"I used to," said Tot in faltering accents. "When I was a child. On ponies."

"That's all right, then. I have a breezy habit I'll rent you. Come now. We've got to get out the surgeon's tools. When a man arrives on the campus of Jones College, one can't operate too quickly!"

It was not until after her hour of analytical geometry, to which Janie always gave herself up with wholesouled pleasure, that she began to knit the fabric of her plans together. She already knew just who had driven up from Princeton in the automobile with Ned Halloway. Now the question was to locate one Fuzz Fisher, an eminently eligible youth whom she knew had come in an unattached fashion so as to be able to free-lance about the college.

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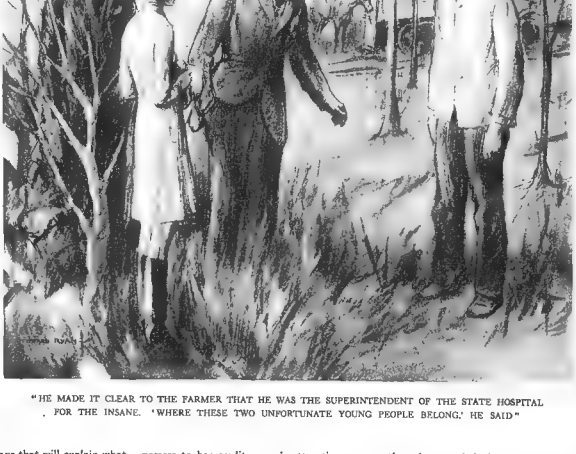

"HE MADE IT CLEAR TO THE FARMER THAT HE WAS THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE. 'WHERE THESE TWO UNFORTUNATE YOUNG PEOPLE BELONG,' HE SAID"

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THE COLLAPSE OF THE DRAMA

By Jane Cowl

THE American theater to-day suggests to my mind the picture of a once smart and prosperous couple spending their last few thousands on lavish entertainments—with the sheriff sitting in the kitchen, writ in hand. The dinner is served by bailiffs disguised as waiters, while the hostess sits and grins and prays the other guests may not suspect that the fat gentleman on her right is the principal creditor, who can at any time throw her into the street.

Perhaps you will think at a first glimpse that the title of this article has all the restraint of a newspaper head-line or the ballyhoo of a Los Angeles real-estator. If I don't acquire the sobriquet of "Calamity Jane" before the end of this year, I shall be vastly surprized.

But in all sincerity I am impervious to ridicule as to criticism in this matter. The spoken drama in America is dying, literally dying. Unless something is done about it there will be no spoken drama in this country at the end of the next fifteen years—or maybe ten. The theater is my life. Without it I could not exist. To do things for it is the sole purpose of every fiber in me. And I do not intend to see this—to me—most wonderful of the arts, the art that comprises all the other arts, perish ignobly without fighting in every way within my humble powers to prevent such a calamity.

Can anybody doubt that it will be a calamity? Can any civilized person question the incomparable cultural importance of the spoken word on the stage? Does any intelligent observer deny the salutary influence of good plays, written with dignity, feeling, observation, and skill, performed by actors who know and love their business? Or the malign influence of cheap plays, full of claptrap and shoddy sentimentality, acted by slovenly, half-brained mummers of vulgar speech and sloppy mannerisms?

I CAN hear the visitor to New York who has seen the almost incredible crowds on Broadway flocking every evening to some of its sixty—or seventy?—theaters, who tries to struggle through the impassable streams of motor-cars and taxis, saying to himself, "The woman is mad! How can the theater be dying with all these mobs besieging the box-offices?"

That is just what I meant by my first paragraph. The theater in New York has a brilliant front. Never were there so many first-class, in a manner of speaking, houses. Never were audiences so sophisticated and receptive to the finer plays and acting. Performances that some ten years ago would have been declared "too highbrow" now find an occasional sympathetic public.

But all this is a false front—as false as it is brilliant. It is like a barrage of rockets that flare up with the most dazzling splendor at the very moment when they are about to flicker out. Behind this front are the deadly columns of figures that tell the real tale, those uncontradictable figures in red ink.

And the tale they tell is that it is becoming more and more impossible every season to produce plays and live.

The excessive number of theaters in New York means nothing except that there are too many theaters, calling for too many productions. And these excessive productions, most of them worthless, not only make no profit for themselves but, by distracting and scattering the public attention, take away enough audiences from the better plays to make all the difference between profit and loss. If there were only half as many playhouses it is obvious that the thousands of theater-hungry people would concentrate their attention on the attractions more worth while.

Theater-building, you see, is not an artistic venture. It is merely a real-estate speculation. Theater-owners don't care a continental what happens to the drama. After this has ceased to exist they will still have their property, the buildings and the land on which they stand. The buildings can be converted into moving-picture houses, or even garages, at a trifling cost. So the managers don't really

Photo by Hal Phyfe

THE AUTHOR AS SHE APPEARED IN "THE JEALOUS MOON"

An unmistakable warning from one of America's famous stars

care what happens—with a few exceptions. Only those who also own theaters are financially sound and prosperous. The others, the men who really care passionately for the art they serve, are often not, alas, theater-owners.

LET me illustrate so that you may see the situation more clearly. Some ten or even five years ago it was possible to play to a gross of $10,000 a week—with a non-musical drama or comedy—and show a profit. With a small cast even $9,000 a week could be profitable. To-day that is impossible.

I have in mind one very charming play of this season, beautifully produced and well acted, for which the public paid $12,000 a week. But the expenses were so prodigious that both the company and the house lost money. (I assume that everybody now knows the theater-lessee and the producer share in the receipts and in a certain proportion of the expenses, such as advertising, etc.) Ten years ago that would have been a success and brought the producer a decent profit.

Only a production whose weekly expenses are less than $4,000 is called profitable with a $14,000 gross nowadays. And to put on a good production for less than $4,000 a week has become almost impossible.

Since it is the economics of the situation that are killing us, I hope you will forgive this tornado of figures. Money to me means only what I can do with it to achieve fine and beautiful things in and for the theater. Being not only an actress but at times also manager and producer, I have been forced to learn about figures. And what horrible, inexorable fingers of fate they are!

The worst that has happened to us is that the vast and lucrative region known as "the road" has practically ceased to exist. Not so very long ago it was possible to stay a season in New York even if the profits were small, even if there was a slight loss, and recoup everything, with great gains to boot, "on the road." In spite of traveling expenses, road tours were profitable. Rents being much lower than in New York, theaters in other cities could afford to give us a higher percentage of the gross.

But that is all of the past. In most of the smaller towns there are no longer any theaters where a legitimate attraction can be performed. Only the larger cities are open to us; consequently the enormously increased cost of traveling eats up all the profits and more. When I took my production of "Romeo and Juliet" on tour we had to have two full baggage-cars for the scenery and buy fifty first-class tickets wherever we went.

And here I want to throw my hat into the ring, jump up on my hind legs, and ask why, why, why a soap-maker or the proprietor of a toothpick-factory can go to Washington, demonstrate that the railroad-rates are putting him out of business, and obtain relief when we, representing one of the most important and valuable cultural influences in the country, can hardly even obtain a courteous and attentive hearing?

I HAVE shown you, I think, the condition that prevails, the inevitable result that will follow. The reasons and causes are not far to seek. The remedy, the only remedy that can save us, will be difficult to achieve, but I intend to do everything a human being can do and say, if I have to shout it from the housetops until people grow sick of the sound of my name, to bring it about.

First and foremost we have the moving-pictures. Mind you, I do not propose to criticize them nor to abuse the men who have organized this industry to the overwhelming, devouring monster that it has become. I don't blame them and I don't blame the people who go to see them.

Consider what a pleasure-seeker buys in a picture-house for a dollar or less. A comfortable seat, an elaborate program, good music; in short, an evening in which there is sure to be at least something amusing.

What do we offer him in a legitimate theater for a dollar or more? A hard, uncomfortable seat in the second balcony—euphemism for "gallery"—which he reaches by a side door in a dirty alley and a climb of three flights of stairs. Is it any wonder that he demands a sensational success before he will come to us? To say nothing of the fact that his girl usually resents sitting anywhere but in the best seats. You may call her a little snob, but there you are. Facts will be served.

Now, the men at the head of the picture industry are not the villains of the piece. They are being driven by inexorable economic laws. They are not consciously, willingly, or selfishly devouring the legitimate drama. They can not help what they are doing. If they do not go ahead they must stand still, and to stand still in America means to fall back, and if that's an Irish bull make the most of it.

Two sets of individuals are at least partly to blame for the *dégringolade* of the theater in America—the managers and the actors. Or, if you will, the actors and the managers. Their conduct has been absolutely selfish, short-sighted, unsocial, stupid. Heedless of their own interests.

Let us take the actor first, and I'll tell you an experience of mine. One Sunday evening some years ago in Minneapolis—I never work or ask my company to work Sundays—I went to see the road company of another play. It was a good play and in New York had been brilliantly acted.

That performance I saw was nothing short of outrageous. The actors walked indifferently through their parts, inattentive, slovenly, insolent. Obviously their sole idea was

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"HIS VOICE FLOATED BACK, 'HOLY MACKEREL, SIR, NOT THAT OLD DAME!'"

GAY PAREE

The smells of a foreign city in contrast to scents at home

BY FRANCES McFADDEN

Illustrations by Ruth King

YEAR after year they were still there in the back dining-room of the Hotel Grenelle—Mr. Wylie going into a pouch, but spatted and spurred, more arch and debonair each year; Mrs Wylie in the same black hat and dress, with fresh wisps of tulle Spring and Fall, more meek and wan each year; Julie, the girl, a little older and more faded, a little more downcast and *vieille fille* each year.

Every one had been at the Grenelle for years, but the Wylies had been there the longest. They had come directly after the War. There had been a failure on the Stock Exchange, nothing dishonorable of course, but still a failure, and Mr. Wylie had thought it wise to pack up what was left of his income, which was modest, and what was left of his self-esteem, which was considerable, and depart temporarily for Paris.

He liked Paris. He liked his daily visits to the *bistro* around the corner. He liked being an old devil with the ladies at the Grenelle. He liked the French counts that he met at the Interallié. It had been so agreeable that he had just stayed on. And of course Mrs. Wylie and Julie had stayed on too.

They had rooms on the first floor. Julie's room, with the bed turned behind a screen and a chints cover over the trunk, served as a salon. It boasted an ornate gold mirror, a set of candelabra and clock with detachable gold angels, grand but dilapidated French furniture, and a fireplace which had an annoying habit of blazing cheerfully when the jointed screen was down and of dying a sudden, sullen death as soon as it was put up.

Twice a day the hotel guests assembled in the back dining-room and submitted themselves to the tender mercies of a youthful vixen in a bonnet and a half-grown boy in a dirty dress suit, who hurled fried potatoes and knives about in a terrifying manner.

Oh, that stale little dining-room with its cloudy carafes, its wine-stained napkins in numbered rings, and its endless, petty conversations!

There was Miss Beekman, who came of an old Manhattan family. A sweet little woman with faded charm and brownstone memories. Her room was hung with French war-posters, and once a week she put on a blue coif and cape and went somewhere to her *blesses*

Mr. and Mrs. Beebe. Mrs. Beebe came from Baltimore and knew the genealogy of every good family in the States. Mr. Beebe was subject to fits; his attacks were one of the rare excitements of the Grenelle.

Mr. and Miss Hale, two elderly virgins from Boston.

The belle, Miss Lamont, close on to forty, but still full of little arts and caprices. She wore a velvet orchid fixed up with real fern and tin-foil. Once in a blue moon some one would take her to Le Touquet or Biarritz, and then the Grenelle would never hear the end of it—the cars, the valets, the champagne every night. She lived *en demi pension* because she preferred to lunch at restaurants. Henry's and Josel's were bywords on her lips, but often you could see her having a fifty-centime bun, standing, at Colombin's.

Miss Huff, a tall, angular lady with a false front and irregular and eccentric habits. It was suspected that she tippled surreptitiously in her room, tho no one had ever been there to see her do it. Ernestine, the frowzy maid, with her dirty bonnet askew, was wont to lay her finger beside her nose and leer knowingly, "*Cette Mademoiselle 'Uff—elle n' a pas le nez rouge pour rien.*"

Others came and went, but these regulars stayed on. They all sat at little tables and called across to each other

"Have you seen *our friend* this morning?" Miss Beekman would call across to Mrs Wylie, meaning Miss Huff. "I just met her going out of her room. She slammed the door and passed me without a word. She looked like Crazy Jane."

"You know those people that Miss Lamont went to Biarritz with," Mrs. Beebe would report to Miss Beekman. "I've found out who they are. They aren't *the* Van Rennslaers at all. Harry Van Rennslaer had a half-brother, and he made a lot of money at the races at Saratoga and married a girl in the Daly troupe. Madam Van Rennslaer never spoke to her. That's who they are. They never went anywhere in New York."

"And I said, 'My dear count,' "Hanging pompously over Miss Beekman's chair, fresh from the *bistro*. Mr. Wylie would relate long-winded repartee with the aristocracy at the Interallié, while Julie squirmed inwardly and shredded her bread so as not to look at her mother's face.

At least once a week Mr. Beebe would figuratively buttonhole Julie, "When are we going on that little spree, you and I? I'm just waiting for a chance to cut out the young fellows. When my grandson comes we must have a real party." And the kindly old gentleman would shake a sly finger at her, as if he had all sorts of untold devilry up his sleeve.

But the grandson never came, and the party never came off. And every meal Julie was a little sadder.

To be sure, there were parties continually. That was one of the lovely things about the Grenelle. Mrs. Wylie had a canned-heat outfit and made tea in the salon for her friends. Julie went out and fetched *petits fours* and *palmiers* from the *pâtisserie* down the street, and kept them in the bottom of her *armoire*. Occasionally they were asked back, by note, via the mail-box. Mrs. Wylie would put on her kid gloves and fresh tulle and climb with Julie two flights to Miss Beekman's or Miss Lamont's room, where there were more canned-heat outfits and *petits fours* and more gossip of ten years back.

And after every party Julie was a little waner.

They all did their wash in their rooms surreptitiously. Not the heavy things, but stockings and silk shirts and occasional handkerchiefs. They would come in from the bazaar with little square packages of soap-flakes, always wrapped, tho the newspaper wrapping of the bazaar fooled no one. Shortly after, the electric system would blow out and every one would blame Miss Lamont's curling-iron. In the same clandestine way they supplemented the chicory and croissant breakfast with jars of apricot and strawberry jam—seven francs, and one franc back for the empty jar.

And every year Julie was getting a little older.

It was hard to say what Julie's exact age was. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine. When she first came there and went to lectures at the Sorbonne she must have been about nineteen.

She was pretty at first, until her face grew discontented. Even then she had a slim little figure, a quantity of soft, brown hair, and a pink flush that came and went when she was embarrassed.

The Grenelle was very fond of the Wylie girl. Ernestine used to discuss *la famille Wylie* for hours on end in bed with Félix, the *valet de chambre*, in their connubial chamber in the garret.

Félix was an autocrat and asthmatic, and slept on two pillows. Ernestine in her valley at his side was at a disadvantage in their nightly arguments.

"Distinguished? Bah!" was Ernestine's comment for Mrs. Wylie. "Weak. Weak as dish-water!

"As for Monsieur Wylie, a dirty pig. He never gives his poor girl a sou, and she about to don the bonnet of Saint Catherine. She hasn't had an evening dress for four years. But after all, what would be the use, since she never went out? Distinguished? Bah! What is the mother thinking of?"

"Julie is having a wonderful year studying at the Sorbonne," wrote Mrs Wylie home.

"Julie is polishing up her French with lectures at Les Annales."

"Julie is enjoying her Winter so, helping at the American Library."

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"'I DON'T CARE. I'M SICK OF PARIS I WANT TO GO HOME. I WANT TO GO TO THE YALE-HARVARD GAME'"

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The Campbell's Soups
I send to you
Will make you happy
Through and through!

Children especially require healthful vegetable foods!

"Yes," you may very well say, "I know my children should eat plenty of vegetables, but I wish you could see the time I have getting them to do it! What one of them likes, the others don't. And every last one of them has one eye cocked on the dessert!"

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Just you try Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It'll be off the plates without your having to say a word! And all the while the children will be eating fifteen different vegetables in the one soup. They'll tell you they love it, and even come back for more.

There is a special reason why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so good for growing children. Not only does it contain all the best garden vegetables, but these are prepared in a way that insures giving their greatest benefit.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

As vegetables are often cooked, much of the valuable mineral salts is absorbed in the cooking water and this is then thrown away. In soup this is, of course, retained. Since Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so exceptionally rich in vegetables, you can see why it is so healthful, with the full vegetable strength saved in each plateful.

For the school children's luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup combines all the wholesome invigoration of a hot soup with a wonderful variety of vegetables that no other food supplies.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

You just add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Think of the great convenience of that! 12 cents a can.

Ask your grocer for any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

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"Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca!" says Felipa, beaming

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR SIRS: When we moved to the southwestern border, the one blot in my delight—was washday!

For my Felipa persisted in using the most primitive washing methods. Mexican laundresses make two piles of brick or stones in the yard, build a fire between . . . on top perches the boiler! Smoke is sure to curl gaily over the edge and into the clothes.

Also, if not watched, Felipa put everything with a trace of white into that boiler! Once I rescued a delicate print frock of my small daughter's. All this, coupled with Felipa's positive aversion to more than one rinsing, resulted in clothes that smelled smoky and did not look clean.

Then I read an advertisement which told me that clothes washed with P AND G do not need to be boiled every week!

So next washday, armed with a cake of P AND G, I marshaled my Felipa . . . and with my scant Spanish and many eloquent gestures, I persuaded her to adopt a new method.

She now washes the white clothes in warm water with P AND G, wrings them into another tub, and pours hot water over them. There they stand, while she puts the colored clothes through P AND G suds and hangs them in the shade. Then she comes back to the white clothes, rinses them twice, blues them and hangs them in the sun!

After a couple of these new washdays, the patient Felipa said with a beaming smile that P AND G was magic and that the clothes were "Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca"! This means *whiter, cleaner, and fresher!* And I know they last longer than when they were having the very life cooked out of them in a regular witches' cauldron.

Sincerely yours, (Mrs.) M. C. T., Arizona

No steamy boiling, less rubbing, whiter clothes—whether the water is soft or hard, cold or warm! No wonder P AND G is used by more women than *any other soap in the world!*

This unequaled popularity means that P AND G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, the large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less because it is popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry *methods*, in free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NR-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Hold a smooth white cake of P AND G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P AND G is! And so *white.* Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women turn to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

Setting and accessories courtesy Home-Planning Council, New York State Federation Woman's Clubs

Large Tea

Tea Sandwiches
Little Cakes
Salted Nuts
Candied Orange-Peel
Tea Coffee

Tea-Wagon Service

Finger Rolls
Filled With
Shrimp Salad
Olives Nuts
Mallo Surprise
Tea Coffee

Informal Seated Tea

Cantaloup Circle
Salad
Cheese-Sticks
Calla-Lily Cakes
Iced Tea with Mint

Formal Seated Tea

Candle Salad
Brown Bread Filled
with Cheese and Nuts
Fig Mousse
Coconut-Cake
Tea Coffee

WHAT TO SERVE AFTER CLUB-MEETINGS

By Frances Herrick

THE especially delightful custom of serving tea after club-meetings is increasingly popular with American hostesses. Club-members approve it because it interferes so little with regular family schedules, and because it is a charming way for members to spend a social half-hour together without undue effort or expense on the part of the hostess or the club exchequer if it is a group affair. It may consist of only a tiny sandwich, tea, and candies, or of a more elaborate menu.

The variety of ways in which tea may be served is infinite. For an informal affair, serving from a tea-wagon before the fire or on the sun-porch makes it possible to entertain 20 guests with ease. The tea-tray with plates and cups can be wheeled before the hostess. On a near-by table have plates of assorted sandwiches or salad-fingers. Salted nuts, candied peel, and small cakes or cookies may be placed where the guests may help themselves without effort.

For a more formal party the dining-room table should be covered with your very best cloth, or your centerpiece and doilies if your table is beautifully waxed. In the center have Autumn flowers or branched candelabra placed on a mirror to reflect the glow. For a travel-club meeting try making a sand map on a mirror, with tiny colored stones to outline rivers and mountains.

In order that the hostess may be with her guests as much as possible she invites two friends to pour for her. Before one of them are placed the tea, lemon, cream, and plates and cups. At the opposite end of the table the other pours coffee or cocoa for those who prefer one or the other. If you wish to serve Russian tea, have a plate of orange slices with a paper-thin wafer of crystalized ginger and a clove on each orange slice. Candied cherries may be added for color effect. Fastidious taste demands absolute order, so have only a few sandwiches or cakes on the table at one time, and replenish them frequently.

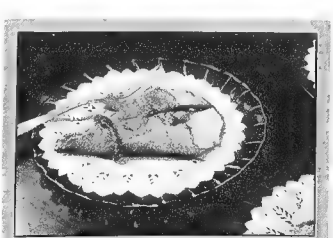
When guests can be seated as they are at a card-party, salad or a savory and a dessert are permissible. Cover each table with a tea-cloth. A pale-green cloth makes a charming background for almost any china or decorative scheme. It is customary to place the salad or savory, any relish like olives, a roll, and a fork on each plate. Place the cup with its saucer and a spoon to the right of the guest. Sugar and cream should be passed.

Tea-time hospitality does permit of an unhurried hostess if she plans carefully. The silver, dishes, linen, nuts, candies, and cake may all be prepared the previous day. The sandwiches may be made or the rolls buttered and covered with a moist napkin in the morning. Do plan to serve your refreshments early so that your guests may enjoy them without glancing at their wrist-watches. Have bowls of flowers and lighted candles everywhere; they create such a festive air. The Japanese plan of using only one or two blossoms in each bowl gives this sense of profusion with even a limited quantity.

If you would like table-linen in the soft pastel shades, but are bountifully supplied with white, try dyeing them.

We have planned the following recipes on the basis of 20 guests, a number that may be easily multiplied or divided. Two extra portions should be provided, since an extra guest often arrives unexpectedly or a plate may be dropped.

As tea-time is just a pleasant pause between daytime activities and the dinner-hour, the menu should be simple and all sandwiches, cakes, and cookies small and daintily served.



Photos by Moyer-Koch

CALLA-LILY CAKES ARE A NOVEL DESSERT

Candle Salad

20 Slices Pineapple
11 Bananas
22 Cherries
4 Heads Lettuce
3 Cupfuls Mayonnaise

On each plate place a slice of pineapple on a shredded lettuce-nest. Stand upright in the hollow ½ banana. To form the flame run a toothpick through a cherry into the top of the banana. Allow 2 tablespoonfuls of dressing to trickle down the candle onto the pineapple-holder. Finish with a handle made from a narrow strip of orange-rind.

Fig Mousse

3 Cupfuls Milk
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Pound Figs
3 Cupfuls Heavy Cream
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla
5 Eggs

Make a boiled custard of the milk, sugar, and egg yolks. Chop the figs and soak them in milk if dry. Strain the custard, add the figs and the flavorings. When cool fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites and cream. Pack in molds, wrap in several thicknesses of wax-paper and then in newspaper, and bury in a mixture of ice-cream salt and ice for 5 hours. To remove, rinse the mold in tepid water.

Cantaloup Circle

Peel a cantaloup, slice in inch slices, and remove all the seeds. Place a cantaloup circle on crisp lettuce-leaves, fill the center with red pitted cherries, fresh or canned, and top with mayonnaise.

Calla-Lily Cakes

2 Cupfuls Sugar
10 Eggs
Orange-peel
1 Cupful Flour
3 Cupfuls Heavy Cream
2 Teaspoonfuls Vanilla

Beat the yolks of the eggs vigorously, add the sugar slowly, continue beating, and then add the flour. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Continued on page 84

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The Milk Rebel Surrenders!

Her tearful "I Won't!" becomes a smiling "I Want!" with the coming of "DOUBLE MALTED"

If your child won't drink milk—or leaves her glass only half empty, neither coaxing nor force will change her. Start mixing her milk with Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. It makes a smooth, creamy, delicious Chocolate Malted Milk. Children love it as much as a soda fountain drink. They mix it for themselves and drink it eagerly at meals and in between.

Makes Milk Twice as Nourishing

It isn't a question of humoring a stubborn child who won't drink milk. Far more serious than that—it's a health problem. A problem affecting the growth of little bodies, the development of teeth and bones and the building of normal, healthful weight.

Thompson's is whole cream milk, "DOUBLE MALTED." It *doubles* the nourishment of plain milk, *and makes it far easier to digest.*

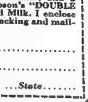
Children Gain 2½ to 5 Pounds a Month

Putting weight on children is a simple matter when you add Thompson's Malted Milk to their regular meals. Appetites for substantial foods improve. Cravings for between meal sweets disappear. And the coming of normal weight marks the going of nervousness, sleep disturbances and other underweight handicaps.

Make it at Home—30 Servings to Every Pound

Your druggist or grocer has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Takes but a second to make. There are 30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer



THOMPSON'S MALTED MILK CO., Inc.
Dept. 46B-4 Waukesha, Wisconsin

Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... ...State.....

A WELL-FLAVORED CASSEROLE OF MEAT AND VEGETABLES IS ALWAYS WELCOME

WHY WASTE GOOD MEAT?

By Grace Viall Gray

WHEN we, the home-makers, are buying meat at the market it will pay us to keep in mind the problem of left-overs. If we are purchasing a roast and ask the butcher to remove the bones, then we should also ask him to wrap up the bones for us. The bones will make excellent stock for soups and the foundation of many sauces.

If we are having some of the more expensive cuts of meat for company dinners, such as crown of lamb or pork, or French chops, we should save all the trimmings, as they can be made into savory dishes for the next day.

Some very appetizing dishes may be made from left-over roasts, steaks, and chops. Frequently the members of the family enjoy the left-over dish equally as well as the original first dish. Sometimes one hears a housewife say, "My family never will eat left-overs. We have a roast one day, and if I try to fix the remainder of that roast for the next day's dinner all I hear are complaints and criticisms."

Look to Your Seasoning

PROBABLY the reason for these objections arises from the fact that that particular housewife has not yet learned the art of seasoning or of making these good left-overs pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate.

In preparing left-overs great care must be taken not to destroy their digestibility. Do not use great heat for a long period of time. Whenever possible use hot sauces, and let these do most of the heating.

A double boiler is a good utensil to use in reheating left-overs.

As a rule reheated meats need to be more highly seasoned than freshly cooked ones. However, it is not wise to use too many flavors in one dish or use the same seasoning always for the same dish. The exact amount of salt and pepper must be determined by the seasoning already in the meat.

There are many different flavorings that may be used to make left-over meat-dishes palatable. The most widely known are onions, carrots, turnips, tomatoes, fresh or canned, celery-tips, and parsley, either fresh or dried. Then there are sage, savory, thyme, bay-leaf, garlic, lemon-rind, capers, pickles, olives, cloves, peppercorns, celery-seed, meat extract, chilli sauce, and the various hot or sharp sauces.

In the Orient many dishes are made palatable by adding curry-powder. We American home-makers are beginning to realize the many possibilities of this powder. Curry-powder is made of black pepper, Cayenne pepper, mustard, cinnamon, ginger, salt, allspice, cloves, and turmeric-powder. Many curry-powders contain 17 or 18 ingredients. So you see curry-powder is really a spice-mixture. It is especially adaptable to veal or lamb left-overs.

Every wise home-maker keeps on hand a jar of sifted bread-crums ready for croquettes and for covering casserole-dishes.

Extending Meat

IF MEAT left-overs are finely cut and combined with a good sauce, put in individual ramekins, and covered with seasoned mashed potatoes or buttered bread-crums, the family are usually delighted. Remember the way the left-over is served counts a great deal toward its reception at the family table.

If you have a hot roast one day, the next day it can be sliced and served cold This should always be the first use of any left-over roast. Cut the meat in thin slices and arrange it on a cold platter, and garnish with something green and crisp. Always serve one or two hot vegetables with a cold meat.

Beef or pork loaf is an acceptable way of using any of the small pieces of well-done roast beef or pork, making an excellent luncheon- or supper-dish.

Meat pie can be made of cold roast beef, pork, or lamb cut into one-inch-square pieces. If the meat is well seasoned and combined with a gravy and covered with a baking-powder biscuit dough, it makes a most appetizing dish.

Peppers may be stuffed with a little left-over roast meat, and cabbage is also good stuffed in this way. In warming up a leg of lamb or rib-roast of beef heap up the cavity left after carving with mashed potatoes, brush over with melted fat, and brown in the oven. A good soup can be made of the bones and the odds and ends of the roast, with the usual vegetables and seasonings.

Left-over ham and bacon may be cut in very fine pieces and added to omelets. Any left-over meat may be put through a food-grinder and may be mixed with salad dressing to make good sandwiches.

Many left-over dishes are dependent upon some kind of sauce to make them acceptable. A good sauce should always be perfectly smooth and not lumpy. The flavoring may be secured by utilizing all odd pieces of meat, bones, and vegetables, or by cutting a few chopped vegetables carefully in the fat and removing them before the flour is added. There are many sauces that may be used with left-over meats, such as egg, mushroom, cheese, caper, or tartar sauce.

Meat left-overs may be made into delicious salads. Portions of meat may be mixed with celery or any other vegetable, such as carrots or cooked peas, and thus make an economical dish. Cold roast pork or veal can be utilized in this way. Apples cut into cubes may also be added to any left-over meat for a good salad.

In fact the number of tasty dishes which a good cook can make out of left-overs is almost endless More time and skill may be required in their preparation than in the simple cooking required in the first dishes, but the superiority of a good cook shows not so much in the preparation of expensive dishes as in the attractive preparation of left-over dishes.

Every family should avoid useless expenditures, no matter how generous its income, and the intelligent home-maker to-day takes as much pride in setting a good table at a low price as the manufacturer does in lessening the cost of production in his factory.

Scalloped Meat

½ Cupful Rice
1½ Cupfuls Chopped Meat
2 Cupfuls Tomato Sauce
Salt
Paprika
1 Cupful Buttered Crums

BOIL the rice in salted water until tender, drain, put a layer of the rice in a greased pan, then a layer of the chopped meat, and cover with the tomato sauce. Continue this, putting a layer of the buttered crums and a dash of paprika on top. Brown in oven (450 degrees F.).

Compote of Meat and Vegetables

3 Cupfuls Left-over Meat, Cubed
2 Cupfuls Cooked Carrots, Beans, or Peas
1 Cupful Finely Chopped Onion
½ Cupful Parsley
4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Cupful Cold Water
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Few Grains Pepper
2 Tomatoes

COOK the onion and parsley gently in the water for 5 minutes. Add to the meat with the vegetables, salt, and pepper; stir until thoroughly mixed. Turn into a well-greased baking-dish or casserole, arrange the tomatoes over the top, dot with the butter, cover, and bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.).

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Piquante — Vivacious — Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. As the bride of a New Yorker of distinguished name and family, your pretty ways and sparkling wit have won all hearts.

You are so beautiful, with your golden hair and laughing brown eyes and your flawless fair skin sun-tanned to coppery sheen. A true "October blonde"! Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II: "Be always meticulously groomed, *toujours soignée!* For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet, after all, it is to your clever America that we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely."

Delightedly the young Parisian announced her discovery:

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method—faithfully followed every day and never omitted—will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Skin Freshener to tone and firm the skin bestows the gift of youth, and the delicious Vanishing Cream for powder base keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world," she summed it all up with her flashing smile, "nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations."

MRS. PINCHOT adds an illustrious new name to the long list of beautiful women, distinguished for their elegance in the exclusive circles of America and Europe, who are devoted users of Pond's. They follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, patting with quick caressing upward and outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent—such a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, and preserve the youthful contour of your face and throat.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II *was recently married to the young American scientist and sportsman of this distinguished family. She was Mademoiselle Janine Voisin of Paris, daughter of the famous French "industriel." A radiant October blonde, her golden hair and laughing brown eyes contrast with her flawless fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by the splendor of this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet embroidered in gold!*

(right) *She is enchanting in evening dress, with her lovely neck and arms. Her Lanvin frock is of ivory taffeta and tulle.*

(below) *On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing. A keen sportswoman, she rides, drives, swims and dives superbly.*

(left) *Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and Skin Freshener to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing.*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. W
106 Hudson Street . . New York City

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Street_____

City_____ State_____

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TRY THIS REFRESHING BATH

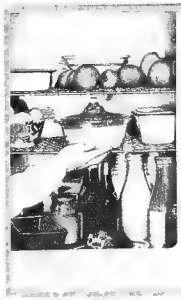
Just add a cupful of 20 Mule Team Borax to your bath. It makes the water feel smooth and the soap lathers more freely. You will feel delightfully refreshed. There's no soap clogging your pores, no suggestion of stickiness after a Borax bath.

Borax is a mild antiseptic and deodorant. Doctors recommend it for keeping the skin healthy and clear. You may be certain, after a Borax bath, that even the slightest trace of body odor has completely vanished.

A daily Borax bath is indeed a healthful and pleasing habit. Every bathroom cabinet should contain its package of 20 Mule Team Borax.

Borax makes the shampoo water as soft as rain and leaves the hair soft and lustrous. A Borax foot bath brings quick relief to tired feet. Send coupon for booklet telling of the many other toilet uses of this health product.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 379
51 Madison Ave., New York City
Kindly send your free booklet, "Everyday Personal Uses for Borax and Boric Acid."
Name_____
Address_____



PERISHABLES IN THE ICEBOX

THE MENUS PLANNED

THE STAPLES ON THE SHELVES

READY FOR THE HOUSE-GUEST

By Helen Treyz Smith

TO MOST home-makers the three daily meals present still the biggest problem in their entertaining. Just how can one manage to keep the housekeeping machinery in motion, to prepare and serve three meals a day, and to have time and energy left to enjoy one's guests? A bit of special equipment and a set of general rules have soived the problem in my own household. The equipment is simple and the rules are so flexible that with a little change they will probably meet the needs of other home-makers.

In the first place, my equipment extends to the kitchen, and includes baking-dishes and casseroles of sizes suitable for guest meals. These dishes can go directly from the oven or stove to the table and save much last-minute work, which I have found the most tiring in serving meals. The most attractive of these dishes are those which slip into nickel or silver holders. A simple dish looks gala when served in this fashion, and it has the added advantage of making serving easier and also of eliminating one or more dishes in dish-washing.

ORANGE PUDDING, A "MADE-THE-DAY BEFORE" DESSERT

Another helpful possession is breakfast-tray equipment. More and more, home-makers are solving the problems of bathroom traffic and saving precious time at the breakfast-hour by serving the guest's breakfast on a tray in the guest-room. The guest feels pampered and enjoys a leisurely breakfast, while the hostess has an opportunity to organize the day's work and get it well started. Altogether it is an excellent arrangement.

Elaborate preparations mean a tired hostess; no preparation at all means a worried one, so try for the happy medium. After all, it is freedom from worry and to have leisure time that we are striving for as we make ready for any visit. My plan is to have (1) a clean, orderly house, (2) the meals planned, (3) the shopping done and the groceries properly stored, and (4) the work organized and started.

If a home is well swept and dusted when guests arrive that particular home-making task should be considered finished for a few days. Take a few minutes each night to establish order, but do not attempt any actual cleaning and dusting. If, by chance, you just can not be happy unless there is daily cleaning and brushing, let your willing guest do it for you. But my advice is that you be content with tidying the house—and do it at night before you go to bed. It doesn't take a bit more time, and the psychological effect of a neat house as we start our morning's work is of real value

To me meal-planning is the most important of all preparations. It takes time even when approached calmly. With guests in the house and no definite idea of just what is to comprise the day's work, one is apt to have mental panic. You decide on one thing, and a minute later think of some reason why you can not have it, or think of something else that might be better. Work can not be planned and started until decisions are made. Nothing is more tiring than this chaos.

With meals planned, shopping for staples can be done several days ahead, saving even more time. The more perishable vegetables like lettuce, celery, and other greens can be purchased the day before, and washed and stored ready for use. Salad dressing can be prepared. Cookies and brown bread can be made if we decide to serve them. There should be no haphazard baking of pie, cake, cookies, and rolls. We should have a definite idea when we are going to serve each thing we prepare My cookery preparations usually include two desserts, both ready to serve. Knowing what we are going to have, and with the necessary supplies and utensils at hand to work with, we can easily plan our work.

One rule stands out before all others in meal-planning. That is, *serve simple meals*. By simple meals I mean a few things well cooked, easy to prepare, easy to serve, and which will save in the dish-washing task.

You have no idea how much you can save yourself if you plan to have things which require very little last-minute preparation. I follow these rules:

1. Have one main dish, which can go directly from the oven or refrigerator to the table.

2. If a roast is served, with which potatoes are the natural accompaniment, serve two green vegetables, and a salad dessert rather than a heavy sweet.

3. Serve simple salads unless they are the main dish.

4. Prepare those desserts which can be served by the hostess at the table.

5. If small children are present serve vegetables and desserts which they may eat.

Saturday Night Dinner
Broiled Steak
Baked Potatoes (Oven)
Cauliflower au Gratin (Oven)
Tomato Salad
Peaches and Cream
Wafers
Coffee

Sunday Dinner
Chicken Soup, Chopped Parsley
Cheese Crackers
Veal Loaf
Corn on the Cob
Casserole Potatoes (Oven)
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Orange Pudding (Day-Before Dessert)

Sunday Night Supper
Nut Waffles and Sirup or
Fruit Salad and Tea Biscuits

Orange Pudding

1 Cupful Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Cornstarch
Pinch Salt
1 Pint Water
Juice 1 Lemon
Juice 1 Orange
Pulp 2 Oranges

MIX the sugar and the corn-starch. Add the salt. Slowly add the water Boil until the corn-starch is cooked. Cool Add the fruit-juices and pulp. Chill and serve with whipped cream. It is better when made the day before.

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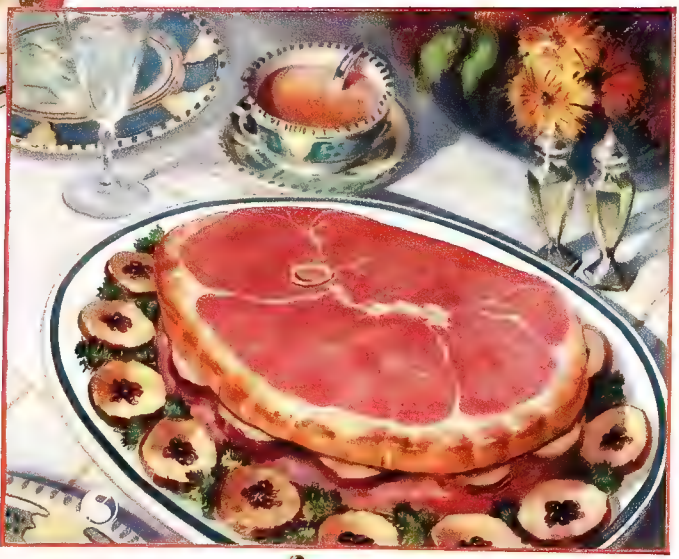
A lunch for the famous GREENWICH HUNT

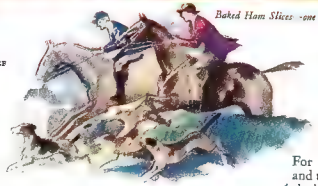


KATHERINE CROSSON, "professional" cook to the notables of Greenwich, Connecticut, scores another triumph in this fashionable New York suburb

Katherine Crosson, famous "professional" cook of Greenwich

A few of Mrs. Crosson's well-known patrons are:

MRS. CHARLES D. LANIER
MRS. F. BAILEY VANDERHOEF
MRS. WILLIAM HODGE
MRS. H. J. FISHER
MRS. JOHN D. BARRETT
MRS. STEPHEN W PRATT
MRS. HERBERT MCCORD
MRS. JAMES QUAN
MRS. R. B. THOMPSON
MRS. HARRIET V. SEWELL
MRS. RODGER BALDWIN
MRS. C. D. MALLORY



Baked Ham Slices—one of Mrs. Crosson's luncheon specialties. Here is her recipe:

Moisten two 1 inch slices of Swift's Premium Ham and rub with ½ cup brown sugar and 2 tbsps. flour. Cover with milk; bake in moderate oven (375°F) about 40 minutes. On one slice of ham place apple rings cut to ½ inch thickness. Cover with second slice of ham. Around ham place remaining apple rings, the center holes filled with raisins. Bake until apples are tender, about 15 minutes. Arrange ham on platter, surrounded by apple rings. Serve thickened sauce separately.

It must have been brilliant indeed—the luncheon that could make such a stir in this sophisticated community. For fashionable Greenwich is accustomed to lavish hospitality, and these beautiful estates are the scene of constant entertaining.

Of all the festive meals served for the notables of the Greenwich Hunt, this luncheon was one of the most discussed. And like so many other outstanding events of the Greenwich season, it was prepared by Katherine Crosson.

Mrs. Crosson is the "professional" cook whom the important hostesses of Greenwich call in to take charge of such affairs. She not only plans them, cooking the main dishes herself, but often goes into one of the larger houses for two or three weeks at a time, to supervise the ordering and the menus.

A dish that Mrs. Crosson finds a particular favorite with her distinguished patrons is the one pictured on this page. Two tender slices of juicy ham—and between them and over them, the accenting goodness of tart, delicious fruit sauce.

In giving her recipe, Mrs. Crosson added a hint that she says is even more important than the recipe itself: "To make certain of the mild, yet distinctive flavor that blends so perfectly with the apples and raisins, I am always careful to get Swift's Premium Ham. Its rich savor and its juicy tenderness are indispensable for real success. I always use Swift's Premium in my cooking, whether for myself or others."

This famous cook is only one of thousands of women throughout the United States who have long prized the rare goodness of Swift's Premium Ham.

For years its mild, distinctive flavor, its delicacy and tenderness have made Swift's Premium the first choice of those who know the secrets of good living.

For your guests, or for the simple family dinner, you will find a new pleasure in Swift's Premium Ham. Order a slice from your dealer today and try Mrs. Crosson's unusual recipe

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *Swift's new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Swift's Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

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"WINDSOR"
(Congoleum Rug 602)
Enticing vistas of the countryside adorn the border—insets of cozy cottages and white-winged ships enliven the field of lovely greenish blue.
A small rug of the same pattern is shown in front of the sink.

"BOUQUET"—women of taste will delight in this charming adaptation of an old Colonial design. Congoleum Rug 324.

"BLUE-TILE"—beautiful tones of blue—spick-and-span tiles always in good taste, always very popular. Congoleum Rug 321.

"ORIENTALE"—the atmosphere of old Persia has been captured in this richly colored but conservative rug. Congoleum Rug 608.

"Mother, let's always eat in the kitchen"

WHAT children (or what grown-ups, for that matter) *wouldn't* want to eat in this bright, cozy kitchen? How delightful it is, with its gay, up-to-date furnishings and cheery Congoleum Rug!

Nothing brightens up a room like a colorful *floor.* That's one reason why so many clever women are using the lovely new Congoleum Rugs *in many rooms.*

Then, too, there's an exclusive and unusual note in the *design* of every *genuine* Congoleum Rug . . . something smart . . . distinctive . . . out of the ordinary. Patterns range from Oriental to modern, from subdued to gay—with florals, geometrics and for good measure a quaint Colonial hooked-rug effect.

Moreover, the sanitary, waterproof surface of these modern, labor-saving rugs can be cleaned in a jiffy with a few strokes of a damp mop. No tiresome sweeping and beating . . . no germ-laden, swirling clouds of dust.

Unequaled for durability, too, because they are made by the exclusive *Multicote Process* of manufacture.

Just a few dollars buys a *genuine* Congoleum Rug.—small cost indeed for the many years of guaranteed service and satisfaction it will give you. Made in all the popular sizes up to room-size rugs of 9 x 15 feet.

More Congoleum Rugs are in use today than all other brands combined!

Genuine Congoleum Rugs are plainly marked with the famous *Gold Seal* which pledges "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." Why take chances with inferior substitutes? For your own protection, insist that the *Gold Seal* appear right on the face of the rugs you buy!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Office*- Kearny, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Dallas Atlanta Detroit Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RUGS

none genuine without the GOLD SEAL

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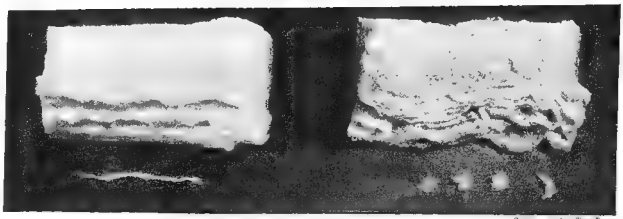


Samples courtesy Sloane Bros.

THE BEST GRADES OF FELT MATTRESSES ARE MADE OF LONG-FIBERED COTTON. TRY THE SIMPLE TWISTING TEST ILLUSTRATED AT RIGHT BEFORE YOU BUY

INFERIOR FELT MATTRESSES ARE MADE FROM VERY SHORT FIBERS OF COTTON AND COTTON-WASTE. IT IS A GRAYISH COLOR AND IT PACKS READILY

TO SLEEP IN COMFORT

By L. Ray Balderston

BEDS are often chosen because they fit in with the period or color-scheme of the bedroom, and little or no thought is given to the sort of night's rest they will give. Purchasing the component parts of a comfortable bed is not nearly as easy as it sounds. You must know what to look for when you are purchasing bed comfort.

First, look to the length of your bed. The so-called standard mattress is 6′ 3″ in length, and the bedstead may be from 2 to 4 inches longer. A cot-bed is shorter. Bedsteads may have curved ends at the foot, making them look larger, but with springs 6′ 3″ there has been no actual gain in sleeping length. In width springs may vary from a 2′ 6″ cot to a 3′ bed, a three-quarter bed, or a full-sized double bed.

The next point to consider is the spring, for the foundation of the bed must be resilient and well balanced if one is to enjoy refreshing sleep. It is, in fact, often wise to reduce the initial cost of the bedstead and buy a fine spring and mattress, for as long as the spring is standard size it will fit most makes of beds.

Coiled springs have always been popular, and the various types are almost legion. The main point to consider is the arrangement of the coils and their closeness to each other so as to prevent wide spaces for sagging. One type of spring has connecting wires from one large coil to another, which forms a square around the large coil. This gives elasticity, so that the spring conforms to every pressure of the body and supports it from both the top and sides. Slip-covers which keep out the dust may be purchased for these springs.

Box springs are in their construction not unlike the coiled springs just mentioned, but are literally boxed in with a ticking-cover which conceals the springs and keeps out the dust. The coils themselves are first covered with a padding of felt or cotton, then all is incased in the ticking. The cover of the mattress and box spring should be identical in material, color, and pattern. Formerly striped ticking in blue and white was used, but now there are flowered cotton damasks in colors which will harmonize with the color-scheme of any bedroom.

Mattresses and springs contribute equally toward the rest and comfort of the sleeper. The question of choosing springs and mattresses is a difficult one, and for that reason when the housewife purchases equipment which is so vital to family comfort she should always go to a reputable store with high standards. The Board of Health has done much to institute mattress standards as to cleanliness. State laws in many States control their manufacture by inspectors who visit factories where they inspect the cotton, hair, or other mattress content. A label is sewn on both the pillow and the mattress, and if the mattress is renovated a second label is attached.

The best cotton mattresses are made of long fibered felt. The maker places layer upon layer of cotton until the whole is about twice as thick as the mattress desired. Then the cotton is pressed into a ticking-case and stitched. Most manufacturers tack the mattress, using kid or leather disks through which to stitch. These disks are better than the cotton tufts, for the latter may slip out as the mattress packs from wear.

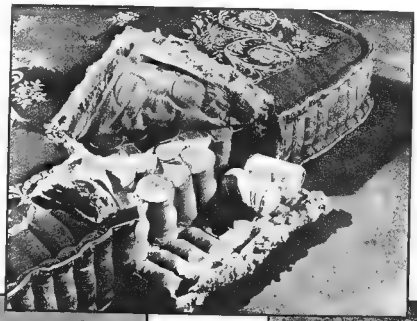
The quality of hair mattresses depends on the color, fineness, and length of the hair. The hair used is horsehair from the mane and tail. The hair is steamed and twisted into coils like rope, and as it is dried it becomes curled. These curls give the spring to the mattress. The hair is usually black; white hair is simply a matter of choice.

Mattresses are standardized by the kind of hair, its color, the length, and the number of pounds to the mattress. If a hair mattress is to be bought the salesman will show samples of the kind that special mattress contains. Hair mattresses can be remade and recut, and the hair may be repicked, hvened, and more hair added. For a mattress in constant use one would probably need to have a pound to two pounds of new hair added every four to six years. The finer the quality of hair the less will be lost in remaking.

Another type of mattress is built of many little fine wire-coiled springs, each incased in muslin to prevent the springs from slipping and the metal coils from rubbing against each other with a resultant squeak. By their great number and their closeness as they stand side by side, on end, they introduce a resiliency which allows great freedom of the body.

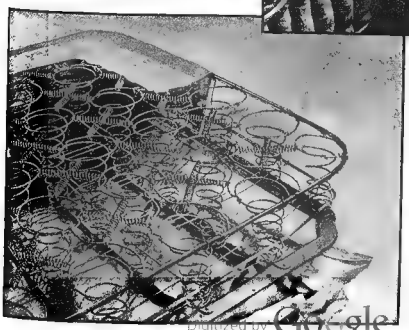
Proper care prolongs the life of any mattress. It should be turned often, twice a week at least, and cleaned frequently with the hand attachment of the vacuum cleaner.

It is possible to buy inexpensive slip-covers in colors to match your sheets, with an open end and tapes for tying, for mattresses. These slip-covers may be removed and laundered as frequently as you wish.

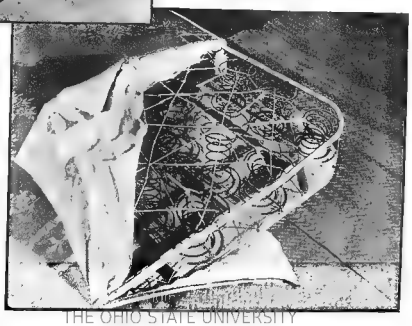


OPEN COILED SPRINGS, SHOWN BELOW, ARE A GOOD CHOICE IF THE COILS ARE CLOSE TOGETHER. SLIP-COVERS KEEP THE DUST OUT

EACH SEPARATE COIL OF A BOX SPRING, AS SHOWN BELOW, IS FIRMLY TIED WITH A LINEN CORD SO THAT IT CAN NOT BECOME DISPLACED



THE INNER-SPRING MATTRESS SHOWN ABOVE IS AN EXAMPLE OF A POPULAR NEW IDEA IN MATTRESS-CONSTRUCTION



Photos by Mayer-Kurk

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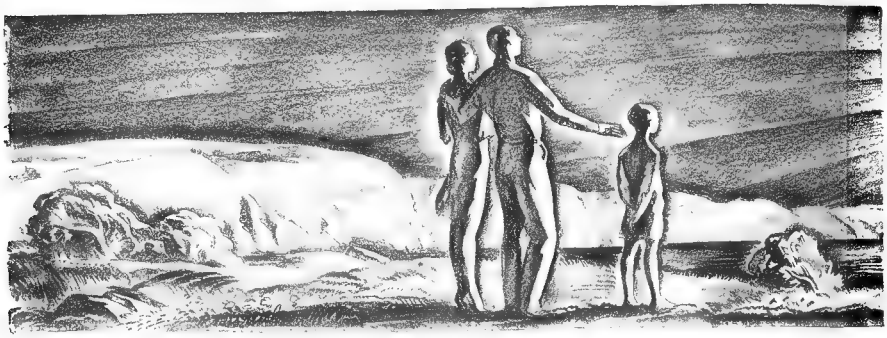
DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS



NOW in a familiar food··

HIDING FROM the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a food already famous for its health qualities.

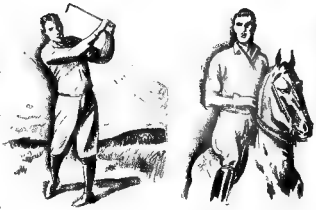
THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this! —a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!



How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus —elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight, strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

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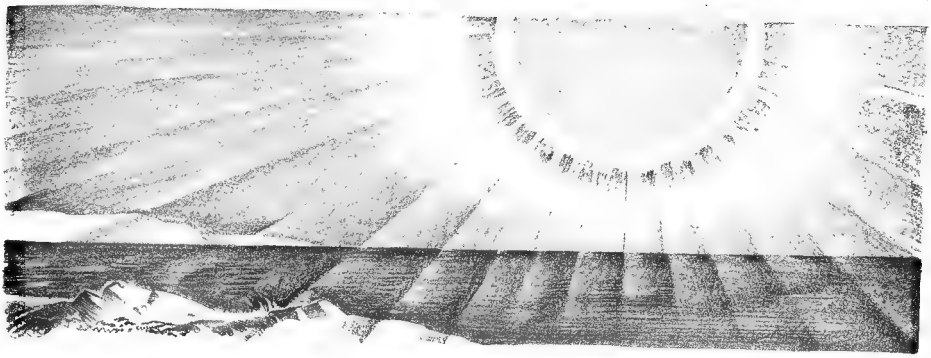
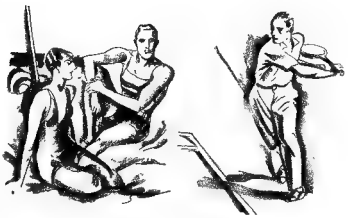
POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun



if we could get plenty of sunshine

against rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth). Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking. Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. A-68, 701 Washington St., New York.

In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in hospitals in America.

Considered by many as Europe's greatest gastro-enterologist, Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, Paris, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician and lecturer in the great University of Berlin.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY . . .

DR. CHERUBINI: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones, sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

DR. DELORT: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

DR. NEUBERG: "The vitally important provitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

YEAST

contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin

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TEACHING THE YOUNG GIRL BEAUTY

By Doris Lee Ashley

MY ATTENTION was drawn to a group of young girls at the matinée the other afternoon. Most of them, as soon as they were seated, immediately opened their hand-bags and peered in the all-too-inadequate mirror. Out came the ubiquitous compact and lipstick, which they plied, one and all, with more or less artistry. They were quite young and attractive, and most of them knew it, for it is in their early teens that girls become beauty-conscious.

They patted their hair after removing their hats, and continued to fuss and preen themselves between snatches of conversation concerning the star and the play about to begin. Frankly I found myself staring at them, they were so lovely, yet I began wondering how much they knew about preserving their luscious young beauty. If I had my way they would be taught in the grade-school how to care for their complexions, just as they are instructed how to take regular care of their teeth.

If girls aim to graduate with beauty and would keep that charming, dewy freshness that is usually the heritage of youth, I would prevail upon them to learn and practise daily one necessity, possibly two. The one essential and important thing is *cleanliness*, and the second either nourishment in the form of a good skin-food or, when that is not employed or thought necessary, a good protective lotion that will keep the skin soft and fine in texture even after exposure to sun and wind.

You will notice that cleanliness is emphasized. It is done so for very definite reasons. Few young girls realize what constitutes real cleanliness. Take, for instance, the case of a girl who uses powder, and who will not be content to dust her face with a good complexion-powder in the morning, but will add compact-powder many times during the day, rubbing it strenuously into the skin.

SHE may think that the casual washing at night will remove the dust, dirt, grime, and make-up, but if she will apply a good cleansing cream after she has washed her face as usual, she will find on the soft tissues, when wiping it off, so much unsuspected dirt that she will be astonished. It is amazing how dirt clings to the skin, and yet not so amazing when one realizes that the pores are constantly exuding a semifluid; and while this is almost invisible it nevertheless gives the skin a certain moisture that attracts and holds particles from dust-laden winds. When the pores are clogged with powder, rouge, and dirt collected during the day, and are not thoroughly cleansed and stimulated each night so that they can function properly, blackheads are bound to appear. It is true, of course, that they often occur at the adolescent period, but they can be aggravated into becoming severe cases of acne through infection from carelessness in cleansing the skin. I wish I could persuade every girl to learn in her teens, if not before, through her mother, how to care for her complexion.

I know even at this early age that while many skins are normal there are those that are inclined to be oily, just as there are skins that are dry and sensitive and that burn easily. For the normal skin let me suggest that it can be cleansed thoroughly with warm water and soap, especially when the water is soft and the soap is a good complexion-soap; yet this type of skin can be further cleansed by the addition of cleansing cream.

When you have found to your satisfaction that additional dirt can be removed from the skin even after it is washed with warm water and soap, let me suggest that you try applying the cream first to soften and lubricate the skin, patting it in until the blood comes to the surface, and then wash it off with the water and soap. In this way you can be assured that your skin will be thoroughly cleansed and stimulated to function properly.

Now for the oily skin. It should be literally "shampooed" with a good complexion-soap and warm water. Rinse off the thick, creamy lather and follow with a pore-closing lotion. There is a new lotion on the market that is remarkable for cleansing the skin, cutting the grease, and contracting the pores

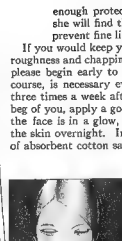
The very dry and sensitive skin is possibly better cleansed with cleansing cream alone, tho most find that washing it off with warm water and a toilet-soap does not leave it taut, dry, and drawn. When this is the case, by all means use the soap and water, but do not do so when the skin feels drawn after using the particular brand of soap you have at hand. Try other kinds, and I am sure you will be able to find one bland enough not to dry the skin.

If you did nothing else I would be willing to promise that your skin, very shortly, will show marked improvement after such cleansing

There is the matter of nourishment or protection that should be considered by all, even the youthful beauty with the lovely normal complexion. You probably never think of the effects that strenuous hours of tennis, basket-ball, skating, or motoring in the wind will have on your precious skin—in fact life is so full of a number of things that you never consider your complexion except when you apply powder to your nose and wonder why your skin is so rough and why it burns and then becomes chapped after a day spent in the open.

I would have every one of you young girls select a good hand-lotion and use it on your face as a powder-base as well as on your hands before leaving the house. I know one young college girl who has never in her life used anything on her face but a good hand-lotion. Her skin is exquisitely fine and soft and never becomes roughened, no matter what she does. This well-known lotion seems to add just enough protection to her skin. Possibly later on she will find that she needs a nourishing cream to prevent fine lines from becoming wrinkles.

If you would keep your skin satin-smooth and avoid the roughness and chapping that mar it after Autumn outings, please begin early to care for it properly. Cleansing, of course, is necessary every night of your life; but two or three times a week after the thorough cleansing, please, I beg of you, apply a good nourishing cream. Pat it in until the face is in a glow, and allow some of it to remain on the skin overnight. In the morning remove it with a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with a mild skin-tonic.



ACCENTUATE ONLY YOUTHFUL CHARMS

Now, if your face is thin and the skin dry and sensitive select a skin-food rich in nourishing oils; but if your face is plump and the skin inclined to be oily choose a non-fattening cream. The use of such carefully selected creams will soon correct the condition that keeps your skin from being its loveliest.

Of course you will all use powder. Some may complain that powder does not hide a greasy nose, that it simply cakes on the skin; others that powder does not adhere to the skin. There is a new preparation on the market that is really remedial. It is not just a cosmetic for enhancing the complexion, for it corrects the cause of a shiny skin by helping the pores to retract and function properly. It makes a splendid powder-base for shiny spots on the forehead, nose, and chin.

Those with a dry skin will find that the protective hand-lotion will make a splendid powder-base. The skin will not only be protected from wind and sun by this lotion, but you will find that powder will adhere for hours.

Another thing I wish you young girls would learn is to select a complexion-powder that matches your skin in tone. Be sure it is not too light, or you will have that common, whitewashed look that is so objectionable. This holds true even if you have become sunburned. Ask for a suntan-powder, and as the tan fades mix a lighter shade of powder with the suntan to match your complexion.

Put the suntan-powder in an empty box and add some of your regular powder; put on the lid, and shake it vigorously. As your tan fades continue to add more of the regular shade of powder, being sure always that it matches the skin in tone. The truth is that until the advent of suntan-powder I was never able to match my skin in tone. Some time just take the trouble to make the experiment with various shades of powder.

YOU may possibly be able to get samples from your favorite shop, and when you have found the right tone or combination of tones purchase a supply and mix it in small quantities so that you may match your skin at any stage. Take a full puff of powder, press it on the cheeks, chin, and forehead, and then dust if off daintily. Never rub it into the skin, for it is meant only as a light dusting to soften the complexion.

So remember, young girls, if you would have your complexion appear always at its loveliest, to cleanse it thoroughly every night, and nourish it at least twice a week during the Autumn and Winter months, and see that the powder you select matches your skin in tone. And, of course, you will all use rouge and lipstick, but, please, use them only to accentuate your natural charms.

You may ask just what type of rouge you should use. Well, the next time you go to purchase some ask for cream rouge, which, by the way, is the most satisfactory for general use. If your present lipstick does not match in general tone purchase one that does. I have found it more convenient to use cream rouge for both cheeks and lips when making-up at home, but when "repairing" my make-up during the day or evening the compact rouge and lip-stick are carefully chosen to match.

THEY BECOME BEAUTY-CONSCIOUS IN THEIR EARLY TEENS

Drawings by William Reed

"The Young Girl's Beauty-List" will be sent to you free of charge. Write, enclosing a stamped envelop addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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VOTED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ARTS

by John Barrymore
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
F. Scott Fitzgerald

MISS JULIA EVANS, *of St. Louis, Missouri, chosen from among Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful woman in the arts. She is photographed here with the famous Benda masks.*

"BEWILDERING"—the judges found their task when it came to choosing the most beautiful woman in the arts among users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Every type, every locality, seemed to be represented. There was a slim little golden-haired dancer from California. There was a grave-faced young violinist from Pennsylvania, with a head that might have been engraved on a Greek coin. There was a curly-haired art student from Kansas City—a tall young sculptress from Connecticut—and out of San Antonio, Texas, came the lovely laughing face of a singer of Spanish folk songs.

From hundreds of entrants the judges chose Miss Julia Evans, a young dramatic student of St. Louis.

★

Her beauty is very distinguished, very individual, with something rich and golden about it that somehow suggests the rippling play of light on Western wheatfields. Long lovely lines that give her most unconscious attitudes a wonderful plastic grace—a slightly husky contralto voice full of haunting undertones and overtones—a face as beautifully modeled as a statue's, but warm with color and life.

She is a member of "The Players" of St. Louis and has played in various amateur productions. She is "serious" about the stage—hopes to act professionally some day—and is all on the side of the revolutionists in drama.

When asked about her lovely skin—fair, warm in color, as if the sun had given it just a hint of the gold that is in her hair and in her voice—Miss Evans said that she had used Woodbury's for years, and that she found it matchless for keeping her skin in good condition.

"I know Woodbury's must be absolutely pure, for while other soaps have a tendency to irritate my skin, Woodbury's has just the opposite effect. It gives it an almost velvety softness. I love the feeling of my skin right after I have used Woodbury's—refreshed, invigorated—deliciously smooth."

FROM all over the country their letters come to us—letters from the beautiful girls and women of every community—telling how Woodbury's Facial Soap has benefited their skin. Only a few of their photographs can be printed in this series—only an indication of the thousands of women throughout America whom Woodbury's has helped to gain and keep a fresh, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today and see how much it will do for *your* skin. *You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"*

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2127 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

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COLORS ... *glorious colors*

that only fast-drying "Rogers" can give you

Over 20 *million* cans sold to date to beautify thousands of homes ..

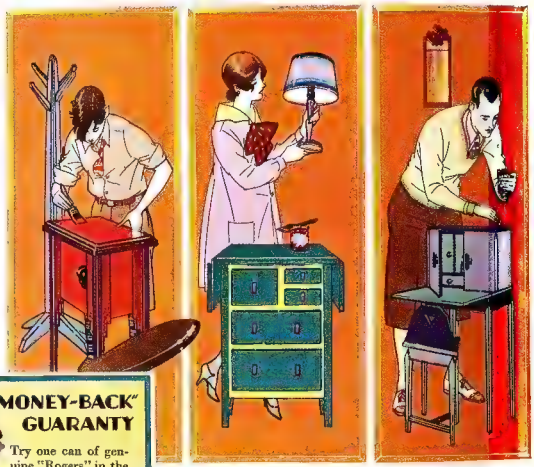
FROM the very first, Rogers Brushing Lacquer has been a highly perfected and satisfactory product—*different* and *modern*.

But the "Rogers" you so easily and so artistically use *today* is even more highly perfected. As a result of continued scientific laboratory development, 63 important improvements have been added.

For example, "Rogers" colors, always distinctive and beautiful, are today more exquisite than ever. Application is now even easier than before. The "Rogers" finish is now richer and more lustrous.

Over 20 millions of cans of "Rogers" have been sold to date to people like yourself.

And these radiant "Rogers" *lacquer* colors —unequaled in any other type of finish—are today the vogue, the accepted style, for utility and decorative purposes in thousands of homes, offices, stores, schools, etc.



"MONEY-BACK" GUARANTY

Try one can of genuine "Rogers" in the oriental can. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund entire purchase price.

Actually dries while you wait

"Rogers," of course, is famous for its exquisite *lacquer* colors. But it is also famous for easy application, fast drying and great durability. You do a chair, for instance, in any "Rogers" color and have it back in service again within the hour.

Another attractive feature of "Rogers" is that *anyone* can use it. No special skill or experience is needed. You merely *flow* the beautiful colors on *with a full* brush. Even inexperienced "daubers" get fine results.

"Rogers" quickly levels itself out—forms a smooth, lustrous coating of color, right over old or new surfaces. Then it *actually* . . .

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT. Dries without a sign of laps or brush marks. Dries so quickly that no dust or flying particles can settle in. (That is why a "Rogers" finish is always smooth as satin.) Dries to a tough, hard, porcelain-like finish that wears, and *wears* and WEARS.

26 glorious colors

"Rogers" now offers you a range of fast-drying lacquer colors that only "glorious" can begin to describe. There are 26 wonderful standard colors, and unlimited exquisite shades and tints at your command.

Then there are six rich, dark colors especially recommended for hard outdoor service as well as for indoor uses. Also white, black, clear and a special new "Rogers" particularly for *linoleum*.

Get a "Rogers" color card from a nearby dealer and see these *modern* colors.

At leading dealers'

Genuine "Rogers" is today obtainable everywhere. Leading paint, hardware and department stores carry it.

To be sure of "Rogers" easy application, perfect fast drying and distinctive colors insist upon the genuine. It always comes in the familiar "oriental" can illustrated. And every can is backed by the "Money-Back" Guaranty printed above.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

Also distributed and guaranteed by: ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY, Lincoln, Nebraska; THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY, Dayton, Ohio and Toronto, Ont., Canada; THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO., Chicago, Illinois; PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., of CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Canada; LEWIS BERGER and SONS, LTD., London, England, and Sydney, Australia; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., London, England, and Sydney, Australia.

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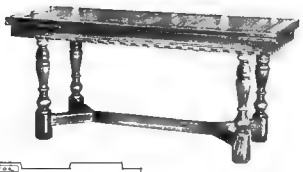
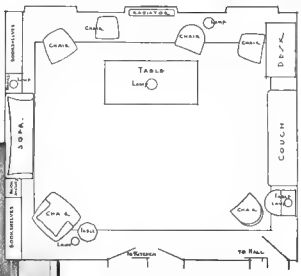
SIMPLICITY IN LIVING

Compactly arranged, charmingly furnished, the one-room apartment serves all your living needs

By ELSIE DREW KENNEDY



THOSE who are called from one part of the country to another on business or pleasure or who must live alone or in congested cities find in the one-room apartment a place they can call "home." To properly fulfil its purpose such a room requires practically no special furniture beyond a table suitable for dining, a comfortable day-bed, and possibly a book-case, a secretary, or a low-boy that can take the place of a sideboard in providing storage-space for silver, china, glass, and table-linens.



OF THE various convertible types now available, none is more popular than the refectory-table with solidly constructed, draw-out extensions for extra dining capacity. The example illustrated above is sturdily built of worm-eaten chestnut, antique brown in color and waxed to a subdued polish.

AS INDICATED on the accompanying plan, a one-room apartment should be so arranged that there will be unobstructed passage between the table and the kitchenette. The larger pieces of furniture should be ranged along the walls in well-balanced groups, as this tends to increase the size of this room of many purposes, and order adds to its charm.

A SEAMLESS chenille rug of soft reseda-green forms an appropriate foundation for the furnishing-scheme, in which English, French, and modern pieces are effectively combined against a textured wall-paper background of old ivory, with corresponding woodwork. The rose-upholstered sofa (above) is flanked by sky-scraper bookcases, lacquered in Midas green and lined with dull gilt tea-chest paper. Not only magazines and books, but table-silver, glass, and china find accommodation in these bookcases, adding utility to their beauty. Cushions and slip-covers are of semiglazed chints, rose-flowered on green. Good springs and mattress, plus an attractive cover and cushions, make the day-bed (below) comfortable for sleep and attractive as an extra couch.

. Photos by Walter H. Evans

REGULATION dining-chairs are here replaced by comfortable armchairs, each distinctive in material and design, but all light enough to be easily moved. The table may be used for delightful, companionable meals, and after meal-hours, which occupy but a small portion of the time, it serves as a library-table, with ample room for books and magazines.

"BRUSHING UP ON THINGS"

Autumn is just the time to freshen up the house with lacquer. Pictorial Review has a free leaflet giving detailed directions for its use. The leaflet also suggests many interesting color combinations. Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Elsie Drew Kennedy, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, for your copy.

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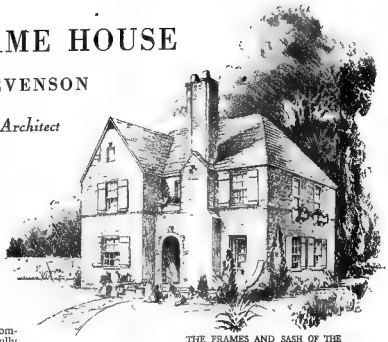
A STEEL-FRAME HOUSE

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

Max A. Bernhardt, Architect



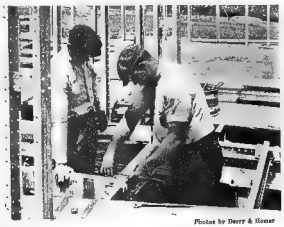
THE FRAMES AND SASH OF THE METAL CASEMENT-WINDOWS ARE FINISHED IN SOFT BLUE

STEEL construction has made possible many notable contributions to modern architecture in the years since 1889, when the Eiffel Tower, rising to a height of 984 feet over Paris, proclaimed the adaptability of metal as a structural material. That this colossal tower still stands intact is, of course, also ample proof of the durability of metal.

The sky-scraper, which really owes its existence to steel construction, is an even more generally familiar example of the usefulness of metal in building. Behind its face of masonry every sky-scraper has the hidden strength of a massive framework composed of steel beams and supports, each carefully fabricated to fit snugly into its right place. And now the methods which have been so successfully followed in sky-scraper construction are being applied to houses.

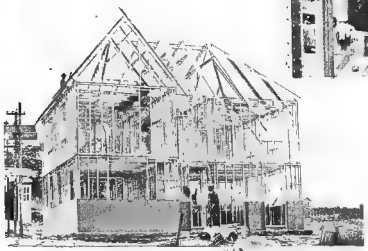
The steel frame of a house is, naturally, much lighter than the framework of a sky-scraper, but it is as carefully fabricated and numbered for convenience in assembling. Fortunately, it is also adaptable, so that there need be no restrictions imposed on the choice of architectural treatments and structural materials.

The steel-frame house presented on this page is attractively developed in stone, with a roof of slate, blended in black, gray, and blue.

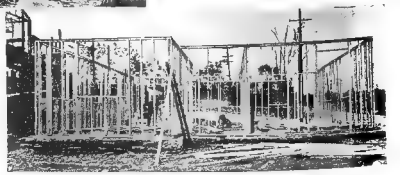


Photos by Berry & Homer

The picture immediately above gives an excellent idea of the size and form of the various steel-framing units, and it also indicates how the pieces are bolted together to form a rigid frame.

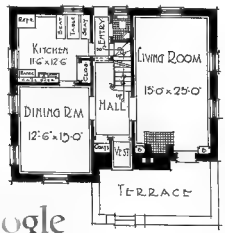


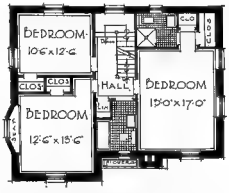
The view below shows the structure when only the first-story framework has been set. The progress made in just ten days is revealed at the left—the roofing framework practically completed, and the application of a wall-insulator well under way.



The interior arrangement and equipment are thoroughly in line with contemporary demand. Every room is accurately proportioned to its use, and each is properly cross-lighted. The lighting is particularly generous in the living-room, where there are windows on three sides.

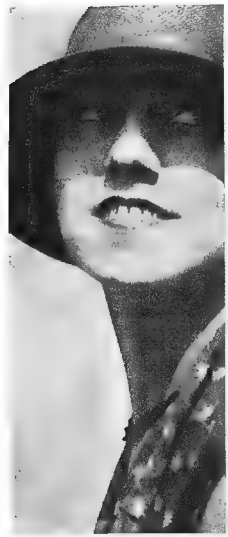
Built-in bookcases and a fireplace add further interest to the living-room. A lavatory and a kitchen breakfast-nook are other commendable features.





THE TWO BATHROOMS ON THE SECOND FLOOR ARE EQUIPPED WITH COLORED PLUMBING FIXTURES

For further information, without charge, regarding this house send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



Can your teeth stand the test of public view? Or is "acid-mouth" gaining victory in its destructive fight? This insidious foe, resulting from food ferment, drills and drills and drills at the teeth enamel. Cavities follow . . . your teeth start to go. But just put Pebeco to work...Pebeco with its cooling tang, its tonic properties. Then acid mouth is definitely and absolutely checked, and the white, sparkling beauty of your teeth restored. Do just this: Give Pebeco a week's special trial. Then you'll know *why* Pebeco keeps its friends.

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

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NOW—THANKS TO POND'S

these softer, finer tissues to remove cold cream . . . this gentler, more refreshing tonic to banish oiliness

HAVE you seen what Pond's has given you? Tissues for removing cold cream—so much softer than any you've ever used before! Skin Freshener, the gentlest that ever touched your cheeks!

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, you'll find, are the safe, sure, immaculate way to remove cold cream. Marvelously absorbent, they fairly soak up the cream and dirt.

And how much more sanitary! Now the unsightly "cold cream" rag can be banished, good towels spared! And your sensitive skin spared, too—for these tissues are softer than the finest linen. Snowy-white, ample in size, low in price, they make the old methods of removing cold cream seem positively crude!

Used as handkerchiefs, in case of colds, they prevent the spread of infection. Particular housewives keep boxes of them in nursery, bathroom and kitchen in the interests of today's more hygienic living.

Pond's Skin Freshener, delicately fragrant, will also at once become a part of your daily toilette.

It's a boon to every cold cream user—for though cream has thoroughly cleansed your skin, and tissues have wiped it away, there remains an appearance and "feel" of oiliness. This, Pond's Freshener completely banishes, leaving your skin immaculate, refreshed, cool! And does it without the least irritation.

It's a bracing tonic, too, and a mild astringent—closing and reducing the pores, refining the skin, toning, clearing. It wakes up sluggish, sallow skins, coaxes a lovely color to pale cheeks.

USE THESE TWO GIFTS Pond's makes for you as follows, and your skin will have a more vivid look of life and loveliness:

Cleanse face, neck, and shoulders with cold cream, using lavishly to flush all dirt from pores to surface. Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues folded in your hand, using two together and discarding them for fresh ones as often as necessary.

Next, soak a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener, dabbing briskly over face and neck. Leave it on for several seconds. Pat dry. Last a cream for finishing and a dainty "make up!"

You're ready for the day or evening now, "beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful"—thanks to Pond's!

Fold Tissues over hand, remove cream gently . .

Soak cotton with Freshener, pat on briskly . .

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES

. . indispensable to remove cold cream after cleansing . . economical, hygienic

Ample, absorbent, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are fine enough for the most sensitive skin. They absorb oil and moisture instantly. Use and throw them away! No more insanitary cold cream "rags," no more good towels ruined. Useful as handkerchiefs in case of colds, and in a dozen other ways. 25¢, 50¢.

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

. . essential to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing . . tones, refines

Bracing and refreshing, Pond's Skin Freshener used after your cold cream cleansing, leaves your complexion cool and smooth, ready for finishing cream and powder. This fragrant skin tonic closes and refines the pores, tones the skin, keeps it young, firm and fine textured. Bottled with screw cap, 50¢, $1.00.

SEND 10¢ *for samples of these new Pond's preparations and the famous Two Creams, Cold and Vanishing.*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
108 F Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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46

The WORLD OVER·

BRILLO
Cleans
Aluminum·agate
wood·glass

Brillo, the *modern* cleanser, saves time, work, hands, money . . . makes old utensils look like new. Brillo is quicker, easier, better, cheaper. It attacks rust, stain or grease with equal vigor. Cleans every substance, polishes every surface. And each Brillo pad can be used again and again. Brillo—the soft fibre, lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—is harmless to dainty hands. Housewives everywhere acclaim it. 220,000,000 packages sold! And it is sanitary, *guaranteed*. Brillo makes utensils shine . . . *Aluminum*, iron, nickel, copper, windows, woodwork, tiling . . . everything. Try Brillo today!

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10, and 25c stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package . . . 10¢ . . . write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—*the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.*

MAKING A JELLY-ROLL

A jelly-roll is a thin, rectangular sponge-cake which is spread with a tart or sweet filling as soon as it is turned out of the pan, rolled and wrapped in a cloth to shape. The basic sponge-cake recipe given below makes two cakes. You may vary these by adding different flavorings before baking and different fillings after baking.

Photos by Mayer-Kuck

1

2

1. First assemble all ingredients and utensils. Success in cake-making depends on accurate measurement, skilful manipulation, and baking at just the right temperature. Separate 4 eggs and beat the yolks until light. Add gradually 2 cupfuls of sifted granulated sugar and 8 tablespoonfuls of cold water.

3

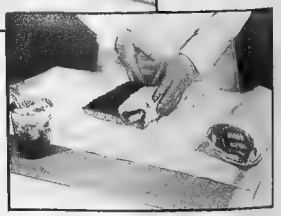
2. Sift together 2 cupfuls of previously sifted flour, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add to the latter a little at a time. Cakes made without fat depend for lightness upon the air beaten into the eggs, so blend with a gentle motion, using a wire whisk. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry.

3. Fold in the egg whites with a continuous rotary motion, turning the bowl as you work, and keeping the whisk always parallel to the sides of the bowl, mixing but not beating. Unless the egg whites are well mixed the cake will be coarse in texture, but if they are roughly handled the cake will be heavy and tough.

4

4. Grease 2 low rectangular pans, 7½ inches by 11¾ inches, with salt-free fat and dust well with flour, shaking out the excess. Divide the batter. One-half of it will fill each pan to just the right depth, about ⅝ inch. Bake in a moderate oven about 315 degrees F., until a golden brown and a straw inserted in the center comes out clean

5



6

5. Turn out on a cloth, sprinkled with sifted confectioners' sugar; trim the edges so that it will roll without breaking.

6. Over the surface spread a tart jelly, and roll the cake while it is still warm, wrapping the cloth.

7

7. Sprinkle the roll with confectioners' sugar before slicing. To make the chocolate-roll divide the batter before adding the egg whites, and to one portion add 1 square of melted chocolate and ½ teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake. Spread with sweetened whipped cream.

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ALREADY *America's* Most Sensational Dentifrice Success

Quick, combined benefits you can now have each time you brush your teeth.

Quick facts about DR. WEST'S *modern tooth paste:*

1 QUICK, TWO-FOLD POLISHING (not scouring!). Two gentle polishing agents restore natural smooth brilliance of enamel.

2 ACTIVE COOLING AND REFRESHING of the whole mouth—a unique and delightful result that lasts amazingly. Children love it.

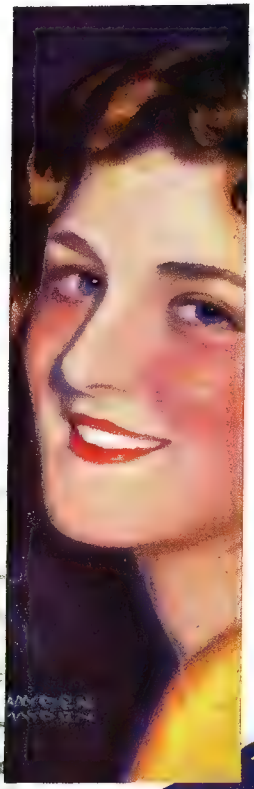
3 POSITIVE INVIGORATION AND PROTECTION FOR GUMS—no harsh, coarse particles to injure sensitive tissue.

4 ACID CONDITIONS NEUTRALIZED INSTANTLY—each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—by milk of magnesia and other pure antacids.

5 STAINING, STICKY DEPOSITS DISSOLVED AND REMOVED by purest, costly vegetable cleansers.

6 AN ACTIVE, FOAMY CLEANSING SOLUTION—so generous it fairly floods, and washes, tiny crevices of the teeth.

7 UNUSUAL SPEED OF ACTION—these combined results are complete, each brushing!



More than ten million tubes sold in first 100 days. Have you *tested its delightful results?*

An average of 10,000 requests for a dentifrice as good as the famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush, have come to us each year.

And now this modern dentifrice—DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—has won instant and surprising success. Quicker and larger success than that of any other product in this field, to the best of our knowledge.

How are you concerned?

If interested in giving your teeth the best care possible, you will want to test a dentifrice which so many have wanted—and which millions have quickly approved.

Note what new results it has been perfected to give:

Two distinct polishing actions *(not scouring!)* that supplement each other. An *extra thorough* cleansing that restores the natural smooth brilliance of enamel.

This *quickly* brightens teeth.

The whole mouth is cooled and actively refreshed each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Smokers, particularly, appreciate this result—which lasts amazingly. Children, too, delight in the pleasant, blended "flavor."

Quick, combined results

Because perfected for hurried, modern users, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste acts with uncommon quickness. *Results are complete, each time you use it.*

And all the other good results, desirable in caring for your teeth, are here combined. *Invigoration and protection of the gums* (no coarse, harsh particles). *Neutralizing of mouth acids. A generous, foamy wash that thoroughly reaches and cleanses every tiny crevice.*

TO GET A TUBE

FREE

{large 25c size; not a sample}

Today go to your favorite store. Buy the famous 50c DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. You will receive free a large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Try it. There'll be results you can see, feel, actually taste! Base your judgment on them. (This offer good in Canada, also.) The WESTERN COMPANY, *Chicago, U.S.A.*

The toothbrush dentists urge is DR. WEST'S

Still another way to secure a test:

FREE—20 BRUSHINGS

WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... PR929

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Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III

"master" of SUNNY RIDGE FARM

Protected by this simple plan every mother can use

The gift of a distinguished name . . . all the advantages of assured social position . . . every luxury of wealth . . . Since the day he was born these pleasant things have belonged to Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III.

Sturdy and rosy in his knitted English shorts, the little boy trots busily about his father's southern peach orchards at Pinehurst. In his yellow head there's not an idea of the care that has constantly surrounded him. Yet at Sunny Ridge Farm, the lovely country home to which he is heir, all centers on him on his happiness and welfare.

The best child specialists watch his growth and physical progress. Their instructions are faithfully carried out. His exercise is planned, his play regulated, his diet painstakingly supervised.

A new light on this important decision

All this expert knowledge heaped on one small boy—to give him every chance to do his best in work and play! Yet they've decided one important thing the same way that almost every mother decides it for herself.

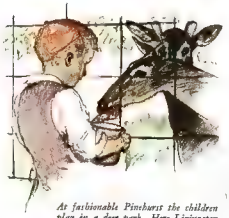
Advised by famous child specialists, Mrs. Biddle gives Livingston that *hot, cooked* cereal long thought of as the children's own—good old Cream of Wheat. He eats it every day, for breakfast and supper.

"Livingston was a very young baby when the doctors first prescribed Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Biddle. "He's been eating it regularly ever since and is wonderfully healthy."

Famous child specialists agree on this

This decision of the Biddles' physicians is supported by the most eminent child specialists. Recently 221 members of leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Toronto were asked about cereals for growing children.

Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Ludlow Biddle, II of the Philadelphia Biddles, whose winter estate is Sunny Ridge Farm, Pinehurst, N. C. He is the grandson of that famous financier, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle



At fashionable Pinehurst the children play in a deer park. Here Livingston spends happy, healthful outdoor hours on the slides or little merry-go-round

On the Biddle estate is a brook. Livingston's outdoor play, like his Cream of Wheat breakfast, is part of Mrs. Biddle's health program

To a man, every single one of these distinguished specialists approves Cream of Wheat!

For years they have known that Cream of Wheat is rich in just the energy needed by growing little minds and bodies. With all the harsh part of the grain removed, it is amazingly easy to digest and this energy is quickly released.

Let your youngsters benefit from this simple, easy care that's given Livingston Biddle. See that they have a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pennies, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, DEPT. E-34, MINNEAPOLIS

Child's name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here .....

Livingston Biddle eats that cereal which helps keep millions of other children well—Cream of Wheat

CREAM OF WHEAT

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Photo by Mayer-Kuch

BROWN BREAD MADE WITH SOUR MILK DOES NOT DRY OUT QUICKLY

USE YOUR SOUR MILK

By Harriet George Cooke

A WOMAN can scarcely be classed as a poor housekeeper just because she allows perfectly good milk to sour. Criticism is properly cast on her, however, should she allow this milk to be unused. Milk in this state is just as valuable to one's body as is fresh milk in that it contains exactly the same elements. The vitamins are not destroyed by this change, nor do the minerals, for which milk is noted, have even so much as a chance to escape.

To be sure, it is the flavor and the consistency which are changed in this simple process of souring caused by bacteria, and with these changes we have a slightly different change in its use in cookery.

Sour milk and sour cream can be used for all kinds of cookery, but desserts and quick breads are the easiest to make.

The following recipe for brown bread, tho not the Boston, is especially popular, and makes a good-sized loaf, each slice of which seems just a little better than the last, since it is a moist product and does not dry out quickly.

Brown Bread

1 Cupful Molasses
2 Teaspoonfuls Soda
1 Cupful Flour
2 Cupfuls Sour Milk
2 Cupfuls Graham Flour
1 Cupful Dates, Raisins, or Prunes (Cut)
1 Teaspoonful Salt

MIX the milk and molasses. Add the soda and mix well. Add the remaining dry ingredients and fruit. Pour into a shallow buttered pan, and bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour.

Dropped baking-powder biscuits are not only made remarkably quick, but are delightfully delicious to eat.

Dropped Biscuits

2 Cupfuls Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Cupful Sour Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
½ Teaspoonful Soda

CUT the shortening into the sifted dry ingredients. Mix the soda with the milk and add to the first mixture. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on a greased pan, and bake in a quick oven for about 15 minutes.

And as a dessert may we include

Soft Molasses Gingerbread

1 Cupful Molasses
1 Cupful Sour Milk
2½ Cupfuls Flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls Soda
½ Cupful Melted Shortening
2 Teaspoonfuls Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Salt

MIX the soda with the milk and add to the molasses. Sift the dry ingredients and combine the mixtures. Add the shortening and beat thoroughly. Pour into buttered muffin-tins and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and mixed with crushed pineapple, for a dessert.

Milton Pudding

1 Cupful Dried Breadcrums
2 Cupfuls Sour Milk
1 Ounce Chocolate
1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon

MIX the soda with the milk. Add the bread-crums, and soak for 15 to 20 minutes. Mix together the melted chocolate, sugar, cinnamon, salt, soaked crums, and the egg, slightly beaten. Turn into an oiled pudding-dish and bake over hot water for 1½ hour. Serve with a fruit sauce.

Butter-Scotch Pie

1 Cupful Sour Cream
2 Tablespoonful Flour
Yolks 2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

MIX the flour, sugar, salt, cream, eggs (slightly beaten), vanilla, and the melted butter. Pour into an unbaked crust and bake in a very hot oven for about 10 minutes; then decrease heat to bake custard. Test with a knife, remembering that when the custard is cooked it will not adhere to the blade. Make meringue with egg whites and 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Cocoa Loaf Cake

2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Shortening
3 Eggs
½ Cupful Cocoa
2 Cupfuls Pastry-flour
½ Cupful Hot Water
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
2½ Teaspoonfuls Vanilla
1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Sour Milk

BEAT the sugar and shortening until light. Add the eggs and beat again. Pour the hot water on the cocoa, add the soda to the milk, and combine all the ingredients. Beat well. Bake in an oiled loaf-pan in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes.

The Icing

1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Sour Cream

BOIL the ingredients together, stirring constantly until the boiling-point is reached. Continue cooking until a soft ball is formed when tried in cold water. Cool slightly. Beat until creamy, adding ½ teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread on cake and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

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HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

"Thank God! At last I'll be able to read and write."

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health—even of saving his life.

Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, the important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite all their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates how to read and write and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to be able to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and learn to read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.

It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born—more than three million illiterate Americans. Many of them have never had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages concerning sanitation and prevention of disease—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

Will you give someone a present that he would not exchange for hundreds of dollars — the ability to read and write—a present which costs you nothing?

Find *your* illiterate. If you will help him to learn to read and write, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you, free of cost, grooved writing pads and illustrated lessons for beginners.

Ask for Booklet 99-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT, ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

50 HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

JOIN the crowd when summer days beckon to action.

Help yourself to health. Eat these better bran flakes made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You never tasted such delicious bran flakes. They have that famous flavor of PEP. Crisp and tasty to the last spoonful.

Rich in nourishment too. You get the healthful elements of the wheat. Plus just enough bran to be mildly laxative. Let the whole family have these bowlfuls of health at any meal. Ready-to-eat with milk or cream. Delicious with honey.

Ask for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Sold in the red-and-green package.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN —another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.

BETTER BRAN FLAKES

Photo by Keystone

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

The first school-days

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

CHILDREN between the ages of 2 and 6 years are sometimes spoken of as "preschool-age children." In many places this is not exactly accurate, for we now have the nursery-school, play-school, and kindergarten for these little ones.

The nursery - school and play - school admit children from 18 months up to 4 years of age, while the kindergarten takes care of those between 4 and 6.

The nursery - school or play - school teaches little children cleanly bodily habits and how to play in groups or by oneself. It has trained teachers and assistants to help the children develop individually—mentally, morally, and physically. They are taught how to eat properly at table, to wash their faces and hands, to go up and down-stairs, to play games, sing songs, listen well to stories, use crayons, etc.

They usually stay in the nursery-school from 8:30 A. M. until 3 P. M., where they are given out-of-door play, a dinner planned by a dietician, and then a nap. This gives busy mothers time to attend to their own work, whether at home or in some employment.

The director of such a school is usually an expert in child psychology, nutrition, and hygiene; hence the mother may feel her child is receiving training which she would otherwise hardly be able to give him.

The kindergarten's field of usefulness is so well known that no description need be given here in this limited space. If a child has attended both the nursery-school and the kindergarten he is well prepared for regular school by the time he enters it at 6 years of age. There is no longer need of a "neglected period of childhood," as the preschool-age child was once spoken of.

To prepare for any sort of school, children should have been vaccinated for smallpox, have had the three protective inoculations for diphtheria, and have eyes, ears, nose, and throat in perfect condition, including the removal of enlarged adenoids and tonsils if necessary. A thorough physical examination should be given each child, either by the family doctor, school doctor, or at some children's clinic.

Mothers are sometimes so situated that they can not send their little children to school before they enter the regular school at the age of 6 years. We are always glad to assist in such cases, as we have provided leaflets and diet-lists for children of this period of life.

Our Good Health Extension Class assists mothers in feeding and caring for little children of the so-called "preschool-age" and for children up to 12 years old. It will aid in selecting the correct diet for growing children and will advise how to build up the undernourished child, what to do to help a nervous or anemic child, how to safely reduce weight in overweight children, how to correct bad habits, and how to care for the teeth; also many other details connected with this period of childhood.

Our diet-lists for children from 2 to 6 years of age give seven sets of well-balanced meals, and our leaflet of tables of weight and height discusses this subject in detail.

To receive these leaflets or to join our Good Health Extension Class send us the child's name and age, with a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself, stating just what you wish.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Now Breakfast Breads are Interestingly Varied

The head of the family is as enthusiastic as the youngest member when Cinnamon Buns *are served for breakfast*

THE PERFECT BREAKFAST is never the same two mornings in succession!

The menu that is utterly delightful today may seem trite and dull tomorrow for the very essence of perfection at breakfast time is *variety*.

Try toasted Raisin Buns some morning and see how good they taste with scrambled eggs and bacon. Or, serve milk-toast instead of cereal, occasionally.

At your baker's or at the bakery counter at your grocer's you can always get one or several delicious breads to serve for every occasion.

If you are accustomed to a light breakfast, you will enjoy Braided Coffee Ring or Honey Coffee Cake or Cinnamon Buns with your coffee and fruit. But universal favorites though they are, not even Cinnamon Buns should be served two days in succession.

Nowadays your baker offers you a choice of dozens of fascinating varieties of bread. He makes dainty, crusty brown rolls, as well as beautifully baked loaves of Whole Wheat, Raisin, Rye and White Bread. His sweetened buns are varied by nuts, raisins, jam or jelly; and his coffee cakes are particularly rich and tempting.

All of his breads look so attractive and have such an appetizing aroma you will probably be tempted to serve several different kinds at every meal.

Your baker and your grocer both offer "specials"

Every community today has its up-to-date bakeries, shining with cleanliness, where skillful bakers make breads in interesting variety. They are made of fine ingredients and are always beautifully baked, a delight to the eye as well as to the appetite. Ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials." You can always get just the right bread to serve whatever the occasion may be. Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

Plump, juicy, luscious raisins are selected for your baker's Raisin Buns. Honey Coffee Cake *spread with honey, butter and ground almonds is a great favorite for luncheon as well as for breakfast.* Braided Coffee Ring *gleaming richly brown through its dainty vanilla icing is equally delicious with coffee, milk, tea or chocolate. Wouldn't you like a spicy, tender, delicately frosted* Cinnamon Bun *with your coffee tomorrow morning?*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

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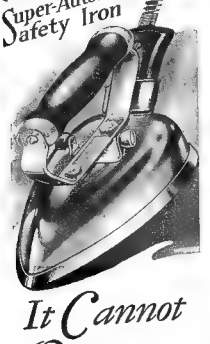
Super-Automatic Safety Iron



It Cannot Overheat!

SHOULD you, in your haste to answer the telephone or attend some other urgent matter, forget to turn off the UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic Iron, you will find on returning that its safety switch has "remembered" for you—the current is always automatically disconnected before iron reaches an excessive temperature, and remains so until turned on again by hand.

The UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic Safety Iron makes ironing easy and pleasant—free from petty annoyances:

Its ironing temperature is quickly regulated to needs of fabric by *Finger-tip Control Buttons,* operated at will of user.

Its Exclusive Round Heel, tapered point and beveled edges make it practically *Wrinkle-proof* on backward as well as forward strokes.

Its Large Ironing Surface and *Heat Storage Capacity* under all conditions insure fast and economical ironing at properly maintained temperatures.

It is a Beautiful Iron in appearance and a wonderful iron in performance—an iron which you will delight in owning and which invites your inspection and comparison at your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer.

Reassure yourself of the best in electric appliances for the home, always insist upon UNIVERSAL — the standard of fine household equipment and the choice of discerning home managers for over 75 years.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

Master Metalsmiths for Over Three-quarters of a Century

New Britain, Conn.

WHAT DOES THE YOUNGER GENERATION BELIEVE?

Continued from Page 4

knocking the heads of the old gang together, and setting out on a new and gallant adventure. I remember looking up into the sky and thinking, "In ten years the young things will be flying just as we took to motoring. The air will be full of them."

Well, the ten years have gone. And the air is practically empty. An occasional heroic soul performs a stunt or a certain amount of commercial enterprise. But on the whole the young things have stayed firmly and safely on the ground. Not from lack of funds nor from lack of courage, but from lack of something much more vital.

And the same old gang is still at the helm, steaming the ship toward Heaven knows what new catastrophe. The young things will be the chief sufferers sun themselves on the passengers' deck. Appalling acts of judicial injustice and political corruption are committed. They raise no protest except among the veterans who have a glimmer of the old fires, sent to their death. The young things remain passive. What of it? The world is like that. In a hundred years we'll all be dead anyhow. They regard the Kellogg Treaty, the League of Nations, and the Cruiser Bill with equal indifference. So the old gang are up to their tricks again? It's a joke. If you don't like it—go and get drunk.

I have no doubt that in the next war they'll fight. But not as the 1914 generation fought. They'll fight with their eyes open and their tongues in their cheek—which is a quite new and peculiarly unpleasant way of fighting. There'll be no romancing about, and propaganda will be at a discount.

The young things, inured to blah and bunk in all its forms, will have no use for the stories of dismembered babies and crucified heroes, nor for the outworn, dishonored appeals on behalf of humanity, democracy, justice, or what not. If they fight it will be from sheer lack of any definite purpose or conviction, and perhaps in the faint hope of getting a new and different sort of "kick." War, at any rate, is an honest avowal of moral bankruptcy, and the young things, to do them justice, are all out for honesty.

In a word, I accuse them of faithlessness and spinelessness. But I don't blame them, and I am beginning to see that the cynical war-cry of "Blah and bunk" has not only a heroic ring to it, but may be a sort of biological necessity, if the human race is to survive.

It may be that an interim generation that can't and won't believe in anything may be our best defense against a recrudescence of that hypocrisy or false idealism that is responsible for the world's worst crimes against itself. It may be the bridge over which we can pass to a new and honest faith. If so it is also a martyr generation.

IT WOULD, no doubt, have surprised people of the twelfth century if they had been told they were living in the dark ages. Probably they were rather pleased with themselves. At any rate they knew no better. They had no historical perspective. And it would surprise us equally if we knew that in the year 2000 A. D. the historians would be labeling this century as the "second period of obscurity." Yet that is probably how they will see it.

They will even point out certain interesting parallels—the World War, for instance, the terrific epidemics which outdid by thousands the devastation of the black death, and the general bankruptcy of faith. They won't be impressed by our prosperity nor by our material discoveries. For it is conceivable that by that time they may have made the much more important discovery that man can not live by bread alone.

Now, it is not pleasant to be a young thing in the dark ages. It is a bitter, hard thing to go through life without one's gods. And the gods which kept the preceding generation more or less at peace with itself have gone. They have been ruthlessly torn down and laid in ruins.

It was perhaps necessary that they should be pushed over, but it should have occurred to the old gang who did the pushing that when they used a generous enthusiasm for justice, humanity, democracy, etc., to further their own peculiar ends, they were not only wiping out a few million lives in the process, but destroying the faith of their successors. It should have occurred to them, when they deliberately concocted lies in order to incite men to kill one another, that they were making it impossible for intelligent people to believe anything—even the truth. They left the young things with nothing but a snigger to live by.

Patriotism. Thanks. We've heard all that before. We love our country. So in order to enlarge somebody's pocketbook or somebody's crazy ambition we'll have to commit murder for it. And be murdered. All right. Go ahead. But leave out the blah and bunk, if you please. God? Religion? Do you remember that funny story of the neutral liner with the German pastor invoking God's aid against the English bishop and his congregation who were praying for victory at the other end of the boat? Go to church? Oh, if you want us to. But believe what we hear? Not on your life.

I think of a young man who had what is called the religious temperament, but no religion. He wanted one badly. But he was too honest to accept the only forms that were offered him. He said to me once:

"If the churches throughout the world had cast their anathema against that war, I suppose the churches would have been burned to the ground. But we would have built them up again with our own hands. And they wouldn't have been pseudo-Gothic or pseudo-anything. They would have been as inspired as Chartres was inspired—"

Justice. That's a good joke too. Want to get away with murder? Well, how much money have you got? Millionaires seldom go to prison. Haven't you noticed that? Do anything about it? Why, what's the use? Money. That's the way you'll get all the justice that matters to you.

THE young things haven't even their own integrity to hold on to. For it seems that when men lose faith in one another they also lose faith in themselves. A young girl was discussing marriage with me.

"I'll never marry," she declared, "or only as a temporary experiment. I wouldn't give my happiness into any one's keeping. I wouldn't trust any one."

"You mean," I suggested, "that you don't trust yourself."

She answered promptly and as a matter of fact that is what she did not. Like the majority of her generation, she took instability and impermanence in all human relations and institutions for granted. Nothing lasted. And nothing led anywhere save to the one inevitable and final conclusion. All that any one could do was to take what the moment offered and make the most of it. It's of no use talking about duty and responsibility. In the ears of the young things these terms have an ugly, hypocritical sound. In the name of duty and responsibility, and in the name of justice, religion, and patriotism, too many crimes have been committed.

It is dangerous to generalize. For there are always the exceptions. And I am obviously not talking about the rank and file, who in all ages are merely the passive acceptors of whatever is. I am talking about the active, adventuring, thinking class, to whom the world looks for its future leaders. And of such the horizon is disastrously empty.

Neither in art nor literature nor politics are the young things doing anything but trample round a noisy, purposeless circle. I do not believe it is because they lack the courage or ability to go forward, but because the mainspring of all great human endeavor is broken. They have no beliefs—or, more accurately, they

Continued on Page 54

Its usefulness doubled by this improvement

The new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (automatic)

"HI-LO" Brush Control, we have named the Bissell. The brush now fully adjusts itself automatically to form proper contact with *any* surface. Use the new Bissell on heavy chenille carpet or bare linoleum—it sweeps them all! And it does it easier, too. No hard bearing down—just a slight one-hand pressure for the smoother surfaces.

This sturdy broom and dustpan-on-wheels will save you work, time, and bother, and is kind to carpets. Why not have one? Use your old sweeper as an extra—get the better improved Bissell for daily use. Ask any leading furniture, hardware, or department store for a demonstration. A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$3.50 and up. The Bissell Booklet on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The new BISSELL SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

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Suds *below* the water —that's what counts!

Test shows how these instant suds wash faster because they go all through the water, not just on top

Demonstrate to yourself, by this simple test, how *rapidly* and *completely* Super Suds dissolves:

Take 4 glasses. In one put a teaspoon of Super Suds. In another a teaspoon of your favorite chip or flake. Fill other two glasses half-full with water of dishwashing temperature, and empty, together, into glasses containing soaps. Instantly Super Suds dissolves! Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with *under-water suds*. While in the other glass the gummy chips float on top or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly. Dramatic proof of the amazing speed of bead soap!

MADAM, are you willing to make a simple test—taking only 5 minutes of your time—if it will save you hours of work every week?

Then make the test described at right. See through transparent glass how Super Suds differs from other soaps, why it washes so much faster.

Make the test just as hard as possible for Super Suds. Compare it with your favorite soap—the best flakes or chips you ever used.

After the test you will understand why old-fashioned dishwashing was such a slow, dreary task. Why, with older forms of soap, grease was slow to dissolve, hard to rinse away.

But just see the difference this new soap makes! Wash dishes tonight with Super Suds. Pour Super Suds in your dishpan, turn on water. All dissolved! Ready for dishes! No stirring, no coaxing!

And here's the important thing about bead soap—it gives rich, instant suds *all through the water*. Under-water suds, that work down *below the surface*, where the real work is done.

These *under-water suds* attack grease on dishes faster than any other soap you ever used. Dishes are left absolutely free of grease and soil. Don't bother with wiping. Just a hot rinse, and dishes will dry shining bright and clean. No trace of soap film. No trace of grease film. And dishes done so much sooner!

Why only bead soap gives instant under-water suds

Super Suds is not chips. Not flakes. Something entirely different—soap in tiny, hollow *beads*. Four times thinner than the thinnest flake or chip. It is made by spraying melted soap from great towers, many stories high. In falling, the soap divides into millions of tiny bubbles, so incredibly fine that you can crush hundreds between thumb and finger.

That's why Super Suds simply melts into water like snow. That's why you get suds all through the water, where you need them. No other soap can dissolve like *bead* soap, because no other soap is anything like as thin.

Super Suds costs only 10 cents for a big box that holds 10 full cups. Order Super Suds from your grocer today.

4700

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢

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How to cure grouchy husbands

—by one of them

"I am a grouch. My father was a grouch and so was my Mayflower ancestor. I have long been loaded with crepe and vinegar. On my honeymoon, my wife diagnosed the cause. 'Quit using caffein,' she said. I did it for a week, then weakened. For 18 years I used caffein and remained a grouch.

"Then one morning my wife made some Postum. It looked good. I drank a cup and then a second. Now for more than a month, caffein has meant nothing to me. I' no longer read myself to sleep. Yesterday, I weighed 131 pounds—six pounds more than a month ago. I find I can whistle and stir up a smile.

"I started by proclaiming myself a grouch and I stick to it. But if you don't believe I have thrown off some of the crepe and vinegar and taken on some honey and molasses, just ask my wife."

CECIL EASTMAN
225 East Robinson Ave., Orlando, Fla.

* * *

RASPING nerves and lack of sleep can make a grouch of the most cheerful man living. A man simply can't smile when he has risen, tired and grumpy, from a sleepless bed. But the sad part of it is that so many men fail to trace their grouchiness to its source—often the artificial stimulant they take with their meals. They fail to realize that caffein, by disturbing sleep and the calling for use of much reserve energy, has turned many a man into a "bundle of nerves."

Try this test and see how it works in your case! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then judge!

Postum contains no trace of any artificial stimulant—nothing to fray nerves, keep you awake, or impair digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A wholesome drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor—a flavor that millions prefer.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P-P-B-2-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Continued from Page 52

have nothing to believe in. Hence an art and literature that, compared to the tremendous physical and social changes of the last twenty years, are relatively stagnant, and a political and international situation that, in spite of the lesson of 1914, is as ominous as it ever was.

And there is one other curious but inevitable result. Everywhere except where a new and vital faith has blazed up —as in Russia and Italy—the birth-rate is slowly but steadily sinking, and especially among the educated, intellectual classes. If prosperity and power are the only gods left, they are clearly not good enough.

On the face of it a bad lookout. For whatever else you can turn out by machinery you can not manufacture faith. You can't even transplant it. Such faiths as Bolshevism and Fascism are indigenous and, since they are wholly materialistic, impermanent. For us the old gods have crumpled and they can never be set up again. No doubt they had to go, but it is hard luck on the generation that has to live in the dust and chaos of their going—that has to struggle along without guidance, without any purpose that lends the individual a universal dignity and significance.

My generation tends to be critical and censorious. My own feeling is that we should not judge at all—or only with humility, compassion, and gratitude that the young things have done so well. To offer them, as many are trying to do, the old shibboleths to live by seems to me both hypocritical and a waste of time. The new faith, when it comes, will have to be something greater than anything that have nothing to do with parochial enthusiasms, either political or religious. It must have the quality of universality—of a world-embracing faith.

I believe it is coming to be inevitable. I only pray that it may come in time. For behind the plaster images of the old gods were abiding realities—behind the church, spirituality; behind patriotism, self-sacrifice, and behind the law, justice itself. Sooner or later the dust of the fallen images will subside, and a new generation, rediscovering what they so falsely represented, will relight their torches and pass out into a new Renaissance.

SURPRIZE

Continued from Page 17

"How long has this been going on?" she asked.

Poppy couldn't have answered, and Andrew wouldn't; sullen and redder than ever, he went out to sit on the front steps and watch the road.

Old Doak took him to task in his querulous way for loafing there. "What you at?"

"I'm waiting for him. That yellow skunk is the same's a murderer, and a murderer comes back, for all he can help it. You watch. You see."

He repeated it, with a deepening savagery, to the man from the sheriff's office who came out for what help Andrew could give. "You people keep out of this," he added; "you leave this to me." Pressed, he did yield the fact that it had been a big roadster with a Pennsylvania plate. But the double nine in the serial number he kept his own.

"He hit and run, and that's murder. And a murderer comes back to look and see."

"But you can't sit and watch this road forever."

"Why can't I?"

"But you wouldn't know him. You don't know the number or even the make of his car."

It was then that Andrew said the extraordinary thing. "I'll know the man."

THEREAFTER they couldn't have got his mouth open with a crowbar.

For five days it had been life or death with Poppy. On the sixth it seemed as if one of the alternatives had been very nearly removed. Despite the efforts of the handicapped country doctor an infection had gained headway in both of the torn arms. It was a Sunday; the rigs and Fords of neighbors, by from church, made a dingy brood around the limousine of the "big specialist" come at last from Philadelphia. Poppy could not see them of course, or hear them as more than a buzz of flies, but she knew what they were saying.

No one would have suspected it. She lay so blank and still that she might have been in coma. This was partly self-defense. The minister terrified her with his specious optimism and his static smile; she hoped if she pretended unconsciousness he would go away and stay away. But then Andrew, perversely dumb, was always getting him back.

Only partly; mainly she lay as dead as she did because all her will was centered in the hearing of her ears. By her very will, in the shadow of death, she magnified the single sense enormously. In the next room but one, where the specialist conferred with Dr. Melody and Calla and her father, it never occurred to them that Poppy could hear a word of what they were saying. But Poppy heard.

If only she hadn't. It was having heard that made what she was to do a lie from the beginning.

Poor Andrew, sleepless and wordless, days and nights, he went to pieces, waiting. He came and thumped down on his knees by the bed and buried his head in his hands.

"I love you. I want you to marry me. I want you to marry me now."

Horror. It gave Poppy the breath to speak. "No! No! No! No!"

It was his own fault. Where he had always a little lacked words, now they roiled and tumbled out of his mouth. How he loved her. Always had. Had only gone to see Calla because he knew that Poppy would be there. Didn't she love him? A little bit? Enough to marry him now?

"Please, please, you don't know what you're saying."

"I do!"

"My hands—" She gasped with the daring. "They'll never be—very pretty."

"They will! Don't worry about that: you're going to be all well."

So he *hadn't* heard. That settled it. "*No! No!*"

But immediately it was settled, human perversity cried her on to rebel. "When I'm dead he'll marry Calla." She was sure she was at her last day; she knew she was going to die. "It won't matter one way or the other. When I'm dead he can marry Calla just the same." She was so weak, no wonder her conscience was tricked. It would only be the name of a marriage, for an hour: a little lie, and no harm.

Aloud she cried, "All right, Andrew; all right, Mr. Deeds, yes, quick, hurry."

To Mr. Deeds, the minister, unbroke by the romantic and tragic beauty of this death-bed sacrament, there could be no vacillation, no hindrances. Tears ran down his cheeks as he read from memory the words that made Andrew and Poppy man and wife.

When he had gone out the gathered neighbors lifted a hymn. It was "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and they couldn't stop it. Andrew stood at the window and stared out, not at them, but over their heads, into the wide valley of the world, green with Spring.

An hour later the surgeon took off Poppy's arms, one at the shoulder, the other above the elbow. By the end of a week it was known that in all probability the girl would live.

ANDREW sat and watched the road.

When people wondered at it, not always out of his hearing, some he told angrily to mind their own business, but to some he dropped a hint of what he was cogitating. Maybe when Poppy was on her feet again he might take a run out through Pennsylvania, maybe as far out as Harrisburg. For those who had pumped old Doak this seemed a word to the wise: "Andrew knows more about

Continued on Page 56

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

How to safeguard your family's health . . . and share in 835 PRIZE CONTEST AWARDS totaling

$25,000.00 CASH VALUE

94% OF THE TIME IT'S UNSAFE TO TRUST THE WEATHER

Study of U. S. Weather Bureau Reports shows average in United States of only 19 days a year when outside temperatures are safe for food preservation

For writing best 400 word letter on "Why 50° is the Danger Point"....

YOU CAN WIN FIRST PRIZE Model Home

costing more than $10,000.00, to be built in any community in the United States designated by the winner; or $10,000 in gold. The home location and its specifications are to be agreed on by the winner and the National Food Preservation Council.

TODAY we Americans spend 23 billion dollars a year for food—and waste a fifth of it.

United States Government authorities declare that *proper* year 'round refrigeration will reduce this waste to a startling degree. But it will do more—much more—than this. It will safeguard the health of your family. For food that is not *properly* preserved is a menace that invites danger and disease.

But what is *proper* refrigeration? A natural question. And again Government authorities answer: *Perishable foods, to be properly preserved, must be kept at an average temperature below 50 degrees.*

There is one safe way to retard the growth of micro-organisms that cause food spoilage. *Cold*, alone, will conquer bacteria and harmful mold without changing the wholesomeness of the food. If the temperature in your refrigerator creeps up above the danger point, food-destroying bacteria multiply astonishingly.

You know what happens in your home during hot Summer months -how quickly food spoils. But have you considered that in your kitchen *it is "Summer" the year around* —too warm for food preservation?

Thuspenny-wisehomemanagersturn,in winter months, to back-porch or window-sill makeshifts for refrigeration. Dangerous. Costly. Only 19 days a year, on an average in the United States, does the outdoor temperature remain ideal for food preservation. Sometimesit's too warm; sometimes too cold.

Too cold? That may surprise you. Yet the United States Department of Agriculture has determined that a too-low temperature for perishable food is quite as dangerous as too high. Below 32 degrees some foods freeze; others undergo a definite chemical change. Such low temperatures destroy much of the delicate flavors and the vitamins which give food its greatest nourishment value. A sudden rise in temperature—perhaps even a few degrees—means that frozen food quickly spoils.

Thus the Government recommendation of adequate artificial refrigeration *the year around* is the answer to this problem. Our Government recommends artificial refrigeration at an average temperature below 50 degrees to properly preserve your foods, not only because of the marked economy, but because it is the surest way to guard the health of your family.

How to Win Prize Contest

To set the nation thinking on this vitally important topic of proper food preservation, the National Food Preservation Council offers prizes to the value of $25,000 for the best essays in a National Idea Contest.

Turn to the next column. Read the complete list of well-worth-winning awards; study the simple rules and regulations. Then get the booklet, "How to Safeguard Your Family's Health," from the Food Preservation Council in your city, or write the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, for free copy.

But don't delay! The time is short. It takes quick action to win. Begin at once!

Second Prize

Brand New

1930 CADILLAC

Five passenger coupe, list price $3,595 F. O. B. Detroit, delivered anywhere in the United States; or $3,500 in gold

833 OTHER BIG CASH AWARDS

Third Prize	$2,000	Seventh Prize	$350
Fourth Prize	1,000	Eighth Prize	300
Fifth Prize	500	Ninth Prize	250
Sixth Prize	400	Tenth Prize	200

Twenty-five prizes, Nos. 11 to 35 inclusive—$100 each. Eight hundred prizes, Nos. 36 to 835 inclusive—$5 each.

In the event of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of that prize.

CONTEST JUDGES

MERLE THORPE, *editor*.....*Nation's Business*

B. C. FORBES, *editor*.....*Forbes*

DR. WALTER HOLLIS EDDY, *Prof. of Physiological Chemistry, Teachers College*.....*Columbia University*

Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States, except persons or members of the families of persons connected with the refrigeration industry.

2. Essays must not be longer than 400 words, shall be written in English, and shall be on one side of the sheet only.

3. Each essay shall be headed "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."

4. The subject matter of each essay must be the value of and benefits of food preservation, either from the standpoint of health, sanitation or economic saving, or any combination of these three. Booklets summarizing information on this subject may be obtained from the Food Preservation Council in your city or members of the Local Council, or from the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

5. Essays will be judged 90 per cent on the originality of thought and evidence of study displayed, and 10 per cent on clearness of expression, neatness and order of construction.

6. Essays need not be typewritten, but judges shall have the right to reject entries that are illegible.

7. Essays may be submitted through the Local Council of the contestant's community, or may be sent direct to the National Food Preservation Council.

8. At the top of each page of each essay the sender's name and address shall be written. Each essay shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the contestant's name and address typed or clearly written in ink on the outside of the envelope. If the essay is submitted through a Local Council, the name of the Local Council must also be written on the envelope. If the essay is sent direct to the National Council, the sealed envelope must be enclosed in a larger envelope, addressed to Contest Department, National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

9. Essays will not be returned. Winning essays shall become the property of the National Food Preservation Council and shall be used in any way the council sees fit.

10. The contest closes at midnight September 30, 1929. Essays bearing a postmark after midnight of September 30, 1929, will not be considered.

NATIONAL FOOD PRESERVATION PROGRAM

SEPT. 1929

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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Continued from Page 54

that fellow's number than he's ever owned to, and maybe a whole lot more." But when Autumn came, and Winter followed, and the New-year, and Andrew remained rooted there, a roadside vegetable, people began to lose patience with him.

"Poppy ought to be up and about the house by now—if you're ever figuring to go after that fellow."

He would glare at them, white around the mouth, red at the corners of his eyes.

"Up and about, yes. But—you darn fools that never think."

WITH the coming of the first real snow the traffic over the grade thinned to nearly nothing. There were days when the watcher had nothing to watch but the valley of the lost world and nothing to do but "think." Luckily the days were short. By half past four the dark came down; old Doak got at his supper work, and Andrew was ready to come in.

Poppy had done little all day but await this moment. Now she could not be still, but wandered from room to room. Each evening it seemed a surer thing that she could not get through with it without going mad.

Andrew always started it off bravely, with his fixed grin and his labored jesting. "Come on, young one; time to scrub up." Pan of water, soap and rag, he went at it then, while Poppy gritted her teeth to hold from crying out at each dab of the cloth and prayed for the will to keep her chin up until the towel came. The wretched fellow meant it for cheer too in conclusion, "And now for the old hands—mmmmm well, I guess we'll let the old hands go at that for to-night," but it was only because Poppy was ready for it that she could take it without a wince. He didn't know the damnation of her ignominy.

Perhaps she didn't realize what the genial ritual cost Andrew on his side. He meant to carry on each night, but with those two jokes he was spent, and by the time he got to the table and the dismal business of feeding his bride with a spoon, between mouthfuls of his own, the silence had fallen, disturbed only by the grumblings of the old man.

The farmer had to do the cooking now, and he felt it an indignity. Calla could have stayed at home, and would have; it was Poppy and Andrew, with their fidgets and tempers, who had practically driven her out at last, back to her job at the store. It would have been all right if it had been only their own faces they spited; if Andrew, who had looked such a godsend in the beginning, had not turned out a day-long leafer and shunted the whole of the housework off on the old man.

Sometimes, driven wild by his mumbled animadversions, the only sounds to break the quiet of the interminable evenings, Poppy cried at her father to hush up.

"Andrew knows what he's about. You wait and see."

Red-faced, Andrew started to his own defense. "You wait till I find the dirty yellow skunk; you wait till I get through with him."

"Don't see what good that'll do Poppy; 'twon't give her back no arms." The farmer might have added, "Nor I don't see's you're getting at your finding him very fast yet either," had his defiance not been cooled by the look then in Andrew's eyes.

While down in the val'ey there were merrymakings, and lovers in one another's arms, this was the evening on top of Broken Loaf. So it wore in sour tedium to its end. Poppy's teeth were to be brushed then, and Andrew brushed them. There were profounder ignominies. He undressed her at last, awkwardly, and helped her into her bed. There followed the moment of all that both of them dreaded. Embarrassment eyes averted, no words to be had. Till Andrew, coming to life, said almo t roughly, "You're not very strong even yet, Poppy, so you go o to sleep and sleep well," and, tucking the blankets about her, went off to his own room with a heavy, hurried stride.

Sleep! Those hours of the night, two, three, four o. them, while Poppy lay and turned and twisted and wondered and

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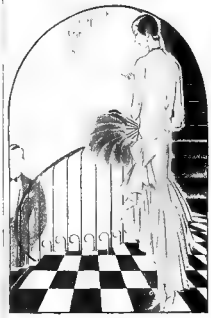
Every Woman uses a Deodorant



In Paris, London, Madrid, Berlin, New York

Smart Women use DEW

the Crystal Pure Deodorant Instant Non-Perspirant

SMART women have been quick to welcome the amazing advantages of this sparkling, crystal pure deodorant—Dew. You can use Dew at any time of day or night. It instantly stops perspiration and eliminates body odors. It is cooling, soothing and refreshing. Use as the simple directions say, and you can immediately put on your loveliest dress or gown.

Two applications a week will give you continuous protection at all times. You will be delighted with Dew—get it at your drug or department store—50c.

Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads.

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC.
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DEW
CRYSTAL PURE DEODORANT
INSTANT—NON-PERSPIRANT

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DOLLY DINGLE'S TRAVELS

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Conducted by Marion Lambert

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

SUCH a lot of happy, helpful letters came in this morning's mail! Who says I do nothing but listen to troubles?

Dear Marion Lambert: I, as a housewife and mother with no complaints to make against anything or any one, wish to write to you, who listen to so much sadness.

I am just twenty-seven, and the mother of three small boys and three tiny girls. We live in an old house in a small town, and oh, the fun we have! There are no shades at our windows, and this lets in God's blessed sunlight, enables us to watch the birds, and prompts us to sing with them. The cheap little white curtains have been laundered so often that they hang in lovely soft folds, and the folds hide the holes, which tell of the nine years we have enjoyed those curtains.

On our table there is seldom meat, but for that very reason we appreciate our Sunday platter of cheap, well-cooked meat more than many families do their Thanksgiving turkey. Our furniture is every bit hand-me-downs, but I am glad it is old because when I do get hold of a small can of paint I can paint an odd chair or a little table, and there's a new, bright spot to gave us joy.

Lunch-cloths adorn our dining-table always. One is made from a large, unbleached sugar-sack, faced on the right side with rose crêpe from one of my bridal dresses; another cloth is of pink chambray (part of an old shirt!) embroidered with gay flowers. All our linens have histories like this, and so we can love both for their beauty and their memories. Now the little girls are learning to use their needles, which means more pretty things can be made.

Sorry for ourselves? We are too busy being thankful that we have a roof over our heads, babes to comfort us, and bread and milk to keep us healthy. Through God's help and our own efforts we expect some day to have more of this world's goods, but may God grant that by gaining these we lose none of our present happiness and content. Mrs. C. A. F.

We hope that you get more of "this world's goods" some day, dear lady, but not too soon. Not until the sons and daughters have had time to get implanted in their souls, so firmly that they never can lose it, all the gay courage, the rich philosophy, and the true love of beauty which is their shining heritage from you.

Dear Marion Lambert: You say that you wish some of the busy mothers would tell how they find time for self-improvement. Well, I have brought up three boys, had to do all my own work, and help my husband in his business, yet I have read a great deal, been active in church work and music, and have belonged to the Woman's Club, tho taking no active part in it.

To read in the evenings after the boys were in bed was my greatest pleasure. To be sure, many mothers would use that time for sewing, embroidery, etc. One simply has to choose. I did the necessary sewing, but I preferred reading to having embroidered things for the house. If a woman's taste is for the intellectual things, she will find or take time to gratify it. My sister often says she would like to read more if she had time. The fact is that she has much more time than I. She has only one child and hires part of her work done. But she must have all the frills for her child, her house, and herself.

I wouldn't mind a few more frills, but as my time and strength are limited I choose to give my family a comfortable home, a wife and mother who has time to be interested in everything that her family is interested in, and above all one who by good reading may have a constant influence toward high ideals, intellectually and morally.

The results have justified my course. I have three sons any mother might be proud of. One is in business and has a home of his own. Another graduates from high school this year with high honors. The youngest is a freshman in high school and is showing ability of a manual type.
Mrs. G. M. F.

It is true, most of us do have to choose. We must budget our time as well as our money. And have you ever noticed how many women try to put the burden of their choice on their families? A woman embroiders a dozen towels at the expense of her eyes, her nerves, and her intellectual progress. Then she says, "I sacrifice everything for my home!" The real fact is that she is the one who wants the embroidered towels.

Did any of you ever see a man who cared whether or not the towels were hand-embroidered, so long as they were large enough and were always soft and clean? No, I am not trying to persuade women not to make pretty things. I only want them to admit that they make them because *they* want them, more than they want to read or study.

Here is another money-making suggestion sent by a woman who has proved its value:

I make fruit-cakes to sell. Just that, and nothing else. I was tempted to branch off into other lines, but was advised to stick to my specialty, and I am glad I did. I live in a small town where a good many people send their children away to school. Seldom does a Thanksgiving box go out to one of those students at Thanksgiving without one of my cakes in it. Probably half the Christmas parties in town have my cakes.

I began with two or three neighbors for customers. Very gradually my fame spread. One girl at college tells another, and I get an order. Fruit-cakes, you know, grow better by keeping, so I can make them far in advance. I make one-, two-, and three-pound loaves, cover them with white icing, and dot them with red cinnamon candies.

By following my recipe exactly I get absolutely uniform results. It isn't the most expensive of recipes, but my cake is dark, rich, and fruity, and I get a dollar a pound for it. I wrap it in wax-paper, and I have pasteboard boxes which the loaves fit into perfectly, so there is no crumbling. If any of your readers want my recipe they are welcome to it.

We all realize that it means something when a busy and successful woman takes time to write a letter like this, offering us the benefit of her experience, and we will appreciate other hints on the topic of making money. Send a [illegible] stamped envelop addressed to yourself if you wish the cake recipe and a few hints on marketing the cakes.

I have hesitated about printing the next letter. Up to this time I have answered all letters of the kind—and there are a great many of them!—personally, by mail. Now I have decided that it may help the parents, as well as the daughters, if this one is printed and answered on the page.

Dear Marion Lambert: What's the use, I ask you, for a girl to be good and modest and decent? We who hold to our ideals and refuse to lower our standards must be content to be the plain garden variety of wallflowers. The girl who goes the limit is the girl who has the good times. The men may talk about liking the nice, sweet girl, but watch them at a dance! They're not flocking around the girl who is just sweet and good.

And you know yourself, Marion Lambert, that those girls get away with anything. They know how to play safe. Modern youth is wise. You can't frighten them by talking consequences. They know better. So they flirt and dance and have oodles of fun, while we sit on the side-lines and try to kid ourselves into believing we don't care. Is it worth while? My youth is passing and—oh, what's the use? Jerry.

I want to tell you, Jerry dear, what I did last week. I attended a convention where the officers of more than sixty Florence Crittenton Homes assembled to talk over their problems. One evening we all went to visit one of these homes. And there we saw three large rooms, each room having its walls lined with little white beds, in each bed a rosy, cunning baby. And these babies had each a mother there, caring for it.

Sweet-faced, tender mothers these girls were, but their eyes were frightened, wistful, dazed, unutterably sad. And the fathers? Ah, they were your wise, modern youths who knew "how to play safe"! They saved themselves; the girls were left to face their trouble alone.

Some of these girls were college girls, some teachers, some stenographers, some domestic workers, some just merry, care-free girls who had lived with loving parents and had a good time. But every one of them had thought she was safe, either because some man or boy had assured her that "everything will be all right," or because she thought she knew how to avoid unhappy consequences.

If the path of wrong-doing were as rosy and safe as you think, would there be necessity for more than sixty of these homes, scattered over the United States? And the Crittenton Homes are only a small part of the total number of these institutions. None of them would ever be needed if youth were but one-half as wise as it thinks it is!

All the glamour, all the gay bravado, all the faith in modernism is gone when a girl faces the fact that she has brought heart-break and shame not only to herself but to those who love her. "My mother must never know—it would kill her!" nine girls out of ten exclaim. "I never once *dreamed* that this could happen to *me!*" is another thing which they all say. So don't be foolish enough to delude yourself with the false idea that there is no danger.

There are kind hands stretched out to help in these homes. There are wise encouragement and a chance to find one's work in the world. There is always a way opened for the young mother to support her child. But is that your idea of a happy future? To the troubled girl who goes there it is a heaven of peace and hope; think of the anguish which has brought her to that point.

And, putting all this danger aside, what kind of woman do you wish to be? Is it your desire to be rather cheap and common, with standards below the best, or do you wish to be a woman with the dignity, poise, and charm which come from high ideals and gracious, beautiful living? Do you want friends who care for the real you, or friends who flock around you because you are pretending to be something which in your heart you despise? And when the right man does come into your life do you wish to be one of those who ask, "*Must* I tell him of the others?"

Use your head, Jerry. Weigh the cost of this popularity you are craving and see if the price is not too high.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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S. Pessl *of Vienna and Budapest*

Head of the famous House of Pessl.. beauty advisers to aristocracy for over 100 years

advises this way to Skin Beauty

"I earnestly recommend to my clients that they use only the soap blended of palm and olive oils. The use of Palmolive is especially important because its gentle action leaves the skin in a healthy, smooth, normal condition which is the very foundation of a beautiful complexion."

L. Pessl.

VIENNA I,
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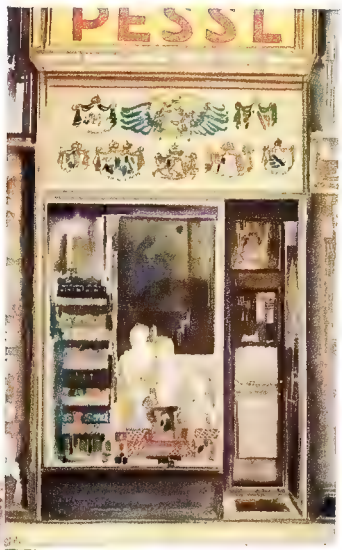

Above the doorway of the Pessl Shop, across from the opera house in Vienna, may be seen crests of some of the celebrated Royal houses to which the House of Pessl has acted as Beauty Adviser.

Opera House, Vienna

IN gay Vienna, where the women are enchanting; in romantic Budapest, on the Danube—there is one name in beauty culture which has been recognized for over a hundred years—the distinguished name of Pessl!

Today, in the celebrated shop across from the opera in Vienna, S. Pessl carries on the tradition of the Pessl name. The crowned heads to which he has ministered are evidenced by the interesting group of royal crests he is authorized to display above the windows of his typically Viennese shop.

He has served many of the queens of Europe, and the Ex-Empress of Austria is still one of his distinguished patrons.

To his select patronage, Pessl recommends a very simple treatment for retaining youthful loveliness... the same treatment advised by the outstanding beauty specialists of *Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Geneva*—everywhere beauty culture is practiced.

Palm and olive oils in soap

"I should naturally have been led, by my knowledge of the complexion effects of palm and olive oils," says S. Pessl, "to have invented a soap made exclusively from them."

"As these oils are already combined in Palmolive Soap," Monsieur Pessl explains, "I earnestly recommend to my patrons that they use this soap and no other."

The famous "international" treatment

The poisonous and dangerous secretions of dirt and dust, of make-up and cream which find their way deep into the pores must be removed. Palm and olive oils, as they are blended in Palmolive Soap, act to soften the skin, to cleanse the pores, to refresh the natural coloring.

To get the utmost benefit from Palmolive Soap, you are urged by all the experts to follow this treatment, twice a day: with both hands make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it gently into the skin, permitting it to penetrate the pores, to free them from all impurities. Then rinse, first with warm water, later cold. An ice massage is invigorating as an astringent.

M. Pessl's advice is echoed by such famous specialists as Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Elise Bock, of *Berlin;* Bertha Jacobson, of *London.* Wherever women seek the best skin care they are told: safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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The largest selling ketchup in the world..

It's rich . . . and thick . . . and full of the delicate flavor of garden-fresh tomatoes! No wonder Heinz Tomato Ketchup outsells all other ketchups regardless of price.

It can't help being good. For Heinz Tomato Ketchup is just the simmered down goodness of ripe, sound, juicy tomatoes. No dilution of any kind. That's what makes it so appetizing—that's what gives it its thick, slow-pouring richness.

The tomatoes are grown from Heinz own seed and come fresh from the garden into Heinz spotless kitchens. Only pure granulated sugar is added—and the seasoning of rare spices (specially selected in the Orient by Heinz own representatives) to give it tang and savor.

You can buy Heinz Tomato Ketchup at a surprisingly reasonable price. And it gives you so much more flavor—its thick goodness makes it go so much farther—that you always, decidedly, get your money's worth.

Your grocer will tell you that Heinz quality offers the same value in Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Heinz Rice Flakes or any of the 57 Varieties. This is one of the reasons why millions of women always look for the Heinz label · *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

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Continued from Page 56

bit her lip to try and keep from wondering what it would be to be a woman and a wife, they were the worst of all. Guilty remorse was salt to the hurt: the wretchedest words were, it might *not* have been.

If only she hadn't let temptation make her a craven; hadn't let him believe a lie. To have allowed him in his innocence to give up everything for nothing, for less than nothing, for the infinitely worse than nothing that she was to him; in the dark now, in place of the gratitude she should have felt, because she had cheated him she hated him. For his every sacrifice, every gentle, awkward ministration of the day, she wished they both were dead.

She would have killed herself in a wink, she was sure, if there were any way of her doing it. If she had but hands. The power to take, grasp, destroy. She wouldn't ask to be less horridly maimed; only in some other fashion, leaving her hands, nothing but hands. Fingers, occupation, fatigue, sleep. Given the miracle of hands, tho, her imagination broke its tether and ran rioting away. Suicide, where it started, was forgotten.

With two hands and her embittered, irresistible will, what couldn't she do! Move a mountain, stone by stone. No, but actually, with flying fingers she could contrive things never thought of —inventions — simple household necessities—bringing the money rolling in on Andrew—ease and power and fame for Andrew—with a vindictive exultation she saw herself, poor wretch, heaping him with her benefits, higher, higher—till at last she could cry with a curling lip, "*What* a calamity I've been for you! *Isn't* it unlucky for *you* you were *so* sacrificing, so kind! Eh? Say!"

But she hadn't her hands.

Feet. What good were feet? Some people had learned to use their toes for things, but they must have been very young, Poppy thought. She was too old. Wasn't she?

It was here in the nightly torment that Poppy kicked the clothes off. Sitting on the bed's edge, in a fever, in a fury, she fumbled things about on the floor with her foolish feet. A rug or a chair-leg, a marble, by and by, which she had managed to kick into hiding, and three pencils she had got. For an hour, two hours, careless of the Winter cold, she pawed them around. The pencils she laid in lines, in triangles; the marble she squeezed up in one foot and gave to the other foot so many hundreds of times that her leg-muscles knotted and her nerves forgot; crawling under the clothes then, at last she slept.

ONE moonlight night toward Spring Poppy quit that, and stole out to the kitchen. She worked the brush and dustpan down from their hooks by the stove, and, widening the spread of her toes with a new pain, she tried the feel of their handles. Within a week of such nights she was tearing a newspaper into bits, strewing the floor with them, and, cost what it might in nerve and muscle, actually sweeping them all up clean. Not till she could do it standing, and standing without a wince, on crooked ankles, did she hazard the making of her *début*.

Busy tidying the kitchen in the broad of a June morning, she called Andrew to come in. At sight of his pale gaping the devil in her heart broke out.

"Pitiful, eh? Laughable, eh? All the same——"

"Not even laughable." His passion flamed. "Disgusting. Don't do any of this clowning again. This is a home, not a side-show."

"I'll go in a side-show in a second," she screamed, "if I had the chance to."

It was the first time she had seen a glint of the devil that was in *his* heart.

"You think you would, but you would *not*. Not while I'm around here."

"Well, maybe then when you were away somewheres, with that pistol of papa's you used to be so busy cleaning; maybe some day when you're off so brave in Pennsylvania looking for the man that crippled your wife."

There, it was said. It was out.

Andrew lifted his fist, looked at it curiously, put it in his pocket, and went away.

Thereafter, tho in place of faltering she redoubled the fierceness of her pains, Poppy did her "clowning" while the men were out.

ANDREW HARPER had changed in these eighteen months. Even physically. His face seemed longer; his shoulders (from his habit of sitting so, facing the road, but looking at the valley) seemed narrower by inches. He was worse than a vegetable rooted now; he was one going to seed. The only time he showed any animation was when a customer, stopping for gasoline, had some tale of carelessness or crime to tell. The mantle of his father-in-law seemed to have fallen on him there, he listened so avidly. As a matter of fact his attention was but galvanic, his eagerness all for the moment when his turn should come:

"Well, that's bad, but, speaking of hitting and running, let me tell you——"

Month by month of repetition, the thing Andrew had to tell grew in dramatic size and crystallized in detail. Long ago the car that had been "like a Packard" *was* a Packard. The shadowy driver became a tallish man in a brown-felt hat, pulled down. Half kind, half admission, the fact of a mustache began to emerge. The chin, "stuck out from his coat-collar," was "undershot, but kind of womanish all the same."

"If you see a man like that on the road anywheres, driving an old-model Packard roadster, dark green, don't say a word; only let me know."

It remained for Meride Abbot, the storekeeper, to remark upon the obvious.

"And all this, going by so fast in the dark you couldn't even get his number; I'd like to swallow that. Unless you knowed *who* it was; knowed the man. I wonder now."

Andrew scowled and slid an eye toward the house. "You leave this to me."

Abbot was up in his truck to bring gasoline, and Calla was with him; that was the first hint any one had that she was going to be sensible and marry her employer. They were self-conscious. Abbot's ragging of Andrew was a part of nervousness, not ill meant; he thought little of the feeling scowl until, at the command to help get the gas-drum down at the truck's tail, Andrew exploded, "Why should I? What for?"

"What do you mean, what for?"

"You ain't going to leave here, not any more. What do I get out of it?"

"Why, you get your two cents a gallon anyways."

"Two cents a h——!" This was a new tack for Andrew. He doubled his fists. "Quit arguing back and get that truck out of here. This road is shut off for automobiles. It's too dangerous, and I won't have it. Look at the accidents; it's a living crime." He was actually raving, almost dancing. "I want some peace up here. Let 'em take the river road; this road's shut off from now on. Who says so? I say so."

Seeing there was no good in talking, Abbot got up into his cab beside Calla and started his engine. He looked back through the open part with a shrewd, sarcastic grin.

"Long work, waiting for murderers to come back; gets on the nerves. And besides—if there *was* such a fellow—he might *come*. Better play safe; *all* go the river road."

Andrew ran over to his old Ford, parked by the shed. He fumbled under the cushion. Calla looked worried. The storekeeper persisted. "Let me get it right, because *I* might see him *this* time. Brown fedora hat and black eyes and mustache—" He broke out guffawing. But then when he saw the farm revolver in the other's hand he dragged Calla down in shelter, jerked the gears, and fled.

Andrew put the gun back beneath the cushion. He made an effort to pull himself together as he walked back toward the house, eyes on the ground. Half-way there, tho, the thing he had dreaded happened. Poppy, behind the parlor curtains, called his name.

But then he was astonished, relieved. "Good for you," she was saying. "That's giving it to them right about the gas. Whose servants do they think we are?" There was something in it that made his own malevolence seem thin. "If we're going to do any obliging from now on,

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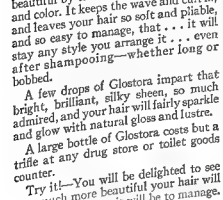

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we'll do it for ourselves. We'll show 'em, down there."

Andrew's fury reflared. "How do you mean, *we'll* show 'em'? What the devil can—" He swallowed the rest; with a sweep of the head Poppy had parted the curtains, and he knew that she knew what the words were that he had swallowed, "—can *you* do?" He kicked at the gravel. "Well, they make me boiling mad. When I can go, Heaven knows I'll go quick enough, and I'll get him." He went off around the corner of the house.

WHETHER it was by chance, or with some wind of what had happened, a man in a red car turned up on the second day following. There was something he wanted to talk over with Andrew. While he was getting at it he kept his eyes busy, studying the valley view, the setting of the farm in its pine-clumps, the lie of the road.

"Good deal of traffic over here these days, isn't there?"

Andrew lowered. "Some—not much. They're going to close this road."

The man eyed him with suspicion. "Somebody beat me to it?" But then he went on. "If you honestly believe that, you're not up with the talk. They're as like as not to have macadam over here in another year: you could get 'em to, I bet. Look here, you got a place in a hundred for a filling-station, up-to-date one, on this hill. Now, I'm with the Standard, and what I'd like to do, I'd like to plant you a tank and fit you with a couple of pumps, up-to-date ones—they're handsome to look at—"

Andrew still lowered. "Maybe if I had the time, but I ain't; I'm too busy farming."

"Well, listen, might pay you to hire somebody. Or even if your wife—I know plenty of women that handle a station out through Pennsylvania."

"No." Andrew colored. He looked ugly. "Nothing doing!"

It was dramatic then. Andrew had not known that Poppy could manage a door-latch, and so he supposed it was her father coming out of the house behind him until he saw confusion and amazement stamping the other's face. He was more than bewildered then. Crimson swept from his neck to his temples as he wheeled and stared.

"Poppy, you go back in!"

She might not have heard it; might not even have heard that he and a stranger were there. It was a great part of the drama that she came down the yard without hurry, engrossed in the sickly nasturtiums bordering the path, pausing from time to easy balance on one bare foot to pluck out a weedling with the other and toss it behind her, or there to remove a stone, the whole of it completely broken in its innocence, half apathetic and half contemptuous in its unconcern. Perhaps she did not mean it so: it is probable that what seemed her ease was only a kind of shielding numbness. But the stranger, who did not know how much that was native and sensitive and proud Poppy was tearing out of her and throwing away in this one impulsive, irrevocable act, could never have guessed that.

POPPY caught him gaping, but even the bitterness of this she dissembled, taking it out on her husband with a savage side-fling of the head.

"I heard all you've been saying, Mister. I'm the one to talk to, not him."

As the man went on to expound his business, little by little his embarrassment left him; more and more as he studied her he felt himself intrigued. Swift speculation began to shape. He was betrayed into a chuckle of admiration when, dropping a cigarer-stub, he saw Poppy pick it from the yard in apparent abstraction, and, still fiercely centered on what he was saying, tuck it away with a flip of an ankle under the nasturtium-leaves.

"You're good! By Jingo! What could you do, do you think? Think there'd be any way on earth you could work a pump?"

Andrew broke in, shouting, "She can't —and she sha'n't—do anything!"

"I can do anything," she said. "What would there be in it for us?"

"Why, the—the—Of course if the plant was to—to pay, I've own money in it—"

"We wouldn't consider doing it any other way."

Andrew mocked and raged. "Our money! That's funny! The way this farm is covered already we couldn't borrow a dollar on it, save our lives."

"We'll have to, somehow, somewheres. Mister, wait, listen: we can get a loan somewheres, and we'll be good for it. *I'll* be good for it. Listen to me!"

The man was getting into his car. He seemed preoccupied as he started his motor

"I'll be up this way again to-morrow." It sounded like temporizing.

"No, but you've got to listen. You think I'm helpless, but I'll tell you I could manage. Even if I couldn't work a pump (and I could) there's other things. I used—before—I picked berries for folks that stopped, and I used to fry them cakes and things. And I—listen—I could do it again. Again."

The man in the car lifted his right hand. He looked at the valley view, at the setting of the hilltop in its pines, and back at the wild, shorn, freakish figure, the not uncomely face, the red lips withdrawn from the teeth in a kind of brutality of appeal, and the bare, well-modeled legs, with fingers where others have their toes. He brought the lifted hand down on his thigh softly, and softly he wagged his head. He knew his America on wheels.

"Don't you worry, I'll get you the *capital*."

WHEN he was gone quite out of sight Poppy turned back toward the house. But then she hesitated. She wheeled. "So, Andrew, you see."

Andrew had fallen into a study, out of his violence. "See what?"

"Day before yesterday you said, 'How do you mean, "we'll show 'em"?' Well, you see, I didn't mean 'we.' I meant 'me.' Me, the so-called helpless. All you and papa have to do now is take it easy. *I'll* look out for you from now on." She got as far as the porch. "Some men never know their luck." Thrills running up and down her, she went in.

It was nearly a half-hour later, and growing dusk, when Andrew followed. He found her in her bedroom sitting on her bed. In the gloom she could hardly make out the look of his face, but the tone of his voice, deliberate and clear, was something she had not heard in years.

"Poppy," he said, "let me get this. Your saying you can look out for me and your father—I'm not bothering about that. But can you look out for yourself?"

She had to laugh, for scorn. "*Myself!*"

"In that case I can go," he said, "and get him."

She didn't believe it. "Go where? Do you know where he is?"

"I can find him."

She had to raise her voice, for he was in the hall, walking. "How about your suitcase, if you're in earnest? Aren't you even going to take a hat?"

Her father came shuffling in from the kitchen, bothered by the noise.

"What's up with Andrew?"

"He's starting out—or claims he is—to get even with that fellow that hit me."

"The one on the Packard?"

"Heaven knows; Heaven knows where, or for how long—and without even a hat to his head."

Doak put up his hands and scrubbed in his hair with his fingers. He looked confused and sounded distracted.

"It's all more'n I can seem to get straight. I figured that Packard Andrew was mistaken about it's being a Packard. Calla says Abbot says a friend of his that was down t e bottom that night says there wasn't no Packard come out of the hill, nor no roadster, any kind, nor even no— Laws! What's that?"

Poppy had straightened too. "Backfire," she said. "He's trying to start the Ford."

"Backfire. Yeh. Nor even no car, any kind. He must have been asleep, tho, when you think of it, for he never seen Andrew starting into the hill, and Andrew—"

"Backfire. Papa, that *was* a backfire, wasn't it? Not a—a—a shot?"

"Why—uh—oh, my *laws to God!*"

They both started to run, but Poppy

Continued on Page 64

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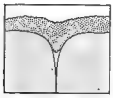
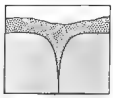


Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



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Continued from Page 62

ran the faster. It seemed to her if she could run fast enough, if she could stumble, daze herself, she wouldn't have to see what she was seeing, all in one clearing flash, the truth.

They found Andrew seated in the Ford, faced toward the beginning of the grade.

Doak chattered. "What you done, Andy boy? What you gone and done?"

Poppy tried to keep her voice down. "Andrew, you voted. It be foolish. Didn't you know it wouldn't make no difference? Why didn't you tell me long ago?"

Doak gasped. "My laws to God, it was *him*. All the while, *him*. Him that hit you, and come back."

The face of the dead man was so peaceful. Wild sobs choked up in Poppy's throat and water burst from her eyes. "Oh, no, Andrew, you ought to have known——"

Doak shrilled, "Then that explains it all, it all; why he ever went and——"

The girl's sobbing was held; the suckles drying of her tears was worse than the tears.

"Why he went and—what?"

"Why he went and married you. Don't you see? He couldn't go leave you crippled, helpless; no odds what he done he was too good for that."

Poppy turned from the car and walked across the road. She walked up the path to the porch. She stood on the porch. She looked out over the valley, up it, down it, up it and down it again. The turnings of her head seemed to twist her torso with them. It was only for a moment, this writhing. Then it straightened, hardened, and was still.

"That was why he went and married me, was it? Conscience! Because I was helpless."

Her lips opened a crack. Thin laughter began to seep out of them.

"So-called."

Now she flung her laughter, reedy, bitter, higher than a bird's note.

"You'll be surprized."

TOWN GIRL

Contenued from Page 15

women who could be pretty ought to be perfect.

He had studied them all through prep school and all through colleges. The plural is intentional; this college was his fourth. It was not that he was dull. It was not even that he was lazy. It was simply that Yale had been near New York, that Amherst had been near Smith, that Cornell had been co-ed.

The current university was not near anything, nor were there any lipsticks in its classrooms. Bruce Peter Christopher's father had high hopes of it. Bruce Peter Christopher, after ordering four dozen red roses, had hopes of it too. It might not, he thought, be so bad——

The trolley stopped. The conductor got off, looked about him, and spat reflectively toward the Stadium. A man in overalls got off and started walking somewhere. Dorothy McHenry appeared on the platform, waved, and, clutching the rod, thrust a gay blue shoe and a length of sculptured stocking toward the ground.

Bruce climbed out of his car and went to meet her.

"Hey—hey!" he said.

He had a way of seeming to tuck young ladies under his arm. He did not literally do so; but when he drew them close, they felt tucked. He was so big and strong, and they—in the moment at least—were so little and fragile.

"Have you been here long?" asked Dorothy.

Bruce nodded. "Ever since I can remember. Say," he complained, "what a place to meet! In the shade of the old cheering-section and all that sort of thing." He scowled down at her, brown eyes merry under the knotted brows. "Was this quite necessary?"

"Oh, it was!" Dorothy assured him. "You don't know my father!"

"No," agreed Bruce softly. "True."

"I couldn't leave town in your car, you see. He might see me. Or somebody might tell him. I used to do that," Dorothy supplemented, "but I don't dare any more, because when I went to work in the shop he told me if he ever caught me speaking to a student *outside* the shop——"

SHE paused balefully and looked up with round, solemn eyes.

Bruce was rather disturbed. "What would he do?" he queried with interest.

"Oh, he'd *kill* me!"

"Really? But—why? What's his objection to students, anyway?"

"We-ell——" began Dorothy.

Bruce was immensely diverted now. "Here," he thought, "is the first *bona-fide* blush since nineteen-five."

Dorothy was trying stammeringly to explain. "You see, he thinks they—he—he's afraid I might do something I shouldn't——"

"Oh, but you wouldn't, would you?" said Bruce.

"No, of course not."

"I thought not."

He smiled at her, a brotherly smile, and opened the thick yellow door. "And now that we have that settled," he said, 'in you go."

He liked her in his car, in the same way that he liked the silver greyhound on the motor-meter. Both were attractive accessories, ornamental gadgets, dressing up the chassis, and subtly glorifying him. As an occupant of the low, deep leather seat at his side, she had dead distinguished predecessors; but he could not remember that any of them had done the background any greater honor. She was not as smart, as *chic*, as most of the others had been, but she was almost prettier than any.

HE scrutinized her sideways. "Tell me about yourself," he said; adding quickly, as her lips parted, "And don't say, 'There's nothing to tell,' because I've heard that one—er—once or twice."

"There isn't *much*," said Dorothy carefully.

"Tell me what there is, then."

He liked the little blue curl of her hat, and the curl of her lashes in imitation. And he liked the very high heels of her shoes, shaped like tall salt-shakers inverted. The blue-and-gray dress became her well and fitted her well, and, the patently sixteen-ninety-eight, had none of the beads or lace or embroidery you might expect. Of course the ankle-bracelet and the earrings were pretty terrible. When he knew her better, he would speak to her, gently but firmly, about those.

"Ask me some questions," she was beseeching him. "I can't just *begin*."

He asked her questions, prompted her, and helped her and drew her out, all the way to Terrace Tavern. Twenty miles. He knew everything about her when they got there; and he was secretly appalled and sad for her. Such a little world hers was! So confined, so drab! A world in which travel was a ride in an automobile, and romance was a stroll through a campus, and pleasure was a dance-hall with bright-pink lights, or a movie, or a chocolate soda.

"Heavens!" thought Bruce. "What I could do for her!" He was a sympathetic young man. Here was a child who needed bigger balloons and brighter confetti—and, he decided impulsively, she should have them. It would be fun, he thought, to show her things and take her places. It would be fun to teach her things he thought she ought to know. In the light of the unconsciously pathetic revelations she was making in her soft sweet voice, he saw his year's work cut out for him.

He did the best he could that evening with the resources at hand, to give her a very special spectacular time. At Terrace Tavern he ordered squab and baked Alaska for her, and a bottle of synthetic but straw-jacketed beverage. At the

Continued on Page 66

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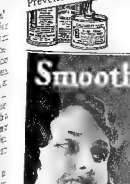

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NORWEGIAN DISHES

By Poppy Cannon

NO ONE who has seen a Norwegian *koldi bord* (table of cold dishes) decked out for a festive occasion doubts that the preparation and the serving of just plain food can be a form of artistic expression. This long table of hors-d'oeuvres placed in a corner of the dining-room in front of the great carved cupboard is a gormand's dream, a kind of continued-story banquet.

Some motion-picture director ought to present a photograph of it some time—slowly, even lingeringly, foot by foot—so as to give an impression of the suspense and excitement which one experiences when, for the first time, one takes his plate and fork in hand and adventures into this appetizing wilderness of delicacies. For even old favorites look so different in this unaccustomed setting.

The celery is a crisp bouquet in a wide-mouthed pitcher; radishes in a bowl of shaved ice look more like flowers than vegetables, with their own tender green stems and leaves still attached to them; herring salad, tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, and shredded lettuce appear in bowls ranged side by side, but never mingled as they are in our gregarious country.

Little jars of anchovies, sardines, and sardellen are quite transformed by scalloped slices of lemon and gay cockades of parsley; plates of sliced cold meats are garnished almost beyond recognition; and as for the bowl of garnet *sulebaer* near by, it takes a long moment before you realize that it is only the tiny, untamed brother of our own ubiquitous cranberry.

A Norwegian *koldi bord* is a novel and diverting way to serve refreshments after bridge or a Sunday supper or even a "different" first course for company dinner. Simply cover a longish table with your snowiest cloth. Place plates, forks, and napkins at one end; arrange the bowls and higher dishes in the center, and the flat plates and little jars along the edge. Use all your brightly colored wooden bowls and pottery.

On the serving-dishes place nests of lettuce-leaves filled with young onions, new carrots scrubbed to a golden glow, crisp red radishes, cucumbers, cole-slaw, stuffed eggs, sardines, anchovies or anchovy-paste blended with cream cheese, asparagus tips with mayonnaise and green pepper rings, and pickled beets.

The success of the table depends on the garnishing; there you must let your imagination run riot. The hot hors-d'oeuvres should be brought to the table in the receptacles in which they have been baked. If these are not sightly enough, hide them behind plants and garnish with bits of fern-leaf along the folds. Fried fish-cakes are served on very hot plates or on a copper platter.

Tungeomelet (Tongue Omelet)

THIS is the least temperamental of the whole omelet tribe, being the only eggless omelet in captivity. Slice cooked, skinned cold tongue—either fresh or corned—place it in a greased frying-pan, and add to it about 1 cupful of mushrooms, which have been cut into bits, and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Set the frying-pan in another pan of hot water in the oven, and after about 5 minutes pour over the tongue and mushrooms the following gravy.

Brown 4 tablespoonfuls of butter with 2 tablespoonfuls of flour. Thin gradually with 1¾ cupful of bouillon. Add 2 anchovies, cleaned and finely chopped, or 1 scant teaspoonful of anchovy-paste; ½ teaspoonful of chopped onion, and 1 teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Boil for a few minutes and salt to taste, then pour the gravy over the omelet, and let it remain in the oven for 15 minutes longer. Serve as a luncheon-dish with greens and baked potatoes, or make it in the afternoon, reheat, and serve on toast for an after-theater supper.

Fiskekaker (Fish-Cakes)

IN THE country districts of Norway, where they have no modern equipment, the fish is scraped and pounded for 3 or 4 hours in order to make these cakes—and they are worth it. However, all you need to do is to put 1 pound of haddock or cod through a fine food-chopper several times. Then work it with a wooden masher till it makes a smooth paste. Add salt, a pinch of nutmeg, 4 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and finally enough cream to make a mixture which can be formed into triangles about 1¾ inch long and ½ inch thick. Fry in deep fat to a delicate brown.

Fiskepudding

ADD to 1 pound of ground fish-paste, salt and nutmeg; also the yolk of 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, and enough thin cream to make a soft mush. Bake in a well-oiled baking-dish dusted with browned flour or fine bread-crums. Serve with drawn butter

Norwegian Desserts

THE Norwegian family usually adds a dessert to the contents of the *koldi bord* and calls it supper. You will probably want to do the same, and you can be quite in the picture if you serve the following simple *risengrot:* Scald ½ cupful of rice. Cook it in a double boiler in 1 pint of rich milk. Remove from the fire, cool slightly, and add 1 well-beaten egg, ½ cupful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, and ½ cupful of blanched and chopped almonds. Put it back in the boiler to keep warm till time to serve. Then put 1 teaspoonful of fresh butter in the center of each portion. Serve along with it sugar and cinnamon to sprinkle on top and tart red sauce.

Rod Saus (Red Sauce)

THIS sauce can be made from either fresh or preserved fruit-juice. Mix 1 cupful of tart, red juice—raspberry, cherry, loganberry, or plum—with ½ cupful of water and bring to a boil. Stir in 1 scant tablespoonful of corn-starch which has been mixed with a little cold water. Bring to a boil, and remove from the fire immediately. Add sugar and vanilla to taste.

Frukt Suppe

THIS is a dessert despite being called a soup. It is a gem for combining all the things that are good for us in a way that we can't resist. Cook ½ cupful of pearl tapioca in 3 cupfuls of water till it is transparent. Then mix into it ½ cupful of cooked raisins, ½ cupful of cooked prunes, the juice of 1 orange, 1 stick of cinnamon, the juice of 1 lemon, and sugar to taste. Simmer over a low fire for 3 or 4 minutes and serve hot or cold.

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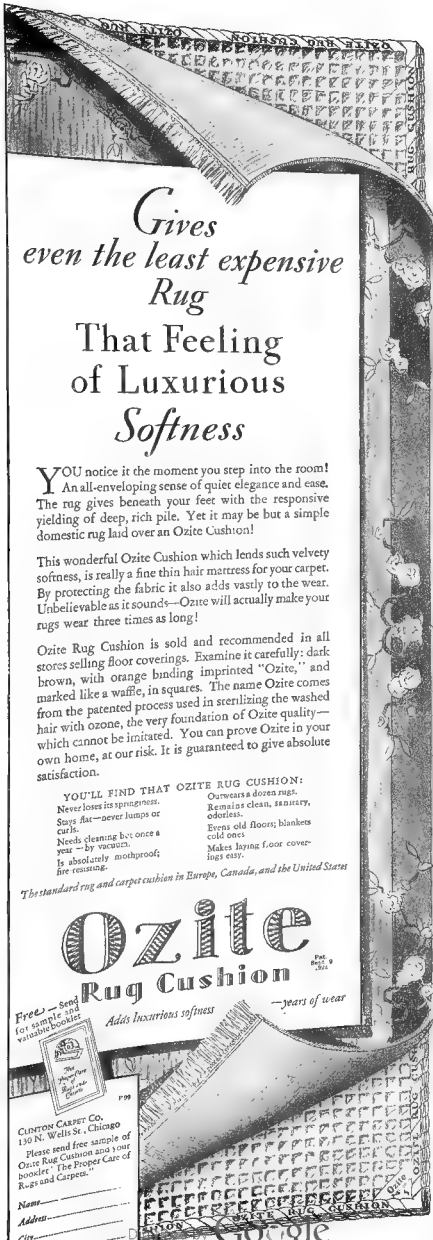
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Red Barn, the noisy road-house where they went from there, he paid the orchestra dollar bills to play the tunes she liked, and the cabaret-singer with the orange hair a five-dollar bill to sway near their table and sob for them,

Some day he'll come along,
The man I lo-ove———

"Ever been in love, Dot?"

"I—don't believe so. Not really."

Her eyes said, "Never before. Never like this." But Bruce was lighting a cigaret, and did not see.

SOME of his whims were transient, fleeting; born and gone in an hour. But the half-benevolent, half-flirtatious whim to cultivate Dot McHenry, broaden her horizon, show her what it was all about—that lasted. She was so grateful. She was so breathless. Things that other girls took for granted—flowers for the shoulder, tables on the dance-floor—made her so pitifully happy, starry-eyed.

He took her, during the next few weeks, to every gay and glittering place within a radius of fifty miles. He would have taken her farther had it been possible to do so and still get her back by 11 P. M. Because he enjoyed her enjoyment, because he liked feeling benign, because she was a sweet little kid to be with, and nothing else to do, he took her somewhere almost every evening. And, true to his resolution, he taught her a great deal.

She was an apt pupil, she was extraordinary. All he had to do was hint, imply—and she had the lesson. When he said, "That's a nice little hat *to dance in*," her hands, that had lifted to take it off, dropped into her lap; and the next time she knew better than to lift them. When he said, "Say, this lettuce almost needs a knife to cut it, doesn't it?" she understood that "almost" was the word to bear in mind. When he remarked of a girl they saw, "Too bad she doesn't know that that incurve behind the knee is ugly," Dorothy went home and ripped the hems from several dresses and let them down an inch or two apiece.

During the month of October she learned about finger-bowls; about menu-cards stiff and glaring, like invitations; about *demi-tasse*, and not putting cream in it. She learned that the smaller knife was the butter one, that you needn't clap the music, that even when the steering-wheel side of the car was away from the curb, you mustn't suggest to Bruce that he get in first. She learned to follow a head waiter's back down a facial and optical aisle without either looking embarrassed or feeling it. She learned to dance with her hand on Bruce's shoulder, not on his collar. She learned to murmur, "Oh, how 'maaaing!" She learned to like caviar. And what she was going to do later on about liking caviar, it never occurred to herself or her tutor to wonder.

Bruce was proud of her progress. He kissed her to reward her, kissed her mouth and her throat and the tip of her ear and sometimes the tips of her fingers, and said that she was adorable and he was fond of her. "I'm getting fonder and fonder of you, do you know it?" he said once earnestly. And once he said, "What would I *do*—marooned in this town that God forgot—if I didn't have you?"

He never said, "I love you"; he never said, "I can't live without you," but some day he would, Dorothy told herself confidently. Some day soon he would. For didn't he take her out almost every evening? Didn't he drop into the shop to see her in the daytime? Didn't he buy her shoulder-bouquets out of her father's stock, and boxes of candy, and gossamer silk stockings? Didn't he spend all his time thinking up things to please her? If this wasn't love, what was it?

HER behavior in the shop these days, and on the street and elsewhere, was model; it was everything her father could have desired. There was only one student on the campus who mattered; there was only one good-looking young man in the world. Toward the rest she was business-like, brisk, detached. It is doubtful if she really noticed them.

Hilda said, "You're *so different*! I never knew a person to change so."

Hilda said sentimentally, "Well, that's what it is to be in love."

Hilda regarded her with respect, with admiration, and with friendly envy. She sighed, "I s'pose he'll marry you and take you to New York to live! Some people have all the luck."

She was so satisfactory, Hilda.

THE thing that had to happen—the thing that must always happen to the Dorothy McHenrys of university towns, of whom this story is the explanation—came to pass in November. There was no warning. No premonition was given to Dot to help her bear it. One evening she was happy, ecstatic. In retrospect it appeared to her that that had been the happiest of all the evenings, the high point of the temperature of her bliss. She had never loved Bruce so greatly as she did that evening. His eyes had never seemed to care so much.

And the next day——

It was the day of the Autumn prom; a busy, weary day for Dorothy. There was the telephone: "Hello, McHenry's? This is the Deke House. Listen, we want—Got your pencil ready?" There was her father, commuting between the shop and the distant greenhouse: "Didn't you get that smilax for the prom committee out yet? What you been doing all this time?" There was the street door, opening and shutting, opening and shutting, each time admitting a blast of chill air and a coon-skin coat in a hurry. "Fix me up some of those yellow ones, will you?" "Say, what's the bad news on orchids?" "Listen, sugar, can't you take my order? I've got to meet a train in five minutes."

Her hair became a little ruffled and her lips grew a little pale, as *waiters* and drops of water from the stems of flowers made dark polka-dots on her smock. Across one wrist a red line testified that a rose has thorns, and her feet began to feel larger than her shoes by afternoon. But her hands were tireless, doing deft and graceful things. Shaking pieces of fern apart. Tying green and lavender ribbons in loops. Dipping like little white gulls into seas of transparent emerald paper. Making the cash-register go "*Ping!*" and the greedy drawer spring out.

At three in the afternoon Bruce appeared, wearing long fur and a derby, and fur-lined gloves. He had to wait; there were two ahead of him. Dorothy's voice grew suddenly edged, impatient with these two. "We always put fern, of course—" She seemed to add by implication, "—you idiot!"

Bruce removed his gloves and his hat, perched on one thigh on the counter beside the cash-register, and sat blowing misty tendrils of smoke at a funeral wreath thoughtfully. When the door slammed and Dorothy could turn to him at last, he got off the counter, dropping his cigaret and treading upon it. He took her hands in both his and smiled down at her. "Little hot and bothered, aren't you, h'm?"

Dorothy nodded. "It's been an awful day."

SHE wished that her nose was powdered, and wondered if he would mind waiting just a second longer while she got her compact.

"For you too?" he was saying. "Well, *has* it been for me! It's been the world's worst day—with the exception," he amended cheerfully, "of three other days exactly like it."

She should have known then, but she didn't. She was smiling cheerfully back. "Exams or something?" she inquired.

"Exams?" cried Bruce. "No! *Deans* Deans doing *this*——"

He let go her hands. Smilingly he held his fists together, thumbs erect. Eloquently he turned the thumbs down.

"—if you get what I mean. In other words," said Bruce, possessing himself of her hands again, "I'm fired."

It wasn't true. It couldn't be true, when he was so blithe, so gay. It was a joke. "You're joking," Dorothy said.

"No, I'm not. It's a fact. I got fired this morning. At eleven-twenty," added Bruce, "Eastern standard time."

Then it was true; it was suddenly as true as if there had never been any doubt about it. Bruce was fired. He was leaving. He was going away for good. And he wasn't going to take her with him; he had never dreamed of taking her with him; that she knew now in one clear flash.

Continued on Page 68

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Continued from Page 66

"Why?" she heard herself asking dully. "Why were you fired?" As if it mattered——

"Well, for one thing," Bruce said, "I hadn't gotten around to buying any text-books yet. That always annoys them. And for another thing, I'd used up all my cuts—and the high hooper dooper seemed to feel strongly on that point too——"

It was cruel of him, intolerably, brutally cruel of him, to be so gay. "Oh, how *can* he?" Dorothy thought. He wasn't bluffing, pretending. He didn't have to pretend; and that was the cruelest thing about it.

"I'll miss you," she said in a very small voice, when his voice stopped.

THAT made him grave. The clasp of his hands on hers tightened. "I'll miss you too," he said. "Terribly. You've been such a grand little buddy——"

He checked himself, and she could feel his startled eyes on her face. "Oh, now, darlin'—don't—you're not going to *cry*, are you?"

She shook her head. Bit her lips. Tried not to.

"Because," Bruce went on quickly, "there's nothing to cry about. I'll come back and see you—oh, often! New York isn't far. Oh, honey, *please* don't! You make me feel like the dickens——"

"I'm not," she managed to say, "I'm not crying."

"Look up here at me."

But she could not do that. She shook her head again, her eyes fixed on a pink blur in a show-case beyond Bruce.

"Dear little kid," he was saying soothingly. "You knew I'd have to go *some* time, didn't you? Sooner or later?"

She nodded, mute. She knew that now. That was another of the things she knew now, that she should have known and had not, till this minute.

That was what it meant to be a town girl. This was what it would always mean. Bruce didn't love her. He didn't want to marry her. He never had and never would. None of them ever would. They would just come along—and go away again. Like this. She knew now.

"When are you going?" she asked tremulously.

"Right away."

"You mean—this afternoon?"

He nodded. "My bags are out there in the car right now. I just stopped in to say good-by to you."

"Oh," Dorothy said.

She thought about it. "I wish you could wait till to-morrow," she said. Her eyes lifted suddenly, beseechingly. "Just till to-morrow—couldn't you, Bruce? We don't close until nine to-night, but after that—I could go somewhere——"

Behind her the shop door opened and shut again, and there was the sound of overshoes shuffling, loose buckles rattling. Bruce released her hands quickly, and she slid them into her pockets; there they were fists, and the knuckles showed through the taut blue cloth like pebbles. She did not turn. She was still looking at Bruce. "Just till to-morrow?" she repeated.

Bruce shook his head. "I can't, I wish I could, but—I can't possibly. I've got to get to New York by eight o'clock. You see," he explained in a voice that was conscious of the presence of the newcomer, "I had a girl coming down for the prom. Meredith Mays, you've heard me speak of her." (Dorothy hadn't.) "Well, I headed her off by telephone after I talked to the dean—but I had to tell her I'd take her out on a party to-night in New York to make up for it. Only thing I could do, of course. I'm awfully sorry." Bruce added, "You know that, don't you, Dot? But—I sort of owed it to her, you see."

"I—see," said Dorothy.

"So," Bruce said, "I guess I'd better run along——"

Pride helped her suddenly. Suddenly she wanted to make it easy for him to get away. "I guess you'd better," she said, "if you're going to get there by eight o'clock."

She held out her hand. "Good-by, Bruce."

"Good-by, Dot." He looked relieved. "Be a good kid, won't you?" he said.

"I will."

"And—I'll see you soon."

"Yes."

"I'll drive out some day and see you."

"Yes," she said again, knowing he wouldn't.

They both smiled brightly, hard, for an instant. "Well—so long," said Bruce.

Then he was gone. And his car was gone, roaring away from the curb. And Dorothy was saying mechanically "Roses? Four dollars a dozen. Those over there are three. The pink ones——"

AT QUARTER of nine that evening she telephoned Johnny Murray:

"Is this you, Johnny?"

"Yeah."

"This is Dot."

"Yeah. I know. How are you?"

"I'm fine. How're you?"

"Fine."

"Say, Johnny?"

"Yeah?"

"Do something for me?"

"You bet!" cried Johnny. "You just tell me what it is."

Dorothy told him what it was. "I'm too tired to walk home," she said. "And, anyway, it's snowing. So would you come and get me in your taxi?"

He was there in three minutes. Johnny. Big and bashful, worshiping her.

"You're quite a stranger," he said.

"Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Right here."

"Yeah?" said Johnny.

But he let it go at that. "Gee!" he said, "it's great to see you again, anyway."

"It's nice to see you, Johnny."

Johnny's furious blush and the things his hands did to his hat-brim showed that a compliment was in the making. He got it out finally. "Gee, but—you look good to me—after all this time——"

Johnny, familiar and faithful. Johnny, homely and dear. Johnny, who would never go away.

"And you do to me, too," said Dorothy.

She meant it. There was a warmth in her heart. There was a curious peace. But when Johnny stalked out of the door ahead of her, as the town boys did, she couldn't help thinking, "Stupid! Don't you know *anything*?" She couldn't help thinking that only a town boy would have a haircut like that.

ARE YOU LISTENING IN?

Letters, postal cards, and telegrams keep pouring in from readers telling us how much they are enjoying the Pictorial Review programs that come to them through the Radio Household Institute. Don't miss these unique programs every *other* Tuesday morning at 11:30 (Eastern daylight saving time), 10:30 (Central daylight time). Tune in on any of these stations:

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PROGRAM DATES

August 27 September 10, 24 October 8, 22
November 5, 19 December 3, 17, 31

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Your Children ___ ___ is their food safe?

YOU, as a conscientious mother, buy the best food for your children, prepare it with scrupulous care and cook it correctly. Yet, in spite of all, you may be giving your children food which is not wholesome—possibly dangerous!

For even the best food becomes unsafe to eat unless it is *kept* at the proper degree of cold, which medical authorities agree should be 50 degrees or less—always. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply, food is contaminated—becomes a menace to health.

There is only one way to be sure that your children's food is fresh and healthful—correct refrigeration. There is one refrigerator that assures you of scientifically perfect refrigeration at all times—the General Electric. Faithfully, quietly, day and night, it maintains a temperature safely below the danger point—50 degrees.

The General Electric is ideal for the home. Its simple mechanism which you never need to oil, is mounted on top of the cabinet and hermetically sealed in a steel casing. It has a simple and accessible temperature control, makes a generous supply of ice cubes, creates no radio interference. It has the only all-steel, warp-proof cabinet—easily-cleaned, sanitary. Your dealer will be glad to help you select the model best suited to your family needs. Ask him about the spaced payment plan, which makes it easily possible for every home to have this faithful watchman of the family health. If there is not a dealer near you, write to General Electric Company, Electric Refrigeration Department, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and ask for descriptive booklet P-9.

The price of this new all-steel refrigerator—the small-family model—is now
$215 AT THE FACTORY

There are now more than 300,000 owners of General Electric Refrigerators—and not one has ever had to pay a single dollar for repairs or service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

Select the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish this new, easy way

DOLE 1 DOLE 2 DOLE 3

Simply look for the grade numbers—1, 2 or 3—stamped in the top of the can. The exact definition of these grades follows:

Grade 1
Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form — packed in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

• • •

Grade 2
Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

• • •

Grade 3
Broken Slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

There's a *new idea* in the market basket —a new way to choose Hawaiian Pineapple

DOLE 1...DOLE 2...DOLE 3

FOR the first time you can be absolutely certain of getting Hawaii's finest fruit —Dole grown and Dole canned—in just the grade you wish.

Just two things to remember—that's all. First: Look for DOLE stamped in the top of the can. Second: Look beneath the word DOLE for the grade you wish.

DOLE 1 DOLE 2 DOLE 3

For nearly thirty years now, James D. Dole has worked unceasingly to give you sweeter, juicier, tenderer, more flavorsome fruit . . . Hawaiian Pineapple picked at the moment of ripeness — then graded, packed and sealed with lightning speed in the world's largest fruit cannery.

Thousands and thousands of housekeepers have been asking: "How can I get DOLE grown, DOLE canned Hawaiian Pineapple?" What's the answer? . . . Look for DOLE stamped on the top of the can. Don't forget when you shop today—DOLE stamped in the top means perfect pineapple in the can.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can choose the grade you wish.

A brand new edition of a famous recipe booklet

HERE'S news! The fourth edition of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" is just off the press. In it are 39 new ways to serve Hawaiian Pineapple—exclusive, easy to make recipes just prepared for this booklet by four of the nation's food authorities. Send for your copy—FREE

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GAY PAREE

Continued from Page 28

"Julie is very busy this year with her Russians."

As a matter of fact, the *cours de civilisation* lasted only four months, and the Russian princess for whom Mrs. Wylie sold lingerie orders and had to dine once a week, eloped with a fellow Russian with a modest loan of all Mrs. Wylie's pin-money and was never heard from again.

The fact was that Julie did nothing at all. She awoke in her bed behind the screen and looked at a print entitled "Bonjour, Grandpapa" on the wall. She drank half a cup of hay-tea and ate half a soggy croissant. She read about the movements of Mr. Berry Wall and the propaganda for Baden in a New York daily. She had done all the galleries. She had wandered for hours in the quaint old streets—how she loathed the word "quaint"! She had spent days in the Galleries Lafayette and the Printemps. She had gone to the end of the Métro and the Nord Sud. She had walked in the forest of Fontainebleau. She had sat in the Luxembourg Gardens. She had seen "Le Cid" ten times at the Comédie Française.

"When you get to really *know* the French as we do, you love them," said Mrs. Wylie to visiting Americans who were speeding through Paris.

Julie's French acquaintance consisted of Mademoiselle Chapon, her French teacher, Madame Madeleine, the little dressmaker who lived in a court off the Rue Saint Dominque and made all Julie's modest costumes; Hertor, the not overclean concierge; Ernestine and Félix and Monsieur Fatta, a pale young man in pince-nez, who was Miss Beekman's *filleul de guerre*, and came once a Winter to dinner in a frock coat from the Minastère, where he worked and rolled his glass eye tenderly on Julie.

At first friends from home had come through. Mr. Wylie had swaggered them around as if Paris were an institution and he a leading trustee. Julie had taken tea at Rumpelmayer's and had rapturous girlish chats, which were of a romantic nature and largely one-sided, since Julie was too honest to embellish the aimless charms and roving eye of Monsieur Fatta. She listened silently to the confidences, and in silence went to the openings and watched girls getting clothes for coming-outs and trousseaux.

NOW they were all more or less married.

But Julie was still there.

The eighth Summer passed uneventfully enough. The Belle went off on one of her periodic trips, with a few new furbelows from the sales and a great many old ones refurbished. Mr. Beebe had an attack, more serious than usual, and Mrs. Beebe, sick and pucker-ed, threw under the attention she received, until the old boy suddenly rallied and his bride relapsed once more into insignificance. Miss Huff began to show obvious signs of secret dissipations, and actually hiccuped one night in the dining-room. And one of Miss Beekman's *blessés* wheeled over to the Grenelle, and they all bought identical bands for their necks in gunmetal and silver beads.

The trees shriveled from the heat Paris swooned for a few Indian-Summer days. And then one morning Julie awoke and it was Fall. There was an air of excitement in the hotel. At lunch the dining-room was silent and in company manners. But a team-work of noddings and winkings indicated the cause. Mr. and Mrs. Beebe's grandson had arrived.

He was unexpectedly attractive, fresh from college, with nice brown eyes and a cheerful, impudent countenance. Unconscious of his silent audience, he rattled on at a great rate in a young bass, stringing the old people a line.

"When are you coming home, sir? You aren't coming home at all? Holy smoke! You wouldn't miss the Yale-Harvard game this year! Why, it's going to be the greatest game in the history of American football. Dad's had his name down for tickets since last Christmas, but we could probably get one for you too if you gave us time. Rux thinks we've got too heavy a program. Ruxton Beach. He's one of the fellows I'm traveling with. You'd like Rux. He's a swell guy.

"The day we sailed, George—he's the other fellow—told him he'd been to the dentist and had five gold fillings put into his teeth. 'Have you?' says Rux. 'I'm taking a letter of credit.' We had a keen time in Lucerne and a lot of fun with the Fascisti in Venice. Rux got fresh with a guy in a black shirt and got i is goat, and we nearly got locked up. I think Paris is *wet*. What's the matter? It isn't sacrilege, is it? There aren't any French around."

Mr. Beebe hurried the prodigal out. When Julie came out of the dining-room the grandson was taking his leave. Mr. Beebe was laying definite plans for the little party. Julie scuttled by and paused, pink with embarrassment, on the stairs. She heard her name mentioned. Distinctly, the raw young voice floated back to her, "Holy mackerel, sir, not that old dame!"

Julie climbed the stairs slowly and dragged on her things. She was going down-town. She passed Miss Huff's room on the way. The door was ajar. There was a huge photograph of Lindbergh on the bureau. Miss Huff's laundry was hung on a string suspended from the bed-top to the *armoire*. Julie saw with disgust a wet nightgown. She resolved not to tell her mother, tho she knew she would be interested. Even her father, she thought scornfully, would be interested in the fact that Miss Huff did heavy laundry in her room.

She took the Métro down-town and did her shopping. Automatically, she stood in line for hours at the Caisse, returning gloves that Mrs. Wylie had found cheaper at the Printemps.

She came in late, second class, in the A. B. bus, holding the little, purple ticket tight in her hand. It bumped up the Champs Elysées. There was a smell of Fall and of roasted chestnuts in the air. Over the brown trees the Arc de Triomphe rose, ethereal in the Autumn haze, but Julie didn't see it. She choked back the tears till her tonsils ached.

The Grenelle had never seemed so cold and dreary. The elevator was going, for a wonder. It smelled worse than ever, a mixture of fish, Miss Beekman's stove, and Hector, the not overclean concierge.

In the hall mirror Julie caught sight of her face and hurried by. Mrs. Wylie was in good spirits. She had just had a long talk with Mrs. Beebe about the food. "*Potage santé* for three nights in succession, and watercress," as Mrs. Beebe put it, "not fit for the cat to eat." She had found Mrs. Beebe delightful.

Mr. Wyl e was in good humor too. He came in from "around the corner" overflowing with spirits. In the dining-room that night, he was more arch than ever in a new suit, buttoned snugly over his chest, spats a shade lighter than last year, shedding killing glances on his harem. He kissed the Belle's hand, just back from Deauville, and had quite a little chat with her, standing, while Mrs. Wylie and Julie silently consumed *potage santé*. She was going to be his little flirt for the Winter.

THERE was quite an atmosphere of a new year starting. Fresh napkins and new mustard-pots. "The American Hospital drive opens to-morrow," said Mr. Wylie, rubbing his hands, and had quite a little chat with her, standing, while Mrs. Wylie and Julie silently consumed *potage santé*. She was going to be his little flirt for the Winter.

"I'm not going to," said Julie quietly.

Mr. Wylie dropped his bottle of Graves and looked at her. Mrs. Wylie coaxed.

"Why don't you, Julie? They start off with a lunch at Claridge's. It will be fun, It was very nice of father to arrange it."

"I'm not going to," said Julie, "I'm going back to America."

Mr. Wylie pushed back his chair and stared. His face became red as a beet. He looked apoplectic. He stuttered. "You're going back to America?" he broke forth. "You're going back to America? I guess I'll have something to say about that. Every girl you know would give her eye-teeth to be doing what you are doing. You can't go back without money, so there's an end to it."

Mrs. Wylie looked as if she were going

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Electrically—Fast—Without Labor

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A new Thor washer of new and unique features

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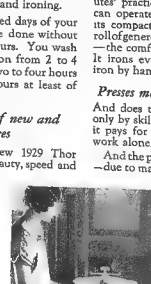

And such color harmony! The tub—in a new green—a new color in an age of color. The base—a shade of green that blends perfectly. You have not seen true beauty in a washer until you see this new Thor.

Note, too, the new silent cover feature. A strip of roll rubber encircles the rim of the tub—to hold the cover firm, quiet and vibrationless. Water cannot seep through. The cover cannot rattle. Note, too, the top opening is the full width of the generous sized tub for easier access and greater convenience.

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By a single, effortless operation this amazing machine becomes a fast efficient electric ironer. You simply lift the wringer off—slip the ironer on and in 4 minutes heating time you are ready to iron. This machine has an ironing surface equal to 10 flat-irons. With ten minutes' practice anyone can operate it. Note its compact size—its roll of generous length—the comfortable position of the operator. It irons everything—75% faster than you iron by hand.

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As a general utility cleaner, this marvelous Eureka (weighing only 4¼ lbs.) will serve you in countless ways, for the many bothersome little jobs that do not require a full-sized vacuum cleaner.

The Eureka Junior cleans quickly and thoroughly. It has more suction power than many cleaners priced above $60.00 intended for general use on rugs and carpets . . . it whisks away ashes and litter; cleans stairways, autos, mattresses, upholstery. It is sturdy, durable . . . built for years of perfect satisfaction.

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Every woman has long realized the need of a modern electric device to perform these great services. It remained for Eureka to develop it, to place behind it the guarantee of a name that enjoys the confidence of the public, and to offer it at this remarkably low price . . . $16.50, and $3.00 for the hair drying attachment.

The Eureka Junior offers for the whole family a service that is completely new. See it, try it, without delay. At the same time, learn about the wonderful advantages and exclusive features of the other famous Eureka models, the Standard and Special. The coupon will bring you information without obligation.

You may now own a powerful, rugged Eureka Special at the sensational low price of $39.50—attachments $6.00. The "Special", recently announced, is full-sized, sturdy . . . with gray enameled steel handle and handsome gray bag. It embodies the same fine materials and workmanship as other great Eurekas . . . truly exceptional quality at a popular price.

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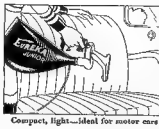

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to cry. The whole dining-room listened in. The desultory and highly artificial conversation between the Belle and Miss Hale died a natural death. All ears were frankly agog.

"I don't care," said Julie, a pink flush flaming her cheeks to life. "I'm sick of the French. I'm sick of Paris. I don't care if I never hear the language again. I'm sick of floating around and pretending it's fun. I'll get a job. I'll work in a store. I'll do anything. I want to go home. I want to see people. I want to go to the Yale-Harvard game."

Then she became aware of them all staring at her, pink Mrs. Beebe and Mr. Beebe, Miss Hale, Miss Lamont, and all the rest. She leaped from the table and rushed up-stairs and flung herself on the bed.

There was a knock at the door. "*Entrez*," called Julie wearily. Ernestine coming in to turn down the beds. But it was not Ernestine. There in the doorway stood angular Miss Huff. She looked more awkward and angular than ever. Her face was red, but she was quite steady. She had an envelop in her hand and she tended it to Julie.

"Take it," she said. "Take it, my dear, and go. I didn't think it was safe to be over here alone without American money, and I kept it for my funeral expenses. It isn't much, two hundred dollars, but on a cabin-ship it will take you back. I'm an old woman. I have stayed here twenty years, and it hasn't changed a jot in all this time. Take my word for it," she went on almost fiercely. "Get out of here. Go before it's too late."

When she left, Julie's knees were knocking against each other. She felt faint. For two cents she would have run after Miss Huff with the money. But she didn't run after her. She sat there with the tears dried on her cheeks, and tenderly pressed out, one by one, the worn American dollars.

THE taxi was waiting. Mr. Wylie had refused to appear. Mrs. Wylie was weeping. She had been continually whimpering for the last week. Félix piled the luggage and swept open the door with a final flourish of style. "*Bonne réussite!*" in a shrill scream from Ernestine from a window in the *entresol*, waving her dirty duster. And the taxi pulled off.

From an upper window, real hair twisted into a hairpin and a lilac double gown, Miss Huff looked grimly down, until the taxi turned the corner. Then she took down her nightgown and put it away rough-dry. She had had just a little drop too much

VAMPIRES ALL

Continued from Page 26

She found him at the fifth tea-house that she tried. He was with a group of men and girls, who all invited her to join them until her (supposed) date arrived. She accepted their invitation with indifference, noting inwardly that Fuzz was honored that she chose to sit by him. So easy it was to get thus far when one was Janie Jones, arbiter of Jones College and queen of men's colleges. So hard it would have been for the Tot Evanses, the fillers-in! For here there was no space to be filled. There were indeed more girls than men; the college was presenting the freelances with a choice bouquet from which to select their boon companions.

It was only a matter of minutes before Janie rose and left the group, accompanied by Fuzz Fisher.

"We'll be back," she said lazily. It was the only attempt made by either to gloss over the situation, which was received with metallic laughter by the bouquet of girls and disappointed remonstrance from the men.

"Fuzz, I have a great favor to ask of you," she began earnestly the moment they were beyond the tea-house.

The exhilaration in Fuzz's face underwent a swift sag. "I might have known it wasn't for the natural thrill of my company that you breezed me out here. Well, what then?"

Continued on Page 74

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Do you feel ill at ease at guests using your bathroom? You have put out dainty towels. The bath, the lavatory are spotless. What about the toilet, is it noticeably stained and discolored? Sani-Flush will make that immaculate too.

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MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

A BED ENSEMBLE *in Mrs. Wanamaker's home as attractive as it is comfortable! The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—already in over 700,000 American homes—is amazingly resilient with strong, upstanding sides. Damask covers, choice of two patterns, six colors. Simmons Ace Box Spring matches Beautyrest in damask covering, integrity of construction, comfort, fine finish. Mahogany-finished Windsor Bed from Simmons, No. 1590, with delicately turned spindles.*

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III *has all the qualities that make the woman of today so charming, so able; an informal cordiality of manner which endears her to her friends, keen judgment and the flair for affairs which characterize the famous family into which she married.*

Inside the Beautyrest—the superior inner coil structure makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of finely tempered coils closely packed in separate pockets extend to edges and are stitched firmly in place. Luxurious layers of upholstery cover coils. Damask covers in a choice of six colors and two designs.

The Ace Open Coil Spring—sturdily constructed, low in price. Hundreds of closely placed coils insure marvelous resiliency; special banded border protects sheets.

THE HOME of Mrs. John Wanamaker III in Ardmore, an exclusive residential suburb of Philadelphia, has the gracious air of mingled beauty and comfort typical of America's finest homes.

For this lovely bedroom, to match the sturdy dignity of her old Colonial pieces, Mrs. Wanamaker chose a quaint, mahogany-finished Windsor Bed, No. 1590, from Simmons.

And to insure perfect rest she wisely fitted it with the mattress and spring which women everywhere are finding so much more comfortable.

Of her Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring Mrs. Wanamaker says, "They're simply matchless—such soft upholstery! And so attractive looking with their trim, upstanding sides. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection. I chose a lovely rose all-over pattern in charming contrast to my mahogany."

After years of research the Simmons Company has perfected this marvelous Beautyrest Mattress with an inner coil construction that is extraordinarily resilient, and permits perfect distribution of body weight. Their Ace Box Spring, equally buoyant, boasts the same integrity of construction.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00; Windsor Beds, $12.00 to $25.00. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons."

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. A2, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with bedroom photographs and ideas for home decoration.

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Slenderize Your Figure

Amazing New Figure Control

Makes You Look Slender, Young and Graceful

Now no matter what your figure problems are, you can wear the smart new frocks—now you can have beautifully symmetrical youthful lines. A new kind of figure control has been perfected which scientifically re-creates your figure into flattering, harmonious proportions —smoothing out every bulge of awkwardness or bulkiness —making it more youthful, graceful and attractive. Gives smooth, unbroken lines and stylish contour, allows great-er freedom than old tight garments, correctly supports and flattens abdomen.

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This new creation—Katherine-K combines corset, brassiere, uplift abdominal belt, and diaphragm reducer all in one garment—and all adjustable. Fourteen special models available as to fit extreme stout figures, as well as unusually tall or short women and slight figures. Priced surprisingly low.

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Katherine-K Slenderizing Garments are not sold in stores —they are fitted to your figure by a specialist who has been intensively trained in this important work. Our expert will demonstrate Figure Control in the privacy of your own home. Send coupon below for our FREE Booklet and address of our representative in your locality, or look for Katherine-K in your phone book. Booklet tells all about this amazing new Figure Control— illustrates various models—gives you our Freeform Health Belts for Surgical conditions and abdominal ailments. Mail the coupon right away. Kellogg Corset Co., Dept. L 10, Jackson, Michigan.

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A few choice territories are open for high-grade women and men able to manage a city office. If you have had experience in Direct Selling, I have an unusually attractive proposition for you. Also a few open spots for Experienced Field Representatives. Please write me personally. D. C Kellogg, Pres.

KATHERINE-K
The Slenderizing Garment

Kellogg Corset Company
Dept. L 10, Jackson, Mich.

Please tell me all about Katherine-K, the new Figure Control garment.

Name .....

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Continued from Page 73

"You breezed me out here," Janie corrected him. "And as for natural thrills, I have several to propose if you'll only be receptive."

"If you should tell me that you'd come to prom with me," said Fuzz, "I'd be receptive. But I have a feeling that isn't your message."

"To take me to prom is something any one will do," said Janie truthfully. "I'm proposing to you something original and striking. It is a chance to be chivalrous. No one's thought of that line for quite a while."

"Oh, yes, they have," Fuzz retorted, immediately wary. "There's drug-store clerks and movie heroes and all sorts of other saps oozing around—"

Janie sighed. "If I only could be sure that there was something chivalrous and unselfish about you, Fuzz, I might think of you in a very different way."

There was a little silence while both walked very fast, Janie with her head turned reticently away from Fuzz's suddenly penetrating look. Then Fuzz spoke. "Well," he said, "what is the thing you want me to do?"

"It isn't the thing so much," said Janie wistfully; "it's the *principle* of it. If I could just feel that there was one man in the world who had a little idealism—"

"Yes. What would you do then?" Fuzz prompted her.

Janie turned her pelisoid blue eyes upon him. "I really don't know *what* might happen," she breathed. "I—but let me tell you what it is." By this time Fuzz was in no condition to notice her abrupt change of tone.

"I have a friend, a girl here in college, that certain other girls are being very mean to. You can't expect to understand girls' politics, but there's some sort of club that all her friend's belong to and they won't take her in. I have felt terribly about it, but I don't sit in with that crowd at all, and so there is nothing I can do to help."

"Is it possible there's some crowd you don't sit in with?"

A slight hardness permeated Janie's gentle regard. "I don't understand reasons, which, again, you would not understand. Betty Berries is president of this club. Several other members were in that outlay we just left."

"But I always thought those girls were your best friends!"

"Best friends! When with men, we are companions of enemy like the privates in front-line trenches! But never mind that. The point is that if you donate this girl a lot of your time over this week-end, it will give her so much importance in the eyes of those vestal mormas that they will simply have to take her in their club."

Fuzz never questioned the fact that his attention would give a girl sufficient importance to accomplish almost anything. His mind was busy with more solid doubts

"All right. Leave it that I let loose the chivalrous stuff and shower it on this girl. I would do more than that for the chance of getting personal with you. But let's write a graceful exit for me in this act before I say it. You don't seem to have thought of how I could leak away afterward!"

A slight smile crossed Janie's face.

"Oh, yes, I have. Didn't it occur to you that if you bring a perfectly new girl around those great lovers you've got up here with you, they'll simply have to try themselves out on her? Men like—like Ned Halloway, for instance, who never let the ball get past them."

"You can't tell," said Fuzz. "Is she workable material?"

"You'll have to see her for yourself. Girls look all the same to me," Janie murmured.

BY THIS time they had reached the corner of Grove Street, and she had stopped by the side door of the large white house, where she looked down the Alley with a still expectancy worthy of the blessed damozel. "Perhaps if you wait here with me a while, she might turn up."

As per her instructions, Tot had been riding for almost an hour. "It's just to know how to find you in a casual way," Janie had explained. Poor Tot felt that there was nothing casual about her riding. She dared not do anything but walk her steed, which was Janie's saddle-horse, and, Janie had assured her, as turbulent as a dove; indeed, he was named Colomba. It had been seven years since Tot had ridden a gently jogging pony, and she was miserable with discomfort and apprehension.

Besides, she felt that she did not look decorative. Janie had almost completely suppressed her hair, which normally waved and blew in tendrils about her face. It was now jerked back so sternly that it appeared to be straight, showing her ears and leaving her face unenhanced. And that poor face—Janie had eradicated from it all traces of Tot's becomingly rosy make-up and plastered it into a clown-like white, with a virile Cupid's bow fastened down on the lips. "There," Janie had said, "no one would know you!"

Tot believed her. And rode up the Alley for the fifth time, with no enthusiasm.

ALTHO her energies were concentrated on guiding the horse, she saw Janie at the same time Janie hailed her, and took stock of the man at Janie's side as she gingerly brought Colomba to a standstill. Altho the big men of the colleges knew her not, she had them all laid out in lavender in her hope chest. This one she recognized as the leader of the Princeton Glee Club and actor of the Triangle Show; a magnificent decoy-duck for the great Ned Halloway.

Fuzz saw a girl dressed in mannish severity that set off to perfection her white face and big eyes and distinguished the regularity of her features. This was better than he had hoped, but the most promising-looking packages were sometimes empty. He essayed a little light conversation; she seemed to sail along with the right amount of ballast. But while he was wondering uneasily what should be his next move the conversation came to an abrupt end.

It was all Janie's fault. From her position she could see what neither of the other two had noticed as yet; through the campus gate at the head of the Alley were coming two familiar figures. They were none other than the remodeled Betty Berries and the magnificent Ned Halloway, without doubt returning from some class at which Betty had been exhibiting her prize.

In a whirling second Janie conceived an idea. It was a reckless gamble, but Janie did not give herself time to consider it as reckless. To her it was a stroke of genius, this swiftly conceived strategy by which she could provide an opening for Ned to make Tot's acquaintance under spectacular circumstances.

Colomba, Janie's horse, responded to a set of signals that Janie did not teach the girls who rode him. Janie reached up casually to pat his neck and gave him a sharp pinch behind the left ear, which was an order to put on all speed and forge ahead.

Colomba obeyed. Tot was suddenly jerked forward, leaving Fuzz dangling a half finished sentence in mid-air.

"He's bolted!" Janie cried. "Go after him, Fuzz!"

Up the Alley they dashed after the horse, shrieking in tones that brought swarms of life to all the windows. The stage was set now for the heroic rescue Janie had led up to. For was not Ned Halloway at the head of the Alley—Ned Halloway, who had never let a ball get past him?

In the violence of the first moment, Tot had been thrown forward on the horse's neck, to which she now clung desperately with both arms. Colomba, made nervous by the unaccustomed burden of his rider, broke into a hard gallop. Though a haze Tot saw two figures at the head of the Alley figures from which Colomba veered away sharply as he plunged off down Grove, the town street that lay at right angles between the Alley and the campus. On they flew past a farmer peacefully driving a truckful of hay; on they flew at a pace which did not allow Tot the breath to scream.

In that dreadful moment when she saw Colomba swerve away from the football champion, Janie had wanted to faint. It was only by the sternest effort of will that she kept herself running after Fuzz, who seemed to be trying to emulate Colomba's speed. Panting, she came abreast of Betty and Ned, who wanted to know if it

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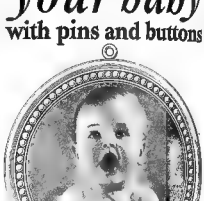
Don't hurt your baby with pins and buttons



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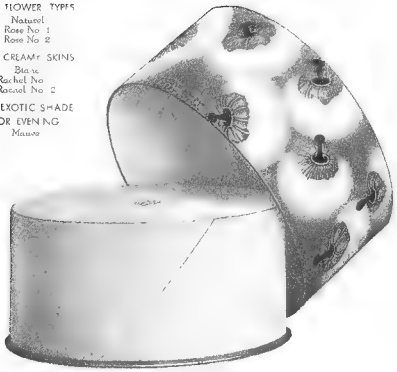

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Be a little kind to your skin in summer, even if you do love short-sleeved frocks, and long days in the open air. Keep a bottle of Jergens Lotion near at hand, and apply it liberally whenever your skin feels hot and dry. Jergens Lotion is deliciously cooling and soothing. It takes out all the sting of the sun—keeps your skin smooth, soft, and white all summer long.

HEALING!

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IT'S a wonderful friend to your skin in summer.

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JERGENS LOTION

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Continued from Page 74

was "a real runaway." She was winded, but Fuzz dashed past them down Grove Street with no sign of fatigue. In spite of her terror, Janie automatically tried to remember if Fuzz's card held any mention of a college track record.

"What's the use of Fuzz's following like that?" Ned wanted to know. "He can't possibly catch her—some one will stop her down the road anyway!"

"Brave words from a Triple Threat!" Janie gasped. "Why didn't you stop the ball yourself, Wet Wash?"

"Look at Fuzz!" Betty cried. In a terrific burst of power Fuzz had overtaken the slowly circling truck load of hay. While they watched, he leaped upon the the running-board, and the car, with a sudden acceleration of speed, bore him out of sight.

"I knew he was a track hero!" Janie exclaimed.

"He's a Hare and Hounds champion!" Ned grunted, not overpleased at Fuzz's sudden rise to spectaculardom. "Who's the girl, anyway? The flash-light we got of her looked fairly racy—no punning intended."

"She's nobody you know," said Janie, allowing dark mystery to cloud her tones. "Nor would you be likely to meet her, even if she comes back alive."

"May I ask why not?" he demanded, instantly alert with interest.

"Do I know her?" Betty broke in, forcefully bringing herself back to the picture.

"How can we stand here so calmly when she may be killed by now?" Janie cried, blotting Betty out again.

"You're right." Ned moved away from the two girls. "My car's at the head of Grove. I'll get it and go after them—they may be needing some help."

To Fuzz, rushing down Grove Street after the galloping Colomba and his terrified burden, the situation was so urgent that he never dreamed that any one else could consider it otherwise. It was therefore without the slightest hesitation that he leaped upon the running-board of the gently going truck and cried, "Drive like mad after that runaway!"

"Get out of my car," the farmer responded cordially. "Whatcha think we are—mounted police?"

With a pounding of hoofs Colomba rounded the curve and disappeared up Institution Avenue. The case was desperate. Wildly, Fuzz seized his silver cigaret-case from his pocket, and before the driver had time to see what he was doing, pressed the cold metal against his side. "Put on speed and follow that horse up Institution!"

IT ALL happened so quickly that the watchers at the head of the Alley saw no break in the action. The car jumped forward, scattering its contents in all directions as it went. Fuzz thought that he heard some unfarmer-like oaths from the driver, but he was completely absorbed with brushing off the hay that fell on him and impeded his view of the fugitive Colomba, who had made short work of the avenue and was dashing up Institution Hill.

Institution Hill, called Dippy Hill by Jones College, was named for the formidable building at its summit, the State Hospital for the Insane. Also only ten minutes' drive from the town it was always a drear, deserted portion of country. There was no one to stop Colomba's nervous flight except Tot, and that idea had never occurred to her. All she could think of was that she must hang on, and perhaps by and by Colomba would weary of the exercise and return to his stable.

Colomba had almost reached the top of the hill with no abatement of his expert stride when the automobile overtook him and ran alongside for a moment while Fuzz nonchalantly returned the cigaret-case to his pocket. "Thank you; you can go on now," he told the driver, and from the running-board made a neat dive for Colomba's bridle.

On the way up the hill he had plotted out this action, and had gloomily seen himself dragged at the horse's heels for several miles, so that when Colomba finally stopped Tot would be greeted with the sight of his unconscious form, his inert fingers so woven through the reins

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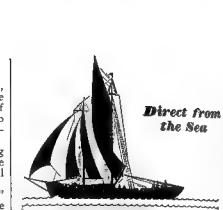

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TYPICAL of the hospitality at the Lowden country estate, Sinnissippi Farm, is the famous "Sunday Luncheon" when the friends who motor out from Chicago are proudly treated to a real, though glorified, "farm dinner"—succulent duck with fried apples, vegetables tenderly new from the garden, ice cream, cake and coffee.

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For the mellow, blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee can be depended upon, always, to please all guests. Its history is the record of the pursuit and attainment of an ideal.

A gentleman of the Old South worked over the blending of one after another of many choice coffee flavors until he achieved the special shade of richness which gives Maxwell House Coffee its character and individuality.

He was an expert in coffees. He tried them all—the rich and syrupy, the "winy," the pungent and the mild; different kinds and grades of choice coffees grown in many different lands. No single coffee was completely satisfying. So, patiently testing and rejecting, skillfully combining, he gave to Maxwell House Coffee the matchless, mellow depth and unusual richness of flavor in which even the most critical palate finds a new delight.

An expert in coffees in the Old South worked years to achieve the skillful mingling of flavors which gives Maxwell House Coffee its unusual mellow depth.

It got its first recognition—and its name—from the Old Maxwell House in Nashville, where distinguished beaux and belles of the South gathered to enjoy the delicious food and wonderful coffee. Now Maxwell House has become the best-liked coffee in America—the coffee served to her guests by many a celebrated hostess from coast to coast.

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Continued from Page 76

that they had been able to cling on through everything. But as a matter of fact he did not have time even to start to weave his fingers through the reins before Colomba, who had been getting bored, came to as smooth a halt as if it had all been rehearsed.

Tot continued to cling around Colomba's neck, and only moved when Fuzz called up to her that everything was all right. Then, and then only, did she look around and see that the countryside was standing still.

"Come on down," Fuzz proposed, gazing at her with the tenderness that a man is bound to feel for a person whose life he has saved. Gently he helped her to descend. Her hat had blown off and her hair had fallen in waves over her shoulders, the tendrils curving about her face. She looked like a nymph.

"Oh! How can I ever thank you?" she gasped.

"The pleasure," breathed Fuzz fervently, "is all yours."

For an idyllic moment they stood looking at each other. A bleak voice pierced the idyl.

"Jerk out of it, you two, an' tell me who's gonna pay for my load of hay!"

THE farmer had not gone on as any man of delicacy would have done. He had stopped his machine and now leaned forward over his wheel, glaring at the breathless pair. A few strands of hay waved in lonely splendor from the back of the truck.

When Ned Halloway drove up a few minutes later, he found the rescuer bickering over the price of hay, while an entrancing nymph arranged her wildly lovely tresses under the shade of Dippy's walls, and Colomba, forgotten by all, mildly ate what was left in the back of the truck.

"If I had as much money as this man credits me with," Fuzz told Ned, "I'd prosecute him for driving gold around the country under the name of hay."

It could easily be seen that Fuzz possessed neither the price nor the resource to disentangle himself. Ned took a swift survey of the field, including a look at the nymph to see that she was in a condition to absorb effects, and proceeded to get control of the ball.

By a few well-chosen words he made it clear to the farmer that he was the superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane at the top of the hill. "Where these two unfortunate young people belong," he said, looking pityingly upon Tot and Fuzz. "If you wish to come with them to the hospital as a –as a material witness, we shall be glad to hear the facts of the case; but you can see for yourself that no one can be responsible for any debts they may incur."

Tot began to have hysterics, and Fuzz shook her. "Can't you remember that you're a princess?" he admonished her. "You should always act as tho a thousand eyes were upon you!"

"Here," said Ned in a low tone to the farmer, whose face had glazed, "take this little reimbursement from my own pocket; and go, quick, before they get any worse!"

The farmer went, so rapidly that Colomba was interrupted in the middle of a mouthful.

Ned carefully avoided looking triumphantly at the nymph; which was just as well, because she was gazing at Fuzz, who, altho he had stopped shaking her, had not relinquished his grasp. "How about acting as if you had a thousand eyes fixed on you, yourself?" she suggested rather breathlessly.

The Alley was all out to see their return, and it was an impressive one. Behind Ned Halloway's long, slowly moving car docilely trotted the runaway Colomba tethered to the back seat. In the front seat Ned drove—alone.

"How clever of her!" mused Janie from her casement-window. "How clever of her to have chosen to sit in back with Fuzz!"

She needed only to see Ned's expression when he stopped in front of Tot's house and leaped out ahead of Fuzz to help the reformed equestrienne from the car. Then she knew that her stroke of genius had accomplished its purpose, and exultation obliterated all recollection of the few bad moments that same stroke of genius had given her.

Betty Berries, who by this time had learned the identity of the runaway heroine, was waiting on Tot's piazza and flew forth to assail her with a heavy barrage of gushing condoleences. Janie did not have to lean out very much farther from her casement-window to hear every word. Half the Alley was doing the same; the other half was trying to.

"My dear, what a dreadful experience! Do you feel as ghastly as you look? You must be all shaken up!"

"Just like a cocktail," said Ned cheerily. "All shaken up and ready to be served. And here I am, all ready to do any serving that may be necessary. Subtler words could not be spoken!"

Betty's laugh rang more than a little hollow. "Isn't he a scream?" Thus she strove to discount his chivalrous avowal. But Tot gave the impression of not hearing either one of them. Janie sighed in artistic pleasure as she watched Tot turn away from the enraptured Ned and the embittered Betty Berries to gaze in Fuzz's eyes as she cried:

"Mr. Fisher saved my life! It was the most heroic thing you ever saw!"

There followed Tot's version of the rescue, the drama of which had grown to gigantic proportions. Fuzz listened with unfeigned interest; Betty Berries murmured comments to Ned, who in turn tried to break through the line of Tot's narrative and finally succeeded.

"Look here, why don't we all go somewhere and eat? Just we four. We need a little relaxation after playing around Dippy Hill all morning!"

"Why, Ned!" Betty expostulated with a light, glossing-over laugh. "Have you forgotten that we promised we'd meet the whole crowd for lunch at the Deerfield Arms?"

Expertly, Janie noted and docketed the frown that appeared upon Ned's face. "The only time it is ever safe to 'Why, Ned!' a man," she mused, "is when he has just kissed you."

"That's right; I had forgotten," Ned was saying deliberately. "If you want to remember, go on ahead. You can explain my absence to 'em any way you like."

"I'll certainly do that little thing!" panted Betty. And departed up the Alley in a precipitate rush, not unlike the fashion in which she had left Janie Jones's room earlier in the day.

"There," Janie commented from her casement, "was a moment for light, chaffing fun rather than childish rage. My work is done; now I can study."

Among the further developments of the week-end, only one surprised Janie. Tot seemed to have no further need of her advice. "I couldn't be playing it better myself," Janie commented to little Geneva as she saw Tot walk down the Alley, engrossed in the company of Fuzz, with hardly a word or a look for the young man who seemed to be making a despairing third member of the party. "Ned's never been treated so in his life!"

"Neither has Betty Berries," little Geneva remarked tersely.

"It will be hard for the Vampire Club to carry on," Janie ventured, "without their president and originator. But—it's just occurred to me—how can she remain a member when she has lost Ned, her one bit of negotiable currency?"

"As if you hadn't thought of that from the first," said little Geneva without emotion. They'll disband. I knew they would when you wouldn't join."

"Geneva," sighed her roommate, "do not make me sound so purposeful."

IT WAS late Sunday evening when Tot came once more to the hospital room. She entered with assured tread, a different girl from the timid filler-in who so recently had hesitated on the threshold. Her head was held high in conscious pride over the aristocratic coiffure which Janie had inaugurated. But the tender color in her cheeks dominated faithful attempts at whitewash.

"Janie," she said tremulously, "I—I've come to thank you—if I ever can!"

Janie pushed away the letter she was writing, a letter that entailed more concentration than analytical geometry, and regarded Tot with real welcome and a certain quiet pride. Little Geneva was doing gymnastics in front of the long

Continued on Page 81

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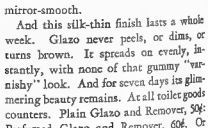

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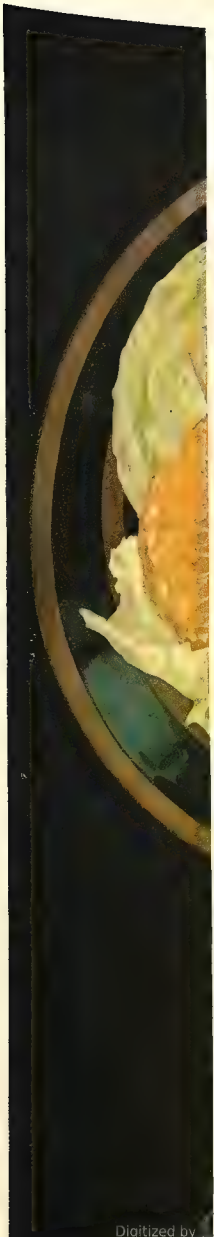

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late summer fresh fruit salads

OF ALL DELICIOUS, enticing foods nothing sounds better, tastes better or is better for you than a California Sunkist Orange Salad! *Serve it ice cold,* if convenient, for extra refreshment. All in one dainty salad you have lusciousness as well as a food that stands pre-eminent in a health way. Picture the sparkling segments as they are arranged on the crisp lettuce leaves; the appetizing touch given by the mayonnaise! . . . Here is a salad desirable for a family lunch, and perfect for a formal affair . . . Small Sunkist Oranges are plentiful this season—and they cost less. These small Oranges are as juicy, sweet and delicious as any of the larger ones you ever ate. *They serve every purpose*—in fact, Sunkist Oranges are *all-use* Oranges. Being practically seedless at this season, they segment perfectly; firm, tender meat holds the juice till eaten — none of the usual mussiness . . . To vary Sunkist Orange salad add cottage cheese or fresh fruit in season. However, the best thing to do is to immediately send for the Sunkist Recipe Cards offered below. They will give you new salad ideas; many new and attractive uses for Sunkist Oranges, and Lemons . . . Every time you serve Orange desserts or drinks, you help correct or prevent Acidosis . . . Oranges, like Lemons, are among the most potent controls of this prevalent malady which is due to our unbalanced American diet. Send for "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which discusses Acidosis. It is approved by a diet authority. This book also contains chapters on normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets . . . The name "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges is assurance of uniform quality.

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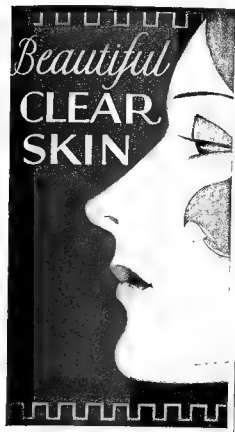

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Continued from Page 78

white mirror. Tot looked at her spiraling form and hesitated.

"Geneva is not interested in our conversation," Janie explained. "She could never even remember what she would, in any case, be too honorable to repeat."

"Well—well, anyway, soon every one will know," Tot deliberated radiantly. "Oh, Janie, it's too wonderful –and I owe it all to you! Fuzz and I are engaged!"

A spasm, quickly suppressed, passed over Janie's delicate features. "You are —engaged?" she repeated, a slight tremor running through her voice. "To—whom did you say?"

"To Fuzz Fisher, of course!" Tot sang. "It's the most terrifically romantic thing you ever heard of—all started by his saving my life that way! And I owe it all to you!"

Mechanically Janie smiled while Tot explained how all the great loves of history had been sudden and tempestuous ever as theirs. "Of course," she murmured abstractedly, "a fiancé is more expensive than membership in the Vampire Club."

"That I should ever have wanted to belong to a thing like that!" Tot cried. "Send in your bill, Janie. I'm so happy I won't even know I'm paying it!"

When Tot was gone there was silence in the hospital room, broken only by little Geneva's deep breathing as she conscientiously stood on her head and studied the circulation effects in the mirror. Suddenly there came a vicious, tearing sound.

"Destroying their cards?" little Geneva, still on her head, inquired. "Hard luck!"

"That isn't the worst of it," said Janie; and there was bitterness in her tone. "If I don't want Ned Halloway to backslide to Betty Berries I will have to take him myself until I can find some one else for him!"

And, with pardonable irritation, she wrote her own name on Ned Halloway's card.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE DRAMA

Continued from Page 27

to gallop through the performance, get their make-up off, and dash to a party. The whole exhibition was an insult to the audience and a dishonest action. Its only effect could have been to make customers for the movies. Not merely that —movie fans, who probably swore off the legitimate theater for many a month.

Then there is the actor who refuses to go on the road at any price. There are cases of ambitious young players who have not quite arrived and who think they need to be constantly before a New York audience until their position is assured. You can not blame them so much. But most of them would be benefited by a change of venue. And by refusing to tour they have so lowered the standard of road performances that eventually there will not even be any New York openings for them.

The managers must bear a large share of blame for the dishonorable way in which many of them cheapen their touring companies. That factor, I believe, has filled more movie-houses than any other.

A friend of mine argued the other day that out-of-town audiences demanded too much. "In San Francisco they expect to pay more for a Ford than they do in Detroit," he said, "but they expect a New York production to charge them nothing for the cost of transportation."

My answer to that is, "They do get a Ford—not a broken-down imitation. And when they go to the theater they are never sure of getting the real thing in the No. 2 or No. 9 companies. If you give them the real thing they will respond. I took to Ca'ifornia the identical production of "Romeo and Juliet" that New York saw. Not a shabby costume nor one change in the cast. And in one week in Los Angeles and two weeks in San Francisco we played to over $80,000.

I warn you almost everything I am saying will be contradicted, scorned, flouted. But I am writing nothing but what managers are saying among themselves privately. They may deny it, on the same principle that actuates a man who wears an extra high collar to hide a carbuncle. But it is true.

AND the remedy? The theater, the spoken drama, must be pub icly and officially recognized as a cultural influence just as definitely as a library or a museum. (Musical comedy will survive much longer than the spoken drama. There are signs that the "presentation programs" of the picture-houses are invading even this field. But this development is much further away.)

I could have wept when I read that the late Frank Munsey's will left $40,000,000 all to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Compare for a moment the people who go to the Metropolitan Museum with those who want to go to the theater. Consider once more what I mentioned above, the simple fact that the theater is not only drama, it is literature, it is painting, it is sculpture, it is dancing—all the plastic and decorative arts, and above all the greatest art of all; the criticism and interpretation of character, of human emotions, of life. Is this art to be suffered or die?

I AM pleading, of course, for my life. Not that I intend to go on acting interminably until people say "Good Heavens! Is she still at it?" Ten years more and I shall retire as an actress. But I have so many ideas in my head for the theater. I want to write for it, to produce, to create. And I'm going to leave no stone unturned, no word unspoken, to provide the chance.

I don't merely believe, I know that the spoken word, the living presence that are the essentials of the drama are of real value to everybody alive, to civilization. It is not merely my livelihood. I have put back into the theater every penny that I have made out of it. Two small fortunes have passed through my hands. I live modestly, I possess very little, I want money for what I can do with it for the theater. Above all, I want the theater.

Everybody who reads this can help. I don't ask you to stay away from the movies. I ask you, wherever you live, when you hear of a good play, to write to the manager of the theater in your town and ask him why he does not book it. Whenever you do see a sloppy production write and tell him about it.

Every city, every town of respectable size in the United States should have its subsidized theater as it has its library. A theater dedicated to the best of the classics and modern plays. It should be part of everybody's education.

If the States and the municipalities won't come to the front—and I know it will require a long and arduous process of agitation and education to bring this about in a democratic country—public opinion will in time persuade millionaires that they will gain as much kudos and satisfaction by endowing a theater as by endowing a library. And please let no one suppose I want to substitute the theater for the library. Every community should have both.

It is, as I said, difficult in a democratic country to establish subventioned playhouses. Especially in a country with a large Puritan element. Practically all the State and municipal theaters in Europe were founded under monarchical governments.

But no matter how or why they come into being, whether to satisfy a steelmaster's vanity or to advertise a tea or to satisfy the passion for the theater of a man who is both rich and intelligent—let us have them. We need them. Your children need them.

In hundreds of communities throughout the United States the life of everybody is the poorer for the lack of the spoken drama.

What are you going to do about it?

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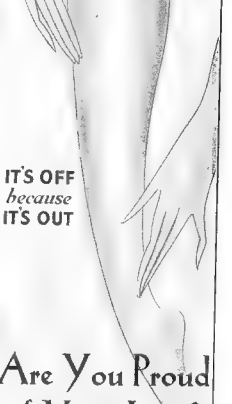

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WINGS OF THE WIND

Continued from Page 13

things regarded her hopefully. A hope changed quickly to excitement as she made a lunge for one of them. After some difficulty, she caught a hen by the legs and carried it down-stairs.

It squawked dismally, so she took it into her arms and stroked it, catching up the kitchen knife from the table as she passed, and going out toward the garage, where she could do the deed undetected. Behind the garage door, she sat down upon a box, the hen in her arms. It was a white hen, young and very feminine.

It had ceased squawking and, no longer afraid, seemed to be enjoying the warmth of her body. It was confident of her kindness! Poor, helpless thing! To kill it would be murder.

"Go!" she gasped. "I can't. I won't. I'll starve first." And she liberated the astonished hen just as the man, returning with the wheelbarrow for a new load of rubble, turned the door and faced her.

He took in the situation and laughed. "You're abominable!" she cried furiously, and rushed past him to the house.

He picked up the kitchen knife and turned it over in his fingers, as tho this had been the cause of his abomination. Then he put the knife on the box where she had sat, and began filling the wheelbarrow with the rubble. "I guess we'll be eating ham," he called after her.

When she had disappeared, he caught the chicken, killed and cleaned it, and presented it to her as a peace-offering at the kitchen door.

"A sacrifice upon the altar of friendship," he said amiably, "but you'd better let it hang until to-morrow."

"—I hope you'll forgive me," she said, "I've been horrid."

"I'll forgive you anything if you'll give me a smile like that once in a while. Oh, I understand. You're nervous and you want to get ashore. I don't blame you. I ought not to have laughed at you. But I was brought up on a farm."

IT WAS the first information that he had offered about himself. It seemed to clear the air between them a little.

He went back to his work. But she liked him better after that peace-offering. She liked his admission that she might have a right to be a creature of prejudices. At least he did not think it agreeable to her to be here with him alone. With this fact made clear, and since he had paid tribute to her femininity, she could afford to unbend a little.

Determined to take her share of the work of the establishment, she cleaned the kitchen carefully. The blanket on which he had slept by the kitchen fire he had thrown in a corner. She folded it and put it on the sofa in the parlor. He must have been very uncomfortable during the night. The sofa at least had springs. She brought a pillow down from up-stairs, then dried his pipe and tobacco. She put to rights the room where she had slept, fed the chickens, gave them water, and began her preparations for the midday meal. Ham again, fried potatoes, two eggs found up-stairs, coffee, and soda-biscuit. She found his clothes still damp and put them before the fire to dry. After all that he had done for her comfort she owed him these attentions.

When everything was ready she went to the front porch and called him. He changed his clothing, and sat while she poured his coffee and helped him to ham and eggs. She gave him both eggs and he ate them, thankful for what he got and asking no questions as was only when she put his dry pipe and tobacco at his elbow that he showed any pleasure.

"Oh, say! That was thoughtful of you. Much obliged."

"Do you think the end of the island will hold?"

"Yes, I do, unless we have a windstorm and a sea gets in. The flood has about done its worst. But we didn't have much to spare. Twenty feet more and it would have undermined the corner of the house."

The concluding instalment of "Wings of the Wind" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published September 5th.

Throw it away if you wish

Though with just a little ingenuity you could easily mend it with LePage's Glue at very little cost and restore it to usefulness and beauty. After all, maybe it's a shame to throw it away. LePage's is woman's handiest household tool. Nothing can replace it. Mends wood, leather, cloth, paper, plaster —everything! Nothing to mix, heat or moisten. Just use when you choose. Always ready. Costs little. Saves many dollars. Put it on your shopping list. Keep it in your medicine cabinet. When anything breaks, always mend it today.

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Minor Cuts—Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

More Serious Wounds—Sterilize with an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly, bandage lightly.

Burns and Scalds—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Bumps and Bruises—Apply cold compresses immediately, then dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Chafing—After the baby has had a bath, smear a little "Vaseline" Jelly over the chafed parts. This treatment relieves the soreness, helps heal the irritation.

Colds—Take a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly on the finger tip and gently massage the bridge of baby's nose. This relieves the stuffy feeling. For the older child, a little snuffed up the nostrils relieves head congestion, and a half spoonful taken internally will soothe sore throat and coughs.

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Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

LET PROHIBITION BEGIN AT HOME

Continued from Page 2

workmen. I could not get the necessary precision in work, even with machinery, because more people are making the machinery to make the car to-day than make the car itself. In fact, making the machinery to make the machine is the big transition in industry to-day. To make those machines requires that the men increase their skill. They become specialists at making machinery, and then advance and become designers.

With drink they could not do it, because booze destroys brain-power. It causes inaccuracy, and when men do poor work they lose interest, which is the greatest calamity that can happen. It is interest in life and work that makes the world go round, that keeps people alive, and creates the energy and enthusiasm necessary to accomplish and discover the best things. Drink has held people back for centuries, but even with the few years of prohibition we have had, I believe people have grown brighter and happier.

If people were interested what could they not accomplish? They would not be so dull. They would not require so much sleep. It is lack of interest that makes people dull and slows them up—not a lack of things to be interested in. When people get idle they drink; when something better comes along they stop drinking and get interested in accomplishing things. That is why we have made such great strides in modern times. There has been a general increase of interest in people's minds. They are waking up to the interesting things there are on this earth instead of lying around idle, dulling their brains with booze.

Every bit of that telephone on my desk was here on earth for millions and millions of years, but some one had to be interested enough to get the things together. We wanted to fly for thousands of years, but some one had to have the courage to comprehend the idea and to gather up the elements for flying, which were right about us always. It is so with all the other miracles of modern existence—when people were alert and interested enough in them they found them at their elbows' reach.

It is a fact that when people drink they are not specially interested in anything; that is why they drink. Tolstoy said that drinking started because mankind wanted to stop thinking, and booze automatically stops the thinking process. They wanted to turn off the pressure of thinking all the time, so they took to drink, and it did the trick. Now that drinking is disappearing, thinking is coming back again, and mankind is conquering the world in leaps and strides.

No one can foretell what may even be accomplished in ten or in twenty years, so interesting is stimulating is life to-day. We are not going to allow foreign liquor interests to stop all this for us. They want America for their market because America, under prohibition, has the money. Their own countries, where liquor still runs free, are too impoverished to be profitable. That is the doom of the drink business—it ruins its own customers. But there is not a country in Europe today where public sentiment is not turning strongly against the liquor evil.

The great inventions of mankind were not made by drinking men. Drink has retarded the progress of all mankind. But what stirred up the people to abolish alcohol was not the damage to progress which it did, but the mass of human misery which it caused. Women and children were the chief sufferers. It was to destroy a source of intolerable suffering that people took up prohibition. Do you think the women are going back to their old suffering? I don't. I know they will not. Women in high society, so called, who dally with this evil, are perhaps in need of a little suffering to open their eyes to what they are doing.

People who drink are dull to begin with. And their drinking does not cure their dulness; it only deadens their own perception of it. They are just as dull—even more noticeably dull than before—only they don't know it. People who drink move sluggishly. They don't visualize actively; they are not at home inside themselves. But a man can not get away from himself, a man's or woman's drinking is just his or her confession of failure to be an interesting person, an alive person. No one is happy unless he is doing something and interested in something all the time, and no one is physically able to do things with drink burning him up.

I am sure drink is of no use to the human system. Drink burns people up. Temperance keeps people young. A man or woman of fifty or sixty is not old. Fifty years ago he grew a long beard and posed as a patriarch. He felt like one, too. Life is not so hard and not so dull as it was then; it does not age people as quickly. Its interest is perennial and keeps them young. A man nowadays does not have to go to the corner saloon to meet his cronies in order to have a good time. He can have a good time at home to-day with his radio or out with his car.

He is getting acquainted with his family again, taking long rides with them in his car; getting contact with the country, hearing the finest music right in his own home. He is learning to dance and to be happy; he is giving his wife the comforts and the happiness that he can buy with the money and time he has saved from drink. Prohibition gave men a chance to become interested in other things. The whole world is benefiting from it—the family most. As a result I think there are more happy people in the world through that one thing alone than ever before.

Do you think we will allow all this to be taken from us? Hardly. We were never farther from a return to booze than we are to-day. The women of this country, the hostesses and social leaders, especially, must cease from turning their backs on America; they must cease from condoning derision of the Constitution in their drawing-rooms. Unless they do they may have to experience some of the hopeless suffering that made drink a scourge to so many of their sisters.

WHAT TO SERVE AFTER CLUB MEETINGS

Continued from Page 31

Spread in thin layers on oiled cooky-pans. Bake in a moderate oven till light brown. When slightly cool cut in squares; roll in the shape of calla-lilies. Whip the cream, sweeten to taste, add the vanilla, and fill the cold lilies. A thin strip of orange-peel placed in the narrow end completes the lily effect.

Salad-Fingers

5 Eggs
1 Cupful Water
½ Cupful Shortening
1 Cupful Flour

BRING the water and shortening to a boil, add all the flour at once, and beat over the fire till the dough draws away from the pan. Remove from the fire and beat in one egg at a time. Shape a teaspoonful of the mixture into cooky-fingers on an oiled cooky-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven. When cold, split; fill with shrimp salad. Makes 40 fingers.

Mallo Surprise

5 Eggs
1½ Cupful Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Sifted Flour
1 Teaspoonful Lemon Extract

BEAT the yolks till thick and lemon-colored, add the sugar gradually, and beat till the grain of the sugar disappears; then add the flour and flavorings. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in tiny oiled muffin-pans. When cold, place a marshmallow on top of each cake and cover with frosting flavored with orange.

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*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea

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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

POT ROAST ROSIE

Continued from Page 24

de foist poison I'm telling. Guess who? Who you t'ink?"

"John D. Rockefeller!" I said.

"Na." Rosie shook her head with a loud peal of laughter. "Sven!"

"Sven!"

"Sure. What you t'ink! Sven he gonna make a million dollar. Dey buy it—his radio invention! Lucky kid, I tell him! *Ja*. But smart!"

"Why, Rosie, it's wonderful! I'm so glad to see you so happy!"

"*Ja*. Ve go now by Atlantic City. So I vanna say good-by to you." She held out her hand. "You always be *gut* friend to me. My foist friend in America. So ven ve come back and ve got apartment, you come by us sometime, no? Excuse me, I must run now, because Sven vaits down-stairs in de car."

When the front door had closed I just stood there. I pinched myself. I was there. So was the scent of Chanel 264, the faint, intangible souvenir of the great epic I had just seen terminated.

WELL, the worst had happened. It was all over. The blow had fallen, that blow that I had been trying with harried and desperate struggles to avert for almost two long years.

And now that it had come a sudden, inexplicable lightness filled me. I drew a deep breath. For the first time I realized how great had been the strain of living under the heel of the conqueror. Now it was all over, there was nothing more to fear.

It was more than six months later, when we were safely ensconced in our comfortable hotel quarters, that suddenly I heard from her again.

On most impressive, high-class paper it came. The urgent invitation to call on her. And one afternoon I went, past a squad of liveried attendants, and up, up, interminably up, to her penthouse heaven.

A peasant maiden opened the door. She was buxom and blond, with her braids naively and deliciously coiled about her head. She led me with eager, plodding tread into the living-room and waved me to a seat. Shyly and awkwardly she lisped, "Name, pliss?" I sank down on a glittering and fragile Louis Quinze chair. I gazed about at the sparkling mirrors, cruelly gilt-framed, at the well-groomed tapestries of Cupids and roses and mythological figures, and then the balls bobbed on the silken portières, and Rosie, herself, stood before me, svelt and smiling.

She wore a trailing tea-colored hostess gown with fantastic, vast lace sleeves that delicately proclaimed her leisure. Her carmine lips parted in a hearty grin.

"Vell," she exclaimed brightly, "vat a pleasure! It's like old times to see you again. But different, huh?" She looked around her room prideful y, then dropped down on the damask love-seat opposite me. "How you like it, huh? French, you know? And all antics. Louis Kahn's period."

I ADMIRED everything duly, and we talked of this and that, of her honeymoon and her home, and Junior and my spouse and her Sven, just a regular girl-to-girl conversation, and then she lovingly showed me her linens and her clothes and, perforce, her jewels, and then in the middle of it all she swept to the bell-pull.

The peasant girl appeared. Rosie spoke firmly in a foreign tongue, and the minion disappeared. Then in a twinkling she returned with an incredible tray—such a tray of dainties as made the hotel orphan homesick. There were crispy home-made rolls, flaky *schnechen*, and golden brown cream-puffs! There was virile, tangy coffee, and ruby-clear jelly such as never gleamed in any store.

"*Ja*," asserted Rosie, shrugging, "she's a purty *gut* goil. Yust green in de country—don't speak English, don't know our vays. But she don't get so much and, yes, she vork hard—no, I don't let her in de night-school! Vat for? So she loins and gets ideas? Better for her she don't know so much, huh? Two lumps sugar in de coffee?"

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THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

Continued from Page 21

"That sounds like a reasonable conclusion," admitted Sands. "Apparently the shooting didn't create much disturbance, but then it wouldn't in Hardy Street. For one thing most of the natives would mistake the shots for backfires in Wilmot Road Well, anyway let's forget it. Go on with your reading and I'll take a look around here for myself."

It seemed to Sands as he started his aimless prowl through the silent bungalow that he was wasting time. It was hardly possible that anything could have escaped the swarms of investigators who had swept through the place. And yet it was just after such complete housecleanings that the salvage was usually the best.

The herd instinct is strong in cleaners: reporters, seeking photographs, stay elbow to elbow last one of their number find something when they aren't looking. Finger-print experts are concerned only with themselves and their particular jobs. The microscope squad travels in a little universe of dust.

SANDS began in the kitchen, and assayed the ice-box and the china-cabinet and even the ovens of the gas-range with a practised eye.

Just as speedily he disposed of the servant's room adjoining the kitchen. He rifled every dresser-drawer, and examined every pillow and cushion. He smiled as he noticed that some zealot had slit the mattress. The clues he was seeking were the imprints of a quiet life. If they were found they would be in the open.

The homicide squad had worked efficiently in the room occupied by Cyrus Bradley. The contents of the dresser-drawers had been carried away to headquarters, quantities of linen and the tarnished keepsakes of an elderly man.

Some suits of clothes were hanging in the closet adjoining the room, but a search of the pockets revealed nothing. The clothes were well cut and kept and of good material.

The room yielded only one object worthy of attention—a little note-book, bound in red leather, which lay on a looted writing-desk. Why this had been left by the squad was evident to Sands the moment he opened to it. The book was new and all its pages were blank. Sands was about to put it down when he noticed that the first page had been torn out.

The tear was jagged and so uneven that a trace of writing appeared above it. There was nothing significant in that, but as he examined it Sands noted something else. The second page of the book had a single line of ink on it, like the curve of a capital letter—a line that had been started with a pen almost dry. And leading from the line, visible only in a high light, were scratches from the inkless pen.

Sands puzzled for a time over this. A tray of desk-implements held a dry fountain pen, evidently the one that had made the marks in the book.

"Whoever did it must have been writing in the dark or he'd have noticed when the ink ran out," Sands told himself. "The note may have been a confession of murder or a memorandum on groceries."

So, with the little book still in his hand, he passed into the hall to begin the last lap of his search. Almost at once his eye lighted on a row of sectional bookcases along the wall in the corridor. He had watched the shelves going through these cases, examining the space behind the books, but paying little attention to the books themselves.

At first glance there seemed to be reason enough for this official indifference. The library was not one to excite the interest even of a book-lover: yesterday's favorites in leather-bound sets, shelves of the lesser poets, an extensive collection of plays and works on the technique of the drama, an encyclopedia in thirty volumes, an obsolete dictionary, and a book of synonyms.

Sands, however, did not turn away after his first inspection. Instead he began to examine the library book by book, opening each page and shaking it.

He expected to find nothing more important than a pressed rose or a ribbon, left there years ago. And so it came about.

He replaced a worn volume of Dickens and took down the next one. It seemed to be a journal of personal finances. This exclamation brought Policeman Costello's head out of his magazine.

"Found something?" he inquired.

"Don't know yet," admitted Sands. "Accounts evidently of Bradley's financial status."

He removed the book to the dining-room table, and sat down almost where Bradley had been sitting when the police had arrived Tuesday morning. For an hour or more Sands studied entries that covered a period of twelve years.

The book, apparently, had been kept without system. Its entries were principally memoranda of stocks purchased or sold, royalty-accounts, bank-balances, and dividends received. It showed the purchase of the Hardy Street property for twenty thousand dollars—a high price for the time. It showed numerous remittances to Evans Bradley, and once, under a date thirteen months before the old man's death, the notation: "See Burmeister about Evans and overdrawn account."

Sands made no attempt to audit the book. It would have been virtually impossible for any one but an expert account; but he made a rough addition of the amounts noted as remittances to Evans, and found that they had totaled very nearly twenty thousand dollars during the past three years.

It was significant, he thought, that Esther's name did not appear anywhere in the record, altho there were two or three entries showing sums of from two thousand dollars to five thousand dollars sent to Fred Carbine.

A number of pages of figures, which Sands took to be the record of a bank-account during the last sixteen months of Cyrus Bradley's life, were worthy of study. It was here, if anywhere, that payment of blackmail might be detected. But save for a donation to Evans there was no indication of large expenditures. The amounts recorded were all small—servants' wages, possibly, and tradesmen's accounts. The monthly totals of expenses decreased or remained stationary, whereas the balances grew larger.

And then the detective discovered an item of four thousand dollars which appeared to have been paid out annually. It stood without explanation.

THEN in an entry under date of January 8, 1927, Sands read:

"I have this day insured my life in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and have named as my beneficiaries my son Evans Bradley and my daughter Esther Bradley Carbine." There followed some details as to the nature of the policy and the payment of premiums. "I shall instruct Burmeister to set aside bonds and other items of estate to insure payment of premiums in the event of difficulties in the market."

Sands read the remaining notations with distracted attention. Here, at last, were facts that might possibly lead to the discovery of a motive.

So far as he could judge from the notations in the account-book, Cyrus Bradley must have been a wealthy man at his death.

But aside from that, if he had carried out his expressed intention and provided a fund for the payment of premiums—as later entries seemed to indicate that he had done—then the two heirs stood to gain one hundred thousand dollars in a lump sum at his death.

Furthermore, this big policy must certainly tend to complicate the theories regarding Bradley's death. Any one could see here a potent reason for making a suicide look like a murder. Less tenable, but surely worthy of consideration, would be the corollary theory that somebody wishing to void the insurance had sought to make a murder look like a camouflaged suicide—suggesting the theory of suicide in a clumsy arrangement of the properties.

Continued on Page 100

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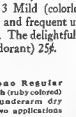

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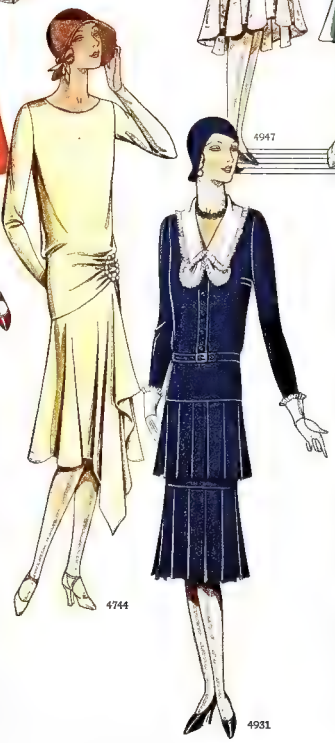

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4943—The lines of this frock are slightly fitted, and the collar and cuffs in cavalier style provide a romantic theme. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch fabric—2¾ yards lace edging. Width about 2½ yards.

Drapery "Down in Front"

4744—The irregular hemline, for a long time evinced at the back only, and then creeping around to the side, is now appearing in the form of a dip at the side-front. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 3⅜ yards.

Raised Waistlines Are New

4931—Tailored frocks demand a large share of attention in fashion forecasts. This one acquires distinction by pleated tiers and lingerie touches. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard 39-inch p'aid. Width about 3 yards.

The Ensemble Theme

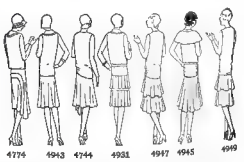
4947—The sophistication obtained by the use of long lines plays an important part in this unusual ensemble. The jacket sleeves are snug and unadorned, and the whole ensemble presents an attenuated effect. Two circular flounces contrast with the simplicity of the upper section. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch print. Width about 1¾ yard.

Fashion Takes to Shirring

4945—A perfect example of one of the newest silhouettes is found in this model. A circular skirt is attached to a long bodice, and the hips exhibit a molded line. A tailored belt, with a small ornamental fastening, suggests the higher waistline. Parisian designers use rows of shirrings. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-in. fabric. Width about 3⅛ yards.

Two Are Smarter Than One

4949—The graceful charm of flounces has endeared them to the feminine heart and entrenched them firmly in the mode. Frequently the chief fashion interest of a frock is focused on flouncing—in this case, two, rather than one. An interesting detail of this frock is the center shirring. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch print. Width about 2¾ yards.



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FASHION FAVORS DIPS AND RIPPLES IN SUPPLE FABRICS

Presenting a Peplum Theme

4784—Most of the ideas advanced by Paris for the smart evening frock are incorporated in this model. The dipping hemline and the deep décolletage are firmly established. The peplum, simulated by two rows of ruffles, is individual. The little tailored belt of the fabric strikes the newest note. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-in. fabric. Width about 3¼ yards.

Row Upon Row of Flounces

4872—The bouffant model retains fashion prestige because it typifies the essence of youthfulness. The bodice is simple and smoothly fitted, while the skirt billows away in rows of flounces, marking an irregular hemline. It is very lovely in one of the new supple taffetas. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 16 requires 9⅝ yards 36-inch material—18 yds. banding. Width about 4½ yds.

The Charm of New Flares

4877—This frock is an outstanding success at any evening gathering. The dipping circular skirt is attached to a pointed yoke, with inverted-tucks at the left side. A nonchalant bow is posed at the hipline. It has a swing which makes it perfect for dancing, in satin or crêpe in one of the subtle off-whites. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch. Width about 3 yards.

A Distinctive Silhouette

4859—This design offers a decidedly new angle of the mode. The suavely fitted line of the long bodice is accentuated by the two circular flounces. The collar finishes with tie-ends at back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material.

Note the Mounting Waistline

4921—An arresting feature of this model, and one which gives it Paris approval, is the fitted line with high waistline indicated by a narrow belt and bow. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch print—2 yards ribbon. Width about 1¾ yard.

Belts Assert Importance

4942—Belts are one of the features which date daytime frocks as being of Autumn, 1929. The cascading line of the collar is another matter of fashion interest. Designed for sizes 16 to 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch print ⅜ yard plain. Width about 2¾ yards.

Spiral Skirt Draperies

4780—This model represents one of those universally favored, fresh printed frocks which may be counted upon to flatter the lines of the figure. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch print—¾ yard 39-inch for banding. Width about 3 yards.

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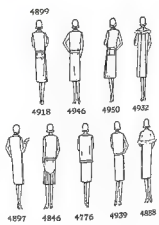
The Higher-Waistline Silhouette Is the Newest Note in Paris

FALL DAYS BRING DEFTLY TAILORED STREET COSTUMES



The acceptance of the tuck-in fashion by smart young things, who insisted upon a natural waistline, belted in self or contrasting effect, has created this new silhouette over which designers are so enthusiastic. There is something very youthful and quite charming in the longer skirt-line which is flared or pleated for width and belted at the normal waist.

Soft Tailored Note

4899—This is an example of a classic suit blouse with soft collar, universally becoming. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard 39-inch contrasting.

Right for the Tuck-In

4918—Snugly belted with a self-belt and clever yoke effect, this skirt is perfect for tuck-in blouses. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 30 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch fabric. Width about 1⅞ yard.

Perfect Ensemble Coat

4897—Straight tailored lines qualify this coat as a component part of almost any type of ensemble in a variety of fabrics. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch rayon woolen.

Note Fabric Contrast

4846—The long bodice is developed in effective contrast. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch rayon wool novelty fabric—1⅜ yard plain. Width about 2⅛ yards.

Diagonal Lines Rule

4946—Note the unusual skirt treatment. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch woolen material—⅛ yard 39-inch silk fabric for collar, cuffs and vestee. Width about 1⅞ yd.

Youthful Silhouette

4950—The belt at natural waistline contrasts with the flare. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch check—¼ yard 39-inch plain fabric to trim. Width about 1⅝ yard.

The Shawl Collar

4932—A luxurious air is imparted by this graceful coat with the fur border set away from the face. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch woolen—⅝ yard fur for border.

Distinctive Tuck-In

4776—Young fashionables favor this tuck-in type of ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch woolen—2⅛ yards 39-inch silk for long-sleeves. Width about 2 yards.

A Sophisticated Print

4939—The long panelled lines are a slenderizing detail of this frock, which is belted, of course. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch print—¼ yard plain. Width about 1⅞ yard.

In a Nonchalant Loop

4888—The casual loop carries out the air of easy elegance depicted by this model. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material—1⅜ yard 3-inch fur banding to trim.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 111.

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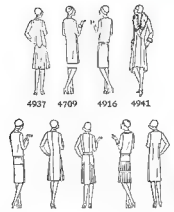
MOLDED LINES ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF NEW FALL FASHIONS

The Princess Frock with Higher Waistline Is Featured in Paris

And so to college she goes, passing entrance examinations with honors, if her knowledge of Fall fashions is indicative of her cleverness along other lines. She will tell you that princess lines are indispensable to smartness; that even a four-inch belt is not too wide when placed at the normal waistline; that buttons are important and bigger and better checks are here.



Cuffs Go Up

4937—Irregular seamings give character to this unusual princess frock which closes in front with groups of buttons. The lower sections are circular. Novelty wool and flat crêpe make a smart fabric combination, as do also light and dark wool crêpe. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material—⅛ yard 39-inch lighter for collar and cuffs. Width about 2¼ yards.

A Wider Belt

4925—From Paris Fall collections comes the tweed princess frock with wide belt placed high. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material. Width about 2¼ yards.

Down in the Back

4941—With the new formality. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material—⅜ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar and sleeve trimming—2¼ yards 39-inch silk lining.

A Longer Jacket

4709—It doesn't quite reach the edge of the hem, this unlined broadcloth jacket with exceptionally smart band trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch woolen fabric.

It's Two-Piece

4933—The skirt is on a yoke, and may be worn with tuck-ins. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—⅜ yard 39-inch lighter to trim. Width about 1⅜ yard.

Bigger Checks

4931—Featuring the normal waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch checked material—½ yard 39-inch plain 2 yards frilling. Width of frock about 3 yards.

Slim Tailleur

4852—Semi-fitted and diagonal lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—⅛ yard 39-inch lighter for collar—1¾ yard binding. Width about 1⅜ yard.

Buttons in Front

4916 Buttons, and smart diagonals lend individuality to this tailored frock of checked woolen. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch check. Width about 1⅜ yard.

Tailored Princess

4880—This princess model buttons down the front and flares at the sides by means of godets. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Width about 2 yards at bottom.

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NEWEST GESTURES IN DAYTIME FASHIONS

That Casual Tailoring

The proper Fall costume for street wear bears the mark of skilful tailoring, but a tailoring which is decidedly "easy." Lines are supple, rather than crisp. In frocks this tendency is evidenced in the development of the princess line with subtly graduated fulness, in semi-fitted lines with flared skirts, and in belts and blousing. As for ensembles, they highlight the tuck-in with jackets or coats of varied lengths and youthful swing.

Tweeds Reign Supreme

Any dissertation on Fall woolens must begin with tweeds, for they hold their astonishing preeminence for ensembles and dresses, in diagonal, basket-weave and twill patterns. They are very thin or have a heavy British sturdiness. In other daytime woolens checks, blocks, plaids, and velvety woolens are the leading types Silks stress flat crêpe, canton, very lustrous satin, and velvet, the last for coats, dresses and ensembles.

Colors Ever So Rich

With a richness that is almost opulence, new colors greet Autumn days. We're going to see a lot of wine-red, rust, and terra-cotta, as well as some livelier red. Deep browns will enthrall us, it is predicted, as well as bright, deep blue, especially for sports, and clear green as well as those on the fir and olive range. We're also going to hear from the mauve-violet tones, and from blue with a purplish cast that's new.

4944 4936 4885 4864 4896 4867 4934 4867 Monogram 686 4944 4936 4934 4899 4866 4712 4960 4896 4866 4712 4960 4885 4866

Longer Coat Ensemble

4867—Designed for sizes 12 to 44. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch woolen—2 yards 39-inch material. Width about 2 yards. Monogram 686, 2½ inches high.

Plaids to the Front

4944—Sponsoring the newest plaids. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid material —⅛ yard 54-inch plain. Width about 1¼ yard.

Double-Breasted Type

4934—This jaunty jacket is an exponent of the nautical mode. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch fabric— 2⅛ yards 39-inch lining.

A Belt That's Different

4936—Is splendid for street wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch checked fabric —⅛ yard 32-inch contrasting. Width about 2 yards.

All-Occasion Blouse

4899—This adaptable blouse may be made in many materials. Designed for sizes 14 to 46 Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch check—⅜ yard 39-inch plain for collar.

Generous as to Collar

4866—A most flattering jabot arrangement. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch print —⅞ yard plain for collar and cuffs—3⅛ yards binding.

Revers Play New Role

4712—Front revers, with the neckline plain at back, are important in styling the new cardigans. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch fabric.

A Youthful Ensemble

4885—A classic type for early Fall days. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch woolen—1⅝ yard 39-inch fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.

Those Smart Shirrings

4960—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting—1⅛ yard 3-inch pleating—⅝ yard 2-inch for cuffs.

The Princess Vogue

4864—Favors these supple lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch material—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting fabric. Width about 2¼ yards.

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VERSATILE FASHIONS ATTAIN SLIM LINES

L. H. 4957

L. H. 4913

The Surplice Line

L. H. 4957—The diagonal theme is noted here in the surplice. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch print—⅜ yard plain. Width about 2 yards.

The Lingerie Note

L. H. 4913—Lace adds a dainty touch of formality. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric—⅜ yard allover lace. Width about 2 yards.

Fabric Contrast Here

L. H. 4743—The tuxedo collar of contrasting material is effective. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material—⅜ yard contrasting.

Ensemble Frock

L. H. 4736—A simple design with unusual collar. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—⅝ yard contrasting. Width about 1⅞ yard.

Tweed and Fur

L. H. 4604—The straight line is still the choice for larger figures. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material —⅜ yard 48-inch fur cloth.

Spiral Drapery

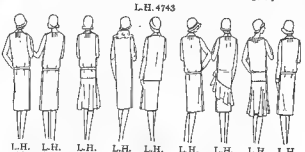
L. H. 4948—Circular drapery is arranged so as to establish slim lines. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 1¼ yard.

Tailored Simplicity

L. H. 4853—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch checked fabric. Width about 1⅝ yard.

Semi-Formal Wear

L. H. 4749—Slenderizing circular lines. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material—⅜ yard 36-inch for pleating. Width about 3¾ yards.



L. H. 4743

L. H. 4957 | L. H. 4913 | L. H. 4928 | L. H. 4604 | L. H. 4736 | L. H. 4853 | L. H. 4948 | L. H. 4749 | L. H. 4551

L. H. 4948

L. H. 4749

L. H. 4928

L. H. 4604

Jacket L. H. 4743
Frock L. H. 4736

L. H. 4853

L. H. 4551

Afternoon Frock

L. H. 4928—The graceful jabot cascades in effective contrast to the printed blouse which extends well over the hips to join the circular skirt. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch print—2¼ yards plain.

Slim Trotteur

L. H. 4551—The peaked lapels and mannish stitching emphasizes the style rightness of this type for early Fall wear in town or country. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material. Width about 1⅜ yard.

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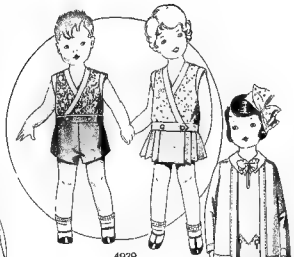
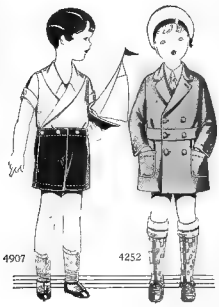
THEY'RE OFF TO SCHOOL IN PRINTS AND CHECKS





Twins

4929—Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch print for blouses—¾ yard lighter to trim—1¼ yard 36-inch for trousers.

A New Ensemble

4851—She'll love the jacket. Designed for sizes 2 to 7 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch for skirt and jacket—⅞ yard 32-inch lighter.

Prints Again

4938—Handkerchief linen is cool. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch print—⅝ yard for collar and cuffs—2⅛ yds. frilling.

Basket Weave

4711—This swagger coat has raglan sleeves and diagonal pockets. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 54-inch material.

With Bloomers

4955—Since all the smart world wears dots, the littlest Miss must have her frock of dotted Swiss. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yds. 30-in.—⅝ yd. 36-in. plain.

Belted, of Course

4252—Chinchilla fashions this sturdy coat which is double-breasted and has plenty of pocket space. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-in. fabric.

Fan Pleats

4958—This two-piece school frock uses two fabrics to smart advantage. Skirt is on a bodice top. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1 yd. 54-in.—1¼ plain.

For "the" Party

4953—No wallflower ever wore a beruffled frock like this to a party. The band simulates a bolero. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 39-inch print.

Ship Ahoy!

4907—Following the tradition of the sea this young yachtsman dons a linen suit Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 36-inch—2⅛ yards darker for trousers.

Check Your Coat

4959—Every fashion-wise junior chooses checks because they're so essentially a youthful style. Designed for sizes 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch check material.

Checked Flannel

4811—A smart ensemble with a full-length coat that may be worn with many frocks. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yds. 54-in. check—1¼ yd. plain.

With a Peplum

4951—The peplum is fashion's latest whim. Designed for sizes 12 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—⅜ yard 30-inch for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard ribbon.

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TOGS THAT WILL DELIGHT THE YOUNGSTER'S HEART

For School-Days

4077 —This suit makes going back to school easier. Designed for sizes 6 to 12. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material for blouse —1 yard 54-inch woolen.

The Diagonal Theme

4956—Develops smart diagonal lines. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric—⅛ yard contrasting—¼ yard 36-inch silk print for tie.

"Tomboy" Checks

4836—The frock an active child adores. Designed for sizes 4 to 12. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch fabric for frock and bloomers—½ yard contrasting.

Welcoming His Majesty

4817—This set includes patterns for an easily made layette. The dress closes under a pleat. Designed for one size only. Requires 1¼ yard 36-in. for dress and cap.

4077

4956 4836

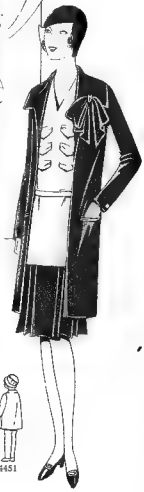
4817

4924

4954 4451

4952 4439 4837

4686



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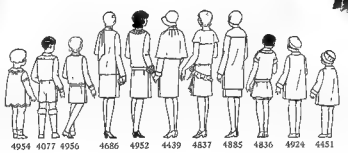

4954 4077 4956 4686 4952 4439 4837 4885 4836 4924 4451

In Dainty Scallops

4954—This charming pantie-frock is demure on any little girl, with its employment of dainty scalloping. Designed for sizes 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch cotton material.

The Winsome Touch

4952—There's an appealing quality in the frilled trimming of this frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material for frock—¼ yard 36-in for collar and cuffs.

The Capes Have It

4439—There's something so distinctive about a graceful cape on a coat that one seldom grows tired of it. Designed for sizes 8 to 17. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material.

New Bow Trimming

4885 -Trimmed with rabbits' ears and a bow. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material for skirt and coat—1¼ yard 39-inch for blouse. Width about 1⅝ yard.

Mannish Tailoring

4451—Tailored with all the smartness of a man's coat is this jaunty, youthful model. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 3 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch for coat and hat —1⅜ yard 36-inch lining.

After the Holidays

4924—For the early Autumn school-days, this ensemble is ideal in tweed with a frock of wool crêpe. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch fabric —1⅜ yard for frock.

Just a Bit Ruffled

4837 Note the suggestion of a peplum in the ruffle of this cape-collared party frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch silk print —⅞ yard 39-inch to trim.

The Smart Sub-deb

4086—Equally good for high school or college campus. Designed for sizes 14 to 20. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch checked material —1⅜ yard 39-inch silk. Width about 1⅝ yard.

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A BEAUTY GUIDE FOR EARLY FALL

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World Famed Beauty Specialist

DOES your face show evidence of the aging, exhausting and coarsening effects of summer? Fine lines deepening into crow's-feet and wrinkles? A murky, yellowish tinge clouding your complexion? Freckles? Blemishes? A fatigued, drooping contour?

You should have immediate recourse to the science and artistry of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the greatest facial authority in the world, to revive and enhance your beauty! Incomparable bleaching and freckle cream to efface tan, freckles, sallowness—stimulating lotion to revive the fatigued tissues—nourishing anti-wrinkle cream to correct lines and wrinkles—beauty grains to refine the skin—contour jelly to uplift the pendant chin and contour.

IS YOUR FACE JUST MILDLY WEATHERED?

Follow the famous *Three Steps to Beauty*, created by Helena Rubinstein as the ideal daily home treatment to clear, whiten and refine the skin—to keep the face unlined and youthfully attractive!

First, cleanse and mold with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—"the basis of beauty". It soothes, refreshes, revitalizes—lifts away the tired, drawn look. Restores silken smoothness to the weathered skin. The only cream cleanser in existence which also benefits the oily, disturbed skin. 1.00.

Secondly, clear and animate your skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—"the skin-clearing masterpiece". Purifies, refines and bleaches mildly, correcting a discolored skin, light tan or freckles, and sallowness. Creates an exquisite transparency. Indispensable to your beauty the year 'round. 1.00.

Finally, tone and brace with stimulating Valaze Skin-toning Lotion. Erases fine lines. Closes the pores. Uplifts fatigued tissues and keeps the contour clear-cut and youthful. 1.25.

These Three Steps to Beauty, totalling 3.25, constitute the most marvelous beauty value in the world. Even within a week or two, you see a decided improvement in your looks.

Do you wish to accent your "individuality"?

Valaze Powder is subtly flattering, pleasingly fragrant, clinging. Rachel, White, Cream, Natural, Mauresque and Blush (new), 1.50. Red Raspberry rouge for brunette types, Red Geranium for the fair woman. 1.00 to 5.00. Cubist Lipstick to match—indelible, Parisian 1.00.

IS YOUR FACE DISCOLORED, LINED OR FATIGUED?

You need special correctives from the following group—the most effective preparations ever compounded for reviving youthful, unmarred beauty.

Are you very tanned or freckled?

Cleanse with Valaze Bleaching Cream to whiten and clear the skin that has been very discolored by exposure to sun. 1.00. Remove freckles and a heavy coat of tan by using Valaze Freckle Cream which acts directly upon the pigment and stimulates the skin to a particularly clear, fresh tone. 1.50, 2.50.

Have squint lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles appeared?

Correct and prevent all fine lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream. Excellent for dry, wrinkled hands or thin throat. 1.75, 3.50.

Does your skin need refining?

Wash with Valaze Beauty Grains. Dissolves blackheads, dirt, impurities. Tightens enlarged pores and normalizes coarsened, cloudy or oily skin. Use instead of soap. 1.00, 2.00.

Is your contour relaxing, drooping?

Pat Valaze Contour Jelly into the skin daily. It braces sagging muscles and restores youthful contours of chin and face. Corrects baggy eyes. 1.00.

Have you an individual beauty problem?

If the question uppermost in your mind is not answered here—write personally to Helena Rubinstein at the New York address below.

LONDON *Helena Rubinstein* PARIS

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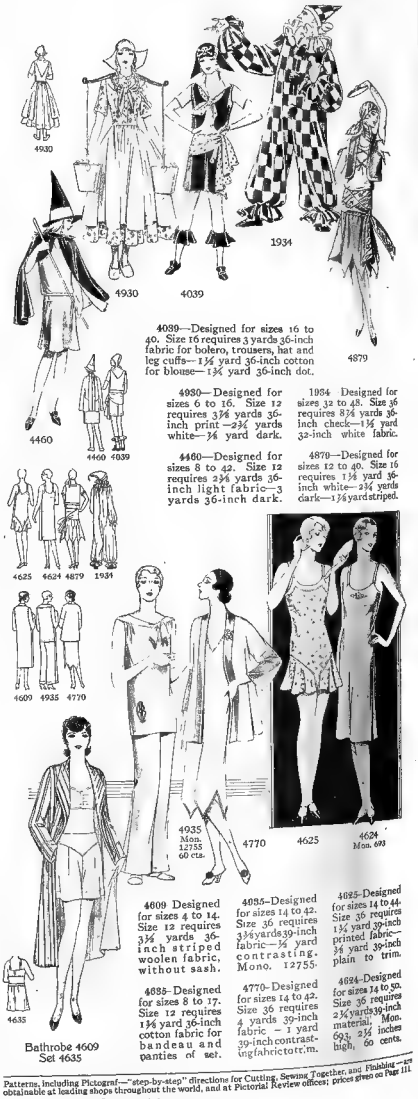

4039—Designed for sizes 16 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric for bolero, trousers, hat and leg cuffs—1¼ yard 36-inch cotton for blouse—1¾ yard 36-inch dot.

4930—Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch print—2¾ yards white—⅜ yard dark.

1934 Designed for sizes 32 to 48. Size 36 requires 8¾ yards 36-inch check—1½ yard 32-inch white fabric.

4460—Designed for sizes 8 to 42. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch light fabric—3 yards 36-inch dark.

4879—Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch white—2¾ yards dark—1⅞ yard striped.

4609 Designed for sizes 4 to 14. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch striped woolen fabric, without sash.

4635—Designed for sizes 8 to 17. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch cotton fabric for bandeau and panties of set.

4935—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric—⅜ yard contrasting. Mono. 12755.

4770—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric—1 yard 39-inch contrasting fabric for trim.

4625—Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch printed fabric—⅜ yard 39-inch plain to trim.

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Continued from Page 88

At any rate Sands felt that he had done a good night's work. Crewe would surely be interested in his discovery. Armed with the information contained in the red book, a squad would be able to wrest from Burmeister and the banks complete evidence as to Cyrus Bradley's fortune. Sands arose to close the book.

The plate glass of the front window smashed with a crack that brought Policeman Costello to his feet with his hand on his gun. A bullet had flattened in the woodwork of the kitchen door just above Sands's head.

He immediately threw himself flat on the floor. At the same instant Policeman Costello reached for the light-switch, and the room was in darkness. Then came a hasty maneuver for the front door, which both men reached at the same time.

"Look out how you open it," Sands advised the policeman. "This lad may be waiting across the street to pot us."

"I think he's beat it," declared Costello. "Hit an' run, that's him. He's the guy I been huntin' all night or I'm a Chinaman."

Sands picked a chair from a pile just inside the living-room entrance and pushed it to the wall near the front window. By standing on it he could peer out through the smashed pane without much danger. No watcher would be looking for a head that high up.

"Gone," he reported. "There isn't a sign of life anywhere. Nobody in Hardy Street pays any attention to pistol-shooting any more."

Sands got down from the chair, and cautiously opened the front door. The snow lay in an unbroken pad all across Hardy Street to the door-step of Number 36. An areaway ran alongside this house to the alley on the north, and an arc-light at the far end of it showed it to be empty.

"That's the way he went," Sands pointed out. "If we draw a line from the bullet in the door through the hole in the window-glass and continue it on across the street it will lead to the south end of the areaway. The boy was standing there watching until he thought I was finished with the performance. Then he shot and streaked for the alley and Wilmot Road."

"The last shootin' was done in the south alley behind this house," mentioned Mr. Costello.

"Is it your theory then that this bird is running around shooting at me just to annoy you?" Sands demanded.

"Well, he certainly was doin' it before you came. Maybe it was just an accident you was sittin' there."

"If I ever sit there again you can count it an accident. And if you're going to stay around here you'd better find the shades for the front windows and put them up."

SANDS'S quick eyes were analyzing the shadows, seeking movement behind the glistening icy bushes.

"Say," inquired Costello, "what give you the idea anybody would be shootin' at you anyway?"

"A bullet in the woodwork above my head for one thing."

"But you ain't got anythin' to do with the Bradley outfit, have you?"

"No," admitted Sands.

"And you don't know no more about this case than the cops that's workin' on it?"

"I'm ready to concede that."

"Well, then, there you are. Either this guy is a nut or there's somethin' in the book you was lookin' at."

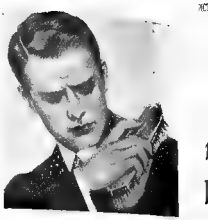
"I can assure you that there was nothing in the book that won't become public property as soon as the request is resumed—it was merely a collection of accounts."

Policeman Costello scratched his head.

"I think I'll call the chief an' have him check up on everybody in the State insane asylum," he commented. "This here is too much for me."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to look over the trail of this marksman," said Sands. "It's my suggestion that you stay in the house and keep an eye on the back door while I duck across the street and look for tracks."

"You may be runnin' right into this bird's hands," argued Costello. "Maybe we'd better go together."



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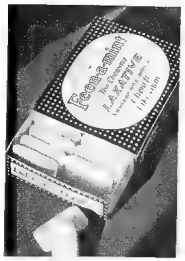

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"Sweet of you to suggest it, but I don't think there's any real danger. Even in Hardy Street you can't shoot off a pistol and then stand around casually waiting for a chance to shoot it again. And on the other hand it isn't good policy to leave this house unguarded even for a second. You remember there was somebody in here when I came."

Mr. Costello continued the argument half-heartedly.

"All right," he said finally. "Go ahead. But if you need me, yell an' I'll be right wit' you."

The door of Number 37 stood in the shadow of a tall, gaunt tree, and Sands was able to slide out of the door, across the little porch and to the ground with a minimum chance of being seen by any watcher across the street. In the areaway he reconnoitered and gripped a pistol in his overcoat pocket. Then, crouching low, he ran through the snow to the lawn of Number 36. As he had expected, the sniper had gone.

There were plenty of marks in the gangway to show that some one had stood there for some time. Sands smiled when he discovered two cigaret-stubs on the surface of the snow. The man who had smoked them must have been at least ten minutes about it.

Sands picked them up. They were of a fifteen-cent variety, smoked by millions in all parts of the country. Then he followed the blurred footprints through the alley and into Wilmot Road.

WHEN he returned over the same route, he stopped at the door of Number 36 to question the residents.

A little old man with palsied hands answered his fourth ring. He seemed to be very deaf.

He called his daughter, a prim spinster, who came out into the little hallway behind him wrapped in a red dressing-gown.

"What is the matter, Father?" she said. "If it's another reporter just tell him we don't know the people."

"It isn't another reporter," broke in Sands. "At the present moment I represent the police. I wish to know if you heard a pistol-shot in your areaway or in front of your house about three minutes ago."

"A pistol-shot!" ejaculated the woman. "My goodness! Of course not—"

"Did you see any one loitering about the front of your house?"

"No, I think not. I retire early. I suffer from severe headaches. There was nobody in the street when I put down the blinds."

"Have you seen a man in a light-gray overcoat in this neighborhood recently?" Sands then inquired.

"Sunday afternoon," she replied. "I just happened to notice him. He looked as if he intended to stop a girl who was coming from Wilmot Road. They met in front of Mr. Balkin's place. I am sure that he started to speak to her, but she looked at him, and he went past her."

"Did you ever see this man again?"

"Not to my knowledge. I think I saw the girl, tho, or somebody else with furs just like hers. I passed her down at the foot of the street when I was coming home Monday evening. She seemed to be crying."

That exhausted the information available at Number 36. Sands discovered that the old man's name was Jeremiah Downing and that his daughter was called Portia. He made a note of that for Crewe's benefit and returned to the house across the street.

Costello was still keeping vigil at the rear door.

"Ain't been nobody out here yet," he reported disgustedly. "But I'm wonderin' if another man wouldn't do a lot of good here. When you go I'll be all alone, an' I can't keep an eye on both doors at the same time."

"I'm going to drive around to the station," Sands told him. "And I'll suggest it to the captain. In the meantime stay awake because there's something in this house that somebody wants."

Sands dropped the account-book and the little red memorandum in his pocket and departed. Five minutes later he drew up before the Seventeenth Precinct Station.

Lieutenant Paul Hogan, temporarily in charge, listened to his story with some interest. But like Mr. Costello, he was at

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a loss to explain why the hidden sniper should have wasted ammunition on Sands.

"I wonder," he said, "if this gunman might not have been trying to pick off Dr. Perry."

"Well, he might have mistaken me for Perry or maybe for Abraham Lincoln," said Sands with a smile.

Lieutenant Hogan grinned.

"I don't mean it that way," he said. "You were at the inquest and you know what kind of a riot that turned out to be. It's pretty plain that the coroner's office is up in the air. Unofficially I'd say that the City Hall is getting a good panning for the way that case was handled by the super-gumshoe squad out of the chief's office, and there's been a lot of hedging. Poor old Gloph seems to be elected goat. It's up to him to make it appear that the mystery is all solved or that there wasn't any mystery in the first place."

"But Perry, where does he come in?"

"I'm getting around to that. Perry is a friend of the captain, and he's a nosey old guy. It's pretty generally believed that he knows more about this case that he hasn't told yet."

"Don't be mysterious. What does he know?"

"Maybe Captain Banning knows, but if he does he's not letting it out either. The point I'm making is that Dr Perry fully intended going over to Number 37 Hardy Street to-night. He mentioned it out in the squad-room, and at least fifty people heard him."

"I still don't see why that ought to be an excuse for anybody taking pot-shots at me."

"Well, consider the point of view of the poor gunman getting chilblains in the snow in the gangway of Number 36. Maybe he knows you. More likely he doesn't. Maybe he's had several chances to get a good look at Perry. Maybe not. Back in his mind is the information that Perry is going to be prowling around the house to-night. Visibility isn't so good through the snow and he can't see very well who's at the table till you stand up. Then he turns loose."

"Interesting theory," admitted Sands. "But he could see well enough to come within two inches of the top of my head."

"That still doesn't prove that he could have seen your face."

"Well, anyway, I'll leave you the account-book I found in the house. Crewe probably will be coming to get it to-morrow, but I don't care to take the responsibility of trying to carry it to him. Is Dr. Perry around?"

DR. PERRY was in the ambulance surgeon's room; he came down quickly in response to the lieutenant's call. His face blanched when he was told of Crewe's investigation and its results.

"I believe I have something to thank you for, Jimmy," he said. "If I had carried out my original plans I might have been killed to-night."

Sands grinned his manifest concern.

"I think I ought to resent the implication that I'm not worth shooting at," he declared. "But who's responsible for this target-practise? Just between us, you don't think the coroner is trying to improve his inquest by shooting the witnesses?"

"It's no joking matter, Jimmy," the doctor declared. "But of course we have to look farther than the coroner's office. There have been information leaks, and some one knows that he's in danger."

"You wouldn't go so far as to guess who that is?"

"Not yet, my boy. But you'll know in a day or two. In the meantime I might tell you of an incident that fits in with yours. I was intending to go to Hardy Street, but instead went home to get some cough-medicine.

"On the way back I was walking head down in the dark when a man ran out of an alley into Wilmot Road about a block from Hardy Street. I got a good look at him. He was dressed in a thin gray overcoat, gray suit, tan shoes, and gray-felt hat. He was blond, with curly hair and a brush mustache. He must be the man the people of Hardy Street described, and if so he was probably getting ready to murder me. Perhaps he even thought he had murdered me."

It was midnight when Sands reached his rooms; but Thorpe was there and sitting up for him.

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BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, President
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"Hello!" he said. "I never expected to see you this side of the morgue. I thought that by now the wild huntsman of Hardy Street would have mistaken you for a guide."

Sands looked at him quizzically.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Where am I always when crimes are being committed and there's work to be done? Right here sitting down and waiting for you to get ready to go with me to Java or wherever it was we were going."

"Then why are you wise-cracking about Hardy Street?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Sherlock. I got tired of being the dumb Doc Watson, so I decided to go into the detecting business on my own account. Without venturing out of this flat I have deduced that somebody took a shot at you. And just by looking at you I make the further deduction that he unfortunately missed."

"Not bad at all. You don't happen to have deduced the name and address of the sniper?"

"Not his name and address, no. It was just coming to me when you broke my train of thought. But I can describe him for you—a blond lad with curly hair, I think he was. He was wearing a gray overcoat of light weight and texture——"

Sands's mind seemed to be wandering.

"Just a minute," he said. "You knew when I went out that I was going to Hardy Street. You got tired of waiting and you called Bradley's phone. You were answered by Policeman Costello, who probably had been talking to the Seventeenth Precinct Station in the meantime. And after that you fixed up this deduction."

"Well," admitted Thorpe, "it was partly that way. Only I didn't talk to Policeman Costello. I talked to Policeman Hennessy, the talented star of the coroner's inquest. He'd just been sent over to keep Costello company. But how've you been spending the evening other than getting shot at?"

SANDS lowered himself to the depths of a leather chair.

"I'll tell you something, Bill," he said. "I think this case is coming to a head. Otherwise there wouldn't be so much unexplained activity on the fringes of it."

"I think they were sore for turning the son loose," commented Thorpe. "Tonight when I hadn't much to do I began thinking over the business, and it seems to me that Evans Bradley is just as likely a candidate for the e'ctric chair as I've ever seen."

"He has his points," admitted Sands. "He has several unimpeachable alibis. But it's my guess that a lad who can be two places at once won't tax his talent much by being in three."

"He has a motive. When you get a chorus-girl and a bootlegger to alibi for you, that represents an investment. And father, apparently, had plenty of money."

"There's a flaw in that. Father, according to the book I found this evening, was pretty free with the money to Evans."

"There's such a thing as cumulative effect, isn't there?"

"Well, I'm not so sure of that. It's my experience that when indulgent fathers start paying debts for wayward sons they keep right on paying until the end of their means. If they're going to balk they do it at the second or third demand. They don't wait for the twenty-first or twenty-second."

Thorpe sighed.

"I don't want to believe you," he declared. "I had set my heart on putting Evans over the jumps."

"I'm not saying that he's innocent," Sands admitted. "He's a no-account and a sap. But so far there isn't much against him.

"Let's look at this business in the bulk. Aside from Cyrus Bradley himself there are five persons in the figure in it: Esther Bradley, her husband Fred Carbine, Evans Bradley, the woman who dropped her powder-puff on the dining-room table, and the blond man in the light top-coat. In addition to these we might name a sixth—the man who took the shot at me to-night."

"Aren't you repeating yourself?"

"Possibly. There is some indication that Esther Bradley and the powder-puff lady are the same person. Also that the blond youth and the sniper are one.

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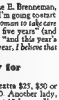

WEEKLY PAY
Monthly Bonus Checks!

However, we are not yet justified in saying so.

"Take first the case of Esther Bradley. It's far more interesting than that of her brother. Against her we have the important fact that she's covering something or somebody, and, like most women who start out to deceive, she overdoes it.

"If she had told a straight story to Crewe on the morning of the inquest there wouldn't be a whisper about her. But she didn't. She may or may not have overlooked the fact of her marriage—we'll pass that one. But she deliberately held out on the story of this bogus breakfast. She's thoroughly frightened, and when you ask her about it she tells some wild yarn about a mysterious man looking for her at the hotel."

"Why, that's not so impossible. The e might have been somebody looking for her at her hotel."

"Of course. But even so, why should she get panic-stricken about a little thing like that? If there was such a man she knew him or thought she knew him.

"Secondly, her alibi is worth looking into. Brother Evans has two alibis. Sister Esther has one, and she furnishes it herself. There are about forty-eight hours between the time of the closing of her show and her alleged start West that are not accounted for. Where was she? If she received the telegram from her father urging her to come at once it's a safe supposition that she came at once. That would have put her into town at least a day in advance of Cyrus Bradley's death. She says, of course, that delivery of the telegram was delayed, and that is being checked.

"Thirdly, some woman was in the bungalow at 37 Hardy Street on the night of the death of Cyrus Bradley. The face-powder on the table shows that, and while there is nothing to show that Esther was the lady, it would help matters a good deal if she could prove that she wasn't.

"Looking at the next character in the drama, we come to the theoretical owner of the face-powder, and, divorcing her identity from that of Esther Bradley, there isn't much we can figure out about her. I should say—probably with very slim basis for the supposition that she was somebody the old man knew.

"The presence of the powder under the breakfast equipment shows that it was dropped there before the setting of the table, and therefore probably in advance of the time that Bradley took or was given the nicotin. That makes it feasible that the woman was on terms of sufficient familiarity with the house to powder her nose in the dining room. I can't see a casual visitor doing that.

"It's of vital importance that we should know concerning her—first, who this woman was and, second, what she was doing here.

"In the next frame we come to Fred Carbine, the husband of the beautiful Esther. We have little information concerning him save that acquired from a dubious source—Esther herself. In point of fact the only other evidence which mentions Mr. Carbine is in the old man's account-book, which I saw to-night. She says he was no good. Maybe he wasn't. Bradley made him some sizable payments which may have been gifts.

"FRED is a person about whom we ought to know a lot more If we find that Cyrus Bradley was interfering with his daughter's married life we may get a motive that would make Carbine a likely shot as a murderer. On the other hand, whatever may be the results in that line of inquiry, we may have to exclude him from those who profit financially by the old man's removal.

"The account-book shows that Carbine got money from Bradley frequently. If he and his wife are estranged he would stand to get money more readily from his father-in-law than from Esther. The big puzzle about him is, Where is he? The lad certainly ought to be interested enough to send a telegram."

"Ha ha!" suggested Thorpe, and Sands started at the uncanny logic of what was undoubtedly meant to be a joke.

"That's possible," he conceded. "Esther mentioned to me that he established an alibi in the earlier appearance of the breakfast for four by getting himself arrested at a convenient time. However,

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we can't speculate much about him just yet. Our next actor is Evans Bradley, and we have already given some attention to his case.

"He stands to profit by his father's death, but we are not justified in saying that he has need for greater financial assistance than he would have received had Cyrus lived. What we still have to learn about him is where he was Monday night and early Tuesday morning.

"Finally there is the case of the man in the gray top-coat. Who is he? What was he doing in the neighborhood Sunday afternoon and Monday? Who was the young woman he met in front of the Bradley bungalow? And since we have Dr. Perry's evidence that this man was in the neighborhood to-night when the shot was fired at me, we must ask ourselves if he might not have been engaged in this wholly unnecessary target-practise.

"The presence of the unknown person in the house to-night, after the pistol-shots had been fired in the alley to draw off the guard, is another phase of the puzzle that requires an answer. It seems obvious that this person is closely connected with the death of Cyrus Bradley. If we are to conclude that Bradley was murdered, then it is fairly evident that the full purpose of the killing was not accomplished at the time. At any rate there is something in the house that somebody wants."

"I'd enjoy seeing it," commented Thorpe. "Probably the bulls ground it underfoot Tuesday morning when they were looking for evidence. According to the stories I've been reading recently the burglar probably is trying to unearth the eight pink pearls of Cleopatra or at least the missing foot of the Peoria bank robbery."

Sands grinned and quoted:

"'I doubt it,' said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear.'

"Bradley wasn't a miser. His account-book shows that pretty definitely."

"Maybe the boy was looking for the account-book."

"What on earth for?" inquired Sands. And then he recalled suddenly the red memorandum-book.

"I wonder," he said, "if that little note-book might have a lure for this gentleman who snipes in the dark. I'd give a lot to know what was written in it after the fountain pen ran dry."

"A magnifying-glass ought to show."

"Go back to your novels. It won't. And my chief reason for saying so is that I have already tried it with a magnifying-glass No, I think the physical clues aren't going to do us much good. If this case is ever given a solution it will be through a study of the people involved in it. And so far we don't know much about them."

IN THE morning Sands paid a visit to the Park Arms Hotel, and was admitted without delay to the sitting-room of Esther Bradley's apartment.

The young woman, at her ease for the first time in their brief acquaintance, showed her beauty to its best advantage in a new Paris gown. Sands wasted no time on preliminaries.

"There are a few things I'd like to ask you," he said. "I don't attach much importance to them, but the loose ends of one topic must be picked up before we proceed with another one. You see you haven't been entirely frank with Crewe or me, and if I may I'd like to ask you some questions and you may answer them or not. First we should like to know where you went after the closing of your show in Philadelphia."

"I think I told you that I came on here."

"I think you told me that the show closed Sunday night."

"I may have told you that," she said. "Then you took the limited on Monday and arrived here Tuesday morning."

"Yes."

"Well, Crewe has information that the show closed on Friday night. The discrepancy is obvious."

"I was afraid Mr. Crewe would doubt what I told him about receiving the telegram," she replied. "The show did close Friday, and I ran up to New York. I came back Monday morning to get some things I had taken to the hotel when I closed my apartment. Otherwise the story is correct."

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Sands nodded. "Mrs. Carbine, there is another matter on which, perhaps, you can inform us. Who is the man who wears a light-weight gray overcoat and is interested in your father's affairs?"

The girl started, but the expression on her face was puzzlement.

"I don't know of any such person," she told him.

"Very well, let's forget him. And now, finally, where is your husband?"

She smiled.

"I think he's in London," she said.

And that ended the interview. Sands walked back to his hotel and found a message from Crewe.

"Come down to headquarters," it read. "We have just picked up Fred Carbine."

SANDS arrived at the Detective Bureau to find Crewe somewhat interested in the accounting with Fred Carbine, but none too sanguine of results.

"Same old seven and six," he complained. "This bird is just another Evans Bradley. You'd say he was guilty just on general principles. But we can't hold him."

"How many alibis?" inquired Sands.

"So far only one, I guess. He had a Pullman check on the Keystone Limited from New York with last night's date on it. So I guess we can take it for granted he came in this morning."

"How did you pick him up?"

"Simplest thing in the world. He just naturally came here. Walked in this morning and told who he was. With rare intelligence somebody told him to come in and sit down, and he's still in there—sitting. Come on in and I'll show you the specimen."

Crewe swung open the door and led the way into the inner office, where a slim, half-animate man sat at a table reading the morning newspapers. He was a person of indeterminate age, the type who counts his youth eternal. He was clad in the tweeds and colors that college boys were affecting that year. His cravat was rainbow and he wore mauve spats. The indulgy of thousands of years was in his eyes, and the lines in his face summed up the total age of the world.

As Sands came into the room Carbine raised his head and glanced at Crewe. Sands knew that he had seen him somewhere before. He was wearing a toupee and a set of artificial teeth, but there lingered about him the aura of a matinée idol.

"This is Mr. Sands," said Crewe. "He's working with me, and I thought it might help if you were to tell him what you know about the case. Mr. Sands, Mr. Carbine."

Carbine extended a thin, nervous, blue-veined hand.

"I shall be glad to help you all I can, Mr. Sands," he said. "But I'm afraid it won't be much. Mr. Crewe tells me that he is unable to say at present whether my father was murdered or committed suicide."

"What's your own theory, Mr. Carbine?"

Mr. Carbine smiled.

"Don't you think it's a little premature for me to be voicing opinions, Mr. Sands? I only arrived this morning."

"I think," said Sands, "that you would be an intelligent observer if you cared to be, Mr. Carbine. And I think that had I been well acquainted with Cyrus Bradley I could state whether he had the type of mind that would consider suicide or cultivate enemies capable of murder."

"I get your meaning," Carbine replied. "But excuse me if I point out that way I must say that I do not know. As the husband of Mr. Bradley's daughter Esther I might consider myself a member of his household. But I never was intimate with him."

"You were always on good terms with him?"

"Always."

"Perhaps it might help us a little if you were to tell us something of his early life."

"Ah, there you have me. I met Mr. Bradley twenty-two years ago. I was playing in New York then in musical comedy, and he liked my work. Many times after that I visited at his house. As you probably have learned, he was the master of melodrama, and on one or two occasions I was of assistance to him in preparing such plays."

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"I think, Mr. Carbine, that you might consider such an association more than a casual acquaintanceship."

"I do not deny that. I must point out, however, that Mr. Bradley always surrounded himself with a reserve that I never succeeded in penetrating."

"Did your marriage to his daughter have anything to do with this reserve?"

"My marriage to Esther Bradley was—and is—peculiarly my own affair."

"I shouldn't stand too much on my dignity if I were you," warned Crewe. "We have ways of getting information out of people who don't like to give it."

Carbine's answer was a snarl.

"If you think you can third-degree me—"

"I think I can and I know I will unless you come clean," Crewe told him evenly. "There's been entirely too much dignity and too little talk in this case, and I'm getting tired of it. We know that your marriage to Esther Bradley was a flop. You can pick up the story from there."

CARBINE glowered at him, but lost most of his arrogant poise.

"I can't see that it makes any difference," he declared. "But if you want to know, all right. Esther and I disagreed quite a bit. However, we're still married."

"You say that you were not on terms of close friendship with Cyrus Bradley," resumed Sands. "Were you sufficiently well acquainted with him to borrow ten thousand dollars from him during the past three years?"

"Say, what are you driving at? Are you trying to make out that I killed him?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I'm not so sure. We can come back to that pleasant subject later, but what I'd like to know now is why you borrowed the ten thousand dollars."

"You know I borrowed it, do you? Well, then, why not make another guess and find out what for?"

"Answer the question," advised Crewe.

"All right, have it your way," blustered Carbine. "I got it for a couple of theatrical ventures that we were interested in together. Revivals of some of the old melodramas they were. I thought maybe we could work up enough interest in the stuff to hook the movie people for some contracts. We have a couple of companies on the road right now; doing pretty well, too."

"You never paid back the money?"

"Mr. Bradley never asked me for it. I could have raised it if he'd needed it. But I always considered that we were partners in the thing. His money certainly was safe with me."

"Did you give him your note for the sums he advanced?"

"No, I don't believe I did. There never was any necessity for such things between us."

"I must say that out of so casual an acquaintanceship you seem to have developed something of a mutual understanding."

Carbine glowered.

"Did you know that Mr. Bradley had made a record of your financial transactions?" pursued Sands.

"I never inquired of Mr. Bradley how he kept his accounts. I suppose, tho, that it was natural for him to make some record of his investments."

Sands and Crewe both smiled at the word "investments."

"Where is your wife?" Crewe demanded suddenly.

"If she isn't in this town I don't know," answered Carbine. "You've had plenty of time to find her. The last word I had of her was from some friends who said she was leaving New York Saturday night to visit her father."

"Did I understand you to say Saturday night?"

"It had to be Saturday night. She was in a musical thing called 'Catherine' that went over the bumps in Philadelphia, and it didn't close until Friday night. Does it make any difference?"

He got no information from his inquisitors. They sat for a moment in silence, not daring to look at each other.

"Where were you on Monday night?" demanded Sands.

"In New York."

"Where in New York?"

"Well, now, really I couldn't say offhand. I dined somewhere—that's sure—

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and then afterward I probably went to a show. I generally do. But one night is just like another to me. I know that when I saw the newspapers on Tuesday morning I was in a Turkish bath in upper Broadway. The hooch you get in Manhattan these days is something terrible."

"Why did you delay so long getting here?"

"Be reasonable, gentlemen. Cyrus Bradley was a good old scout and all that, but he wasn't any relative of mine. I naturally waited for some word from my wife. It was her job to call on me if she wanted me here. When I became convinced that she wasn't going to send for me I came anyway."

"It is difficult to figure out just what is the etiquette in a murder case," remarked Sands, and with that he arose and walked to the end of the table to examine an overcoat thrown across it.

"This yours?" he inquired.

Carbine admitted ownership, apparently somewhat puzzled at the proceedings. But Sands did not enlighten him. Instead he pointed out to Crewe that the coat was of heavy material and fur-lined.

"Not a recent purchase, either," he commented. "And I was hoping so much that Mr. Carbine would turn out to be wearing a Florida overcoat. Can you remember, Mr. Carbine, of any time during your casual association with Mr. Bradley that he was ever in fear for his life?"

"I can not. I never knew a man whose life was more uneventful."

"You know the circumstances under which he died?"

"To the extent set forth by the newspapers, yes. He took or was given poison in his home in Hardy Street, I believe."

"The coroner's chemist has reported, but I guess it's safe to say that poison was the cause of death. Are you aware, Mr. Carbine, that he was found dead at a table on which breakfast had been placed for four persons?"

It had been apparent to Sands while framing the question that Carbine knew what was coming. He was not surprised therefore when the man maintained his self-control. However, the effort required for the mastery of his nerves showed as plainly as had the fainting of his wife that the incident of the breakfast was fraught with dire significance.

"I read something of the sort," he replied at length. "But I was under the impression that the police had changed their theory regarding the setting of the table—that no actual breakfast had been served."

"Mr. Carbine, what was the importance of this breakfast?"

"I am hardly qualified to tell you that, gentlemen."

"Think hard, Mr. Carbine. There was one other incident similar to this, and you can't be in ignorance of it. You were in jail at the time, Mr. Carbine. But you must have known."

SANDS had sensed the weakness of his opponent at the very first, but he was not prepared for the former matinée idol's sudden submission.

"For Heaven's sake let me alone," he pleaded with tears in his big brown eyes. "I haven't done anything. You haven't any right to torture me. Let me out of here."

"I'm getting just a little bit tired of you, Mr. Carbine," cut in the voice of Crewe. "And I'll turn this inquiry over to a couple of husky sergeants unless you come clean."

"But I can't talk about that," moaned Carbine. "I don't know anything about it. I was in jail when it happened."

"What was there about finding a breakfast for four in his dining-room that caused Cyrus Bradley to retire and leave New York?" Sands asked him, leaning over the table.

"He was afraid—" Carbine's voice trailed off in a whisper. "Something in his past life, maybe. I don't know."

"One more lie out of you and somebody'll be socking the truth into you with a rubber hose," threatened Crewe.

"I'm not lying," pleaded Carbine. "I won't lie to you. Bradley told me afterward that he feared three men."

"Who were they?"

"He never told me. He said he didn't know."

Continued on Page 114

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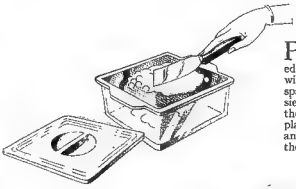

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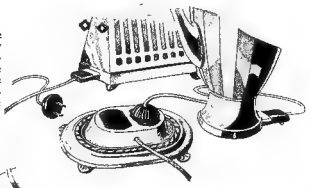

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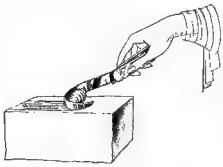

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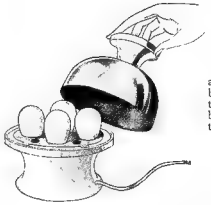

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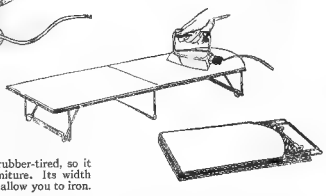

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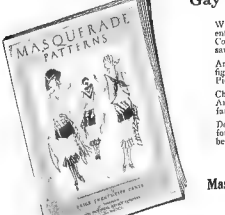

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Pierce Goodsell

Continued from Page 108

Sands looked at him for a moment, trying vainly to reconcile the man's abject terror with his apparent lack of complicity in the affair.

"You seem to feel this pretty deeply," he remarked. "You had a perfect alibi at the time. Why are you getting all hot and bothered about it now?"

Carbine shivered

"You may laugh at me," he answered. "But I'll tell you the truth. I'm psychic. I feel things. I knew at the time Cyrus Bradley was visited that he was in danger. Maybe his fear was infectious. Maybe it was something that can not be explained by any natural means. But I felt as he felt, that these hidden enemies would get him in the end."

"Humph!" snorted Sands. "This astral influence was material enough to handle buttered toast, and it was limited enough to wait eleven or twelve years before going on with the job. How do you account for that?"

"I don't account for it. I feel in my heart that this business isn't finished. Cyrus Bradley is gone, and I know inside me that there will be others."

"This is the loudest lot of hooey I've heard since I was walking a beat," remarked Crewe in a disgusted tone. "I've got a notion to stick you down in a cell just on general principles."

"I wish to God you would," declared Carbine. And Sands with amazement read in his eyes the proof that his plea was sincere.

CARBINE was given medical attention and taken to a room in a nearby hotel, where, tho nominally free to go, he remained in the custody of a police guard. The surgeon who had examined him reported to Crewe that he was close to a complete nervous collapse.

"I'd hardly go so far as to say that the man has had a shock," he said. "He's been a heavy drinker and he may have found some bad hooch at a recent date. But it seems to me that he is deathly afraid of something."

"He didn't confide in you?" inquired Sands.

"Not unless you can take gibberish for confidences," replied the doctor. "He kept repeating some stuff about hell's breakfast or Cremo's hat

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MR. GLOPH leaned forward as if to ask a question, but apparently thought better of it. Dr. Halperin continued.

"I sha'n't go into the steps of the analysis. Various alkaloids give various color-reactions when acids are added to them. And there are other definite tests. In this instance I determined that the poison was nicotin, an alkaloid derived from the leaf of the tobacco-plant. In its pure state it is a colorless liquid whose action is quick and deadly. "From the samples I took for analysis I separated two hundred and thirty milligrams of nicotin, and inasmuch as I discovered no other poison I should say that nicotin alone was the cause of death."

"Would two hundred and thirty milligrams be enough to kill a man?"

"There is less information about the lethal action of nicotin than about other poisons for the reason that it is seldom if ever used in its pure alkaloidal state. There are probably not a dozen cases in the records of medicolegal jurisprudence in which nicotin was used as apparently it has been used here. The action undoubtedly would vary."

"You say this poison ain't common in suicide cases. I thought it was. Don't they use nicotin to spray plants in greenhouses and such places?"

The coroner was sure of himself, and he looked significantly toward the press-gallery. But Dr. Halperin did not seem much concerned.

"I have never heard of anybody spraying plants with the pure alkaloid," he answered. "There is a nicotin solution available for florists and gardeners. It is an infusion from tobacco-leaves. Such a solution was not used in this case."

The spectators probably were having some difficulty in following the testimony, but they seemed to sense its importance through the varying shades of puzzlement that appeared in the face of the coroner. Mr. Gloph, to whom the word "nicotin" had meant only the stain that tobacco-smoke leaves when it is blown through a white handkerchief, glanced about him helplessly for some sign of assistance. He indicated that he was about to dismiss Dr. Halperin, but as he opened his mouth to speak Assistant State's Attorney West arose.

"I should like to ask the doctor," he said, "if nicotin is to be classed as a heart stimulant or depressant?"

"The witness may answer," ruled the coroner with a sour glance at the lawyer.

"It is strictly a depressant," testified Dr. Halperin. "However, it does not seem to cause death through its action on the heart. The lungs are the organs principally affected. In fact the condition of the lungs after death is taken as a clue to the presence of this poison."

"Then the action of all alkaloids is not the same?"

"Decidedly not. Strychnin, for instance, is an alkaloid, but it acts on the heart and is an excitant. As you no doubt know, it is used in medicine as a heart stimulant. Aconite, another alkaloid and just as deadly a poison, is frequently injected to halt the progress of strychnin-poisoning. And there are cases in which nicotin has been used for this same purpose, altho aconite in many respects is the better antidote."

It was plain that Dr. Halperin was quite willing to go ahead with this discussion. He had straightened in his chair and was looking at the State's attorney with a respect that had been lacking in his attitude toward the coroner. He knew that these questions were not being asked without a definite and intelligent object, and he hoped that as they proceeded he might deduce their meaning.

But West stooped over and whispered to Sands, who shook his head. The State's attorney arose and thanked the witness. "That is all," he said. "But on behalf of the State I should like to ask an adjournment of this inquest until next Saturday, with the privilege of recalling Dr. Halperin at that time."

The coroner gave the order, and the crowd filed slowly through the doors.

"Well," said West, "we didn't get very far with that."

Sands looked at him queerly.

"Far enough to settle a good many things," he said. "For one thing I can tell you definitely that Cyrus Bradley was murdered. And what's more, I could tell you the name of the murderer."

The third instalment of "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published September 23rd. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

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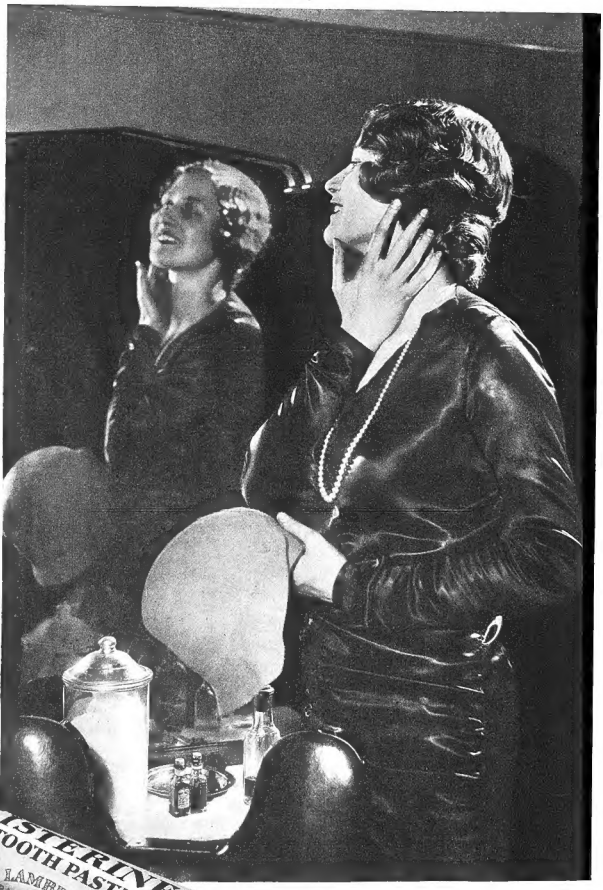

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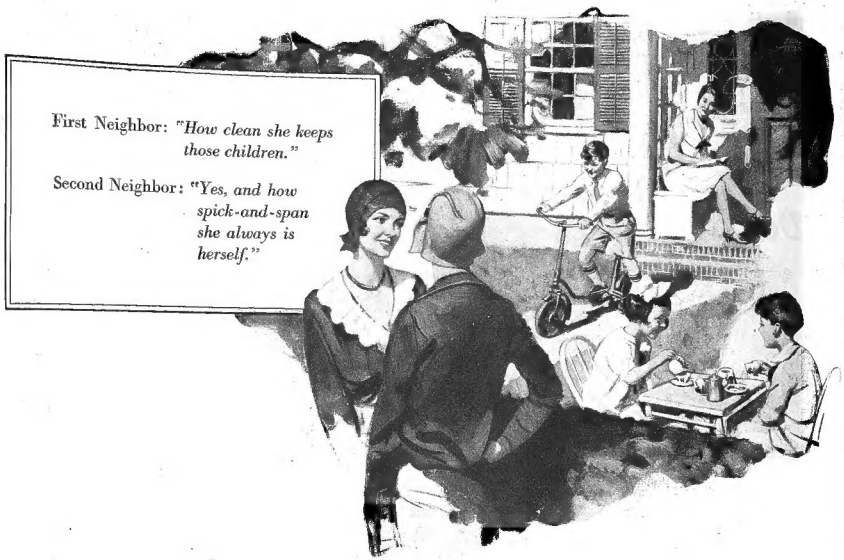

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You can't expect them to

Children only want to play, eat, play. But they must learn to play, *wash*, eat, play, *wash*.

You know the saying, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." By example and direction, mother, first of all, must be a good twig bender.

Then there's father

Does father get a fresh, clean change of clothes every morning? . . . and his fair chance at the tub or shower?

He should. Someone should *see* that he does. Never before has real cleanliness been so important to the man who wants to get ahead.

It's really rather astonishing

Mother should be an *expert* in this matter of cleanliness . . . in scheduling it for the family . . . and in achieving it, efficiently.

For think how much of her job has to do with nothing else: baths for baby; bathing and hand-washing regulations for the older children, (to say nothing of face-washing); clean clothes, plenty of them, for everybody; a clean house for everyone; clean towels, clean sheets, clean table-linen, clean dishes, clean food.

It's the very essence of mother's work, real cleanliness . . . and has enormously to do with the health, happiness and success of every *one* of us!

Two things more . . . very important

To never quite *catch up* with cleanliness in your home or with respect to your *own* appearance, is to be thought of as a poor manager.

So there are two things more that mother must do: she must insist on having all the mechanical and labor-saving aids to cleanliness the family can afford; and she must demand time for her own daily bath, for keeping her hands and hair nice, her complexion clear, her clothes always fresh and attractive.

* * *

Real cleanliness does make friends everywhere, and for everyone. And like so many other of the substantial things in life, real cleanliness begins at home . . . is engineered by mother.

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ANONYMOUS— but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things — and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Wake up."

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. *It had applied to her for years.*

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

* **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

LISTERINE

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These suds *last* because they're *rich*

That is why they loosen *all* the dirt *so easily*

THERE are two kinds of speedy suds. One kind comes up fast—and goes down as soon as you put the clothes in. The other kind comes up just as fast—but *stays* up until your washing task is *done*.

The first kind of suds *looks* fine. But it fools you—you wonder why it doesn't get your clothes clean. The second kind of suds—Chipso suds—keeps its promise. It not only *looks* fine. It *is* fine. It gets your clothes clean. Chipso gives rich and *lasting* suds.

Chipso suds work so thoroughly in the tub and yet so quickly that in twenty minutes the dirt is ready to drop out. You can then finish *easily* by squeezing the rich suds through the clothes with only a light rubbing of extra-soiled spots. Tub-washing with Chipso can be as quick as that.

Quicker for machine washing

And Chipso's rich, lasting suds save time and soap in machine-washing, too. No need to keep on dissolving and adding more and more soap to keep suds up. Chipso suds "stand up" even when clothes are extra-soiled.

When you use Chipso you understand why it is that one 25-cent box of Chipso easily does four or five washings in average water; or a whole month of dishwashings . . . because Chipso suds are so rich and lasting. PROCTER & GAMBLE

Dishes in a third less time—Chipso's rich, lasting suds speed up dishwashing. While you dry glass and silver let Chipso suds *soak* food-traces from your china. Then, while you dry the chins, they will tackle the pots and pans! Easier! And this method saves your hands.

Chipso—
Quick suds that last!

Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

FREE! "How to take out 15 common stains. Save clothes by soaking. Lighten washday labor." New laundry *methods* are discussed in a free booklet—*"Saving Golden Hours."* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CR-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

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